Heroes of the Desert

The Story of the Lives of Moffat & Livingstone

J.A.G. Owen

8.9.58

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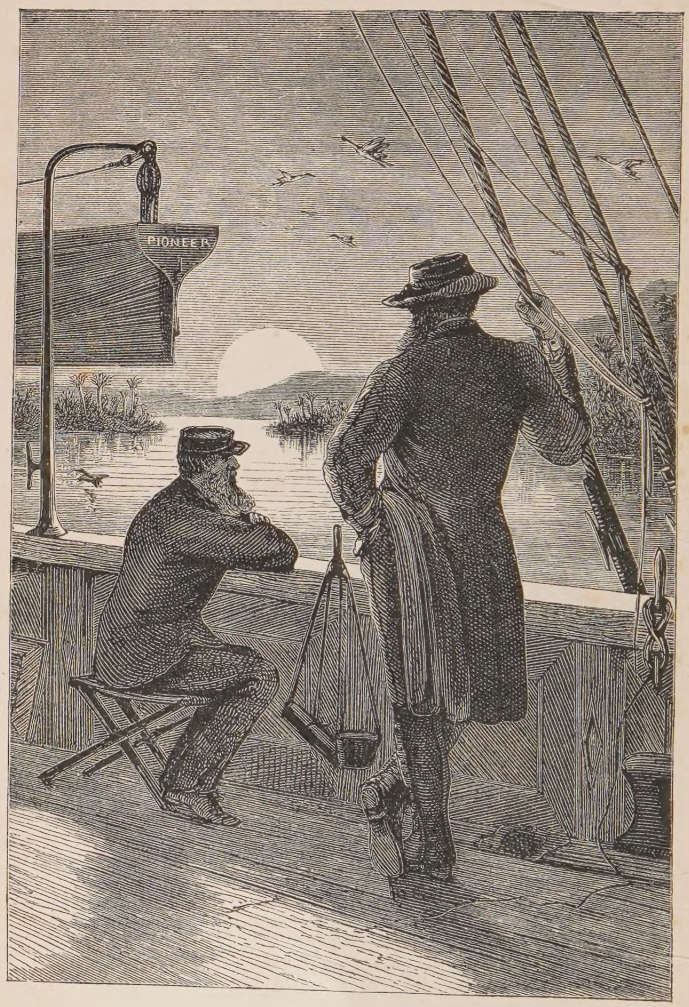

LIVINGSTONE AND MACKENZIE ON THE ZAMBESI.

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Moffat and Livingstone.

LIVINGSTONE AND STANLEY AT UJIJI, LAKE TANGANIKA.

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HEROES OF THE DESERT.

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By the Author of

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Robert Moffat

HEROES OF THE DESERT.

Part First.—Robert Moffat.

CHAPTER I.

AFRICANER, THE SCOURGE OF THE COLONY.

NEARLY seventy years ago a young man—twenty-one years of age, tall, slender, black-haired, with dark, brilliant eyes, and a general air of cheerfulness, energy, and capacity for whatever he resolved to undertake—embarked, heart and soul, in the missionary cause, under the auspices of the London Missionary Society.

Little did those who attended the inaugural service know that the two unproved youths—who sat side by side before the Directors, with speaking looks, that seemed to say, "HERE AM I! SEND ME!"—were to illustrate, years afterwards, the now cherished names of Robert Moffat, the Apostle of the

Kuruman Station, and John Williams, the Martyr of Erromanga.

With Williams we have, at present, nothing to do. Of Moffat's preparatory training we also need say nothing: he dedicated his life, strength, energy, to the cause of Christ; resolutely turned his back on home, friends, country—ay, and on one who, to his young heart, was already dearer than all the world besides, and was destined, in the course of God's providence, to go forth to him in the wilderness, and prove as good and faithful a wife as ever man had.

Till the establishment of the London Missionary Society, in 1795, the vast continent of South Africa had been entirely unoccupied for evangelism, except by the Moravians. Their labours received an unfortunate check from the selfish and short-sighted conduct of the Dutch East India Company, which, under the idea that to instruct the Hottentots would be injurious to themselves, refused to sanction the continuance of missionary work in the Cape Town Colony. It was afterwards resumed by Dr. Vanderkemp, a man of education and learning, devoted to evangelism; and though he did not meet with the support or success he deserved, his work among the Kaffirs was of very great value in preparing the ground for other labourers.

In 1806, missionaries to South Africa were sent out by the London Missionary Society, to preach to

the heathen in Namaqua Land. They were eleven in number; two of them brothers, named Christian and Abraham Albrecht. Their course lay through a barren and dry land, beneath the scorching rays of an unclouded sun. They had a weak and imperfect supply of oxen, and their waggons continually stuck fast in the sand, or in the dry bed of the river. They suffered extremely from hunger and thirst, and often were nearly at their wit's end, if not faith's end too.

On reaching the junction of the Hartebeeste and Orange Rivers, Christian Albrecht went forward to look about a little, and returned with a sufficiently favourable report to make them continue their progress. They halted at a spot which they decided to call Silent Hope; but soon forsook it for another, which they named Happy Deliverance.

They were now in the neighbourhood of an outlawed chieftain, named Christian Africaner, whom it was their express desire to influence. This man was a very remarkable character. At first he blazes in the missionary narrative like a baleful meteor, which eventually sheds a useful, steady light. His father, having attained great age, had resigned to him the chieftainship of a considerable tribe, which, at no great distance of time, had ranged over their native hills within a hundred miles of Cape Town, pastured their own flocks, killed their own game, and drank of their own streams. As Dutch settlers

encroached on them and appropriated their ground, they reluctantly gave way more and more, and might even then have been conciliated by strictly fair dealing. But the Dutch code was to observe no faith with the Hottentot; and naturally peaceable men, lords of the soil, were thus wronged and incensed, till they were no longer disposed to bear it. Then evil was committed on both sides, might bore down right, and the native tribes were exasperated into becoming robbers and outlaws.

Christian Africaner found himself edged out, bit by bit, from his inheritance, till at length he was induced to take service with a Dutch farmer, whom we only know by his initial letter P——. To him Africaner became a faithful, intrepid shepherd. But Mr. P—— did not know the value of a good servant when he had one; and the chieftain—for such Africaner really was—saw, with a bitter heart, his people despoiled and scattered, their wives and daughters insulted, their little children butchered, their cattle plundered. At length he was ordered by his master to take up arms against his own people. This he absolutely refused to do. Order after order was sent down to him and his followers; but they did not answer the summons. They had heard over-night that there was a deep-laid scheme to dispossess them of their huts, remove them to another farm, and seize certain of them who were accounted offenders.

Mr. P——, who was a kind of justice of the peace, was enraged at their inattention to orders, and summoned them in the evening to the door of his house. Titus, brother of Christian Africaner, distrusting Mr. P——'s intentions, took his gun with him, which he managed to conceal.

Arrived at the door of the farmhouse, Christian ascended the few steps, intending to state his complaints, when Mr. P—— rushed furiously at him, and precipitated him to the bottom by a single blow. This was enough for Titus; he levelled his gun, and fired at Mr. P——, who staggered and fell dead. His wife screamed; they poured into the house, told her she had nothing to fear, but demanded all the firearms, which she gave up. They then departed, charging her for her own sake not to leave the house. But as soon as they had left she escaped to the nearest farm; owing to which two of her children lost their lives from some outlying bushmen.

Africaner and his party were soon beyond the reach of pursuit, and directed their course towards the Orange River, where a chief afterwards ceded to him his dominion in Namaqua Land, which thenceforth was his by right as well as conquest.

The Colonial Government and farmers now made common cause against the Africaners; but though rewards were offered, and expeditions—or, as they called them, commandoes—sent out against them, they dared not attack them on their own ground.

The farmers then bribed some of the colonists, under a fearless leader named Berend Berend, to attack Africaner; and thenceforth these two waged a deadly warfare against each other, but neither conquered. Africaner's name became hateful even to his own countrymen, because he had increased the hardships of their servitude; so that he was a terror and reproach to all who knew him.

His brother Titus was perhaps still more fierce and fearless. Though a little man, he was an extraordinary runner, and able to bear unparalleled fatigue. He has been known to overtake and attack, single-handed, a party of twenty, possessing firearms; and only to retire when his musket was shot to pieces in his hand. On one occasion, when Berend was engaged in desperate conflict with him, taking and retaking a certain herd of cattle for some hours, suddenly an opening occurred between them, exposing each to the other's view. Instantly their rifles were levelled at each other; but, at the very moment they touched their triggers, a cow darted in between them, and the two balls lodged in her body, and brought her dead to the ground. This remarkable interposition struck them both deeply; and when, in after-times, Moffat alluded to it, Titus replied with emotion,—

"Mynheer knows how to use the only hammer that makes my hard heart feel."

When the Albrechts had been settled a little

while in Namaqua Land, Christian Africaner presented himself to them one day, and said,—

"As you are sent by the English, I welcome you to the country; for, though I hate the Dutch, my former oppressors, I love the English, for I have always heard that they are the friends of the poor black man."

And so well did he appreciate their motives, that, when he found they intended to remove to another station, he pressed them to remain, because his children received so much benefit from their teaching. Unfortunately, they did not yield to this, but removed to another spot, which had hardly anything to recommend it. A hot spring, which destroyed vegetation, gave it the name of Warm Bath: the settlers were partly Namaqua, partly Dutch, and were always squabbling. Yet here the missionaries were instant in season and out of season; and here Africaner found his way to them, and acquired some knowledge of the first principles of Christianity.

Afterwards dissensions occasioned his withdrawal from the settlement. Abraham Albrecht subsequently married, but was obliged to go to the Cape for medical advice in 1810, and soon afterwards died. His widow eventually married a missionary named Ebner.

Christian Albrecht also married; but neither he nor his wife lived long afterwards. Mr. Ebner was appointed to carry on the mission work in Namaqua

Land. At this time the terror of Christian Africaner's name overspread the whole country. Yet, when he was asked whether he would favourably receive a missionary, he replied in the affirmative; and in a short time he and his brothers David and Jacobus were baptized, and the mission had a certain degree of success.

In 1817, Mr. Ebner went to the Cape for supplies, and there met young Robert Moffat, who, full of spirit and ardour, had come out, hoping to be appointed to help him in his work. He was hindered, however, for eight months, from going up the country, by what he was told were "insuperable objections," but which appeared to him vexatious delays. A wise man knows how to improve opportunities; and Moffat improved his by acquiring the Dutch language, which was spoken not only by the colonists, but by the half-civilized natives. And he ever afterwards found it of immense importance to him.

CHAPTER II.

MOFFAT TAMES THE LION.

PEOPLE at the Cape tried at first to dissuade Moffat from venturing into the terrible Africaner's country; saying, "He will set you up as a mark for boys to shoot at!" "He will strip off your skin, and make a drum of it to dance to!" "He will make a drinking-cup of your skull!" And one kind motherly old lady wiped a tear from her eye as she took leave of him, saying, "Had you been an old man, it would have been different, for you would soon have died at any rate; but you are young, and going to become a prey to that monster."

The same was told him as he went up the country; for the farmers did not believe in the least in Africaner's conversion. But none of these things moved the brave young man; he went boldly on his way, for the sake of teaching the natives to know and love Jesus Christ. To him it was no

incredible thing that a great sinner should have been turned from the power of Satan unto God.

Moffat did not travel long with Mr. Ebner, being directed to accompany Mr. Kitchingman to Bysondermeid, in Little Namaqua Land, in order to see Mr. Schmelen. The first novelty that struck his unaccustomed eye was the cumbrous waggon for travelling, drawn by oxen. But he gradually found that it was specially adapted for its purposes.

Having spent some months with hospitable farmers, they obtained men competent to drive the waggons, and others to lead the team. But as labourers were scarce, the drivers presently decamped, and they then had to drive themselves. The weather was very hot, and Mrs. Kitchingman was not in very good health; so they chiefly travelled by night, and had some difficulty in keeping their loose cattle and sheep together, especially when dogged by a hyena. At the end of the night-march, the young traveller would sometimes find some of his sheep awanting; and if, when day dawned, he sought one that had strayed, he found only its clean-picked bones. Another trouble was the want of water in such a dry and parched land. But still, though faint, they pursued their way.

Arrived at Bysondermeid, Moffat for the first time saw a strictly native congregation, and partook of their emotions while Mr. Schmelen, in his energetic style, addressed them on the things belonging

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to their salvation. This was to be the scene of Mr. Kitchingman's labours; while Mr. Schmelen was to proceed to his former quarters in Great Namaqua Land.

And now, after nearly a month of rest and Christian fellowship, Moffat bade affectionate farewell to his kind travelling companions, and started with only a guide and his waggon through a comparatively trackless desert. How gradually and gently its horrors were stealing on him!

After travelling all night through deep sand, the oxen began to lie down in the yoke from sheer fatigue; and they had not yet reached water. Next day it was still the same—no water all day long; and at nightfall they had to lie down on the still hot sand.

Thirst awoke them next morning at an early hour; and finding the oxen unable to stir, they took a spade, and proceeded to the hollow of a neighbouring mountain, where they began to dig. After making an immense hole in the sand, they came at last to a scanty supply of what was just like the horrible bilge-water of an old ship; but yet this was better than nothing. So, after making the best of it, and after watering the oxen,—even treating themselves to a second draught,—they pursued their way.

But the ground was so hot that it was distressing to walk on. The cattle were nearly frantic; and

in the evening, when they were going to yoke them to continue the journey, it was discovered that most of the oxen had run off. A man was sent after them; but he returned without them at midnight, saying he had been obliged to give up the pursuit, so many lions were about.

Moffat instantly sent off his remaining oxen with two men to Mr. Bartlett, the missionary at Pella. Three days he meanwhile remained with his solitary driver. They had nothing to drink, little to eat; they saw no human being all that while. But at night they heard the distant roar of a lion, on the spot where they had dug for water.

At last, when they were beginning to fear that the messengers had either perished or been lost, Mr. Bartlett made his welcome appearance on horseback, with a couple of men carrying pieces of mutton on their saddles, which—to a young, sharp appetite—was as acceptable as the feast of reason and flow of soul that accompanied the banquet. Mr. Bartlett remained for a couple of days, till fresh oxen arrived, which carried them all safely to Pella. And here Moffat received the friendly attentions of Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett and their little knot of native converts.

When he was ready to leave them, the native teacher of Warm Bath arrived with oxen to convey him there. Hereon ensued a friendly contention whether Moffat should or should not be allowed to visit the kraal of Africaner. At last the teacher con-

sented to take him across the river, opposite Africaner's village; a work of both difficulty and danger, which occupied some days.

When the moment of parting arrived, there was an affecting scene, which quite overcame Moffat's feelings. His companions looked on him as doomed to certain death; they surrounded his waggon, and besought him to settle at Warm Bath, pursuing the subject with such earnestness that it was afternoon before he tasted a morsel of food. At length the women came in a body, and declared they would place themselves under his waggon-wheels if he persisted. How he had already found the key to their hearts! The controversy was broken off by their seeing a party of Africaner's people, with three of his brothers, approaching in the distance. This ended the painful scene, and they withdrew with many tears.

When Moffat reached Africaner's kraal, he found Mr. Ebner had come to welcome him; but his presence was almost worth nothing, for he was on bad terms with the chief and his brothers, and by no means tended to promote a good understanding. When Christian Africaner appeared before him in an hour or two, he said, after a few civil words,—

"Have you been sent by the London missionaries?"

"Yes."

"Well, you look very young. I hope you will live long with me and my people."

Then he called a number of women, and desired them to build Moffat a house instantly. They brought mats, and a great many long sticks, something like fishing-rods, which they immediately stuck, about half an inch apart from each other, in a circular form in the ground, then tied the tops together, and covered the whole with mats. Thus the *house* was made in half an hour: and Moffat lived in it six months. It is true it was not very water-tight, and was often nearly blown away.

So all the frightful evils that had been prophesied for him proved to have no foundation; and though Mr. Ebner nearly made much mischief, he shortly took himself off altogether in disgust, and eventually returned to Germany. Thereafter Moffat may be said to have had fair play. His brave and gentle character made Africaner delight in him. They talked together for hours, during which Africaner frequently wept; and the end was that he gradually became a thoroughly Christian man.

This was a most encouraging beginning; but Moffat had no success equal to it for a long time afterwards. His future was indeed anxious. Here was he, a solitary stranger, after Mr. Ebner's departure, with no fellow-countryman with whom to share the communion of saints, in a barren and unproductive country, on a salary of £25 a year; with no grain, and consequently no bread—literally living from hand to mouth. This cost him great

searchings of heart. Often he poured out his soul, in trouble and in joy, amidst the granite rocks; sometimes he rested on one of them, and took up his violin, which once had been Christian Albrecht's, and woke the echoes with sweet and soothing hymns. He soon began regular prayer services, morning and evening, and held school for three or four hours daily, with marked success. Africaner attended these means of grace so regularly, that Moffat would as soon have doubted of the sun's rising as of his attendance. To reading, in which he was not yet very fluent, he applied with all the zeal of a youthful proselyte. The Testament became his constant companion, and his profiting appeared unto all. Often he might be seen sitting under the shade of a great rock, eagerly devouring its pages; or he would sit in his hut, abstracted from the affairs of the family, still absorbed in his reading. His mind expanded more and more to the wonders of nature and of grace. His desire for information was insatiable; and, after proving Moffat with hard questions of which there seemed no end, he would stop short, rub his head with comic despair, and exclaim,—"I have heard enough! I feel as if my head were too small, and would swell with these great subjects!"

Titus, meanwhile, was a grief to his brother, and gave no signs of softening, though Moffat constantly addressed him in the most persuasive, affectionate

manner. At last he began to attend the daily prayer services; and from that time he became a firm, invariable friend, and continually ministered to Moffat's necessities. He would now often sit up nearly the whole night, listening to the conversation of Moffat and his brother, though saying nothing whatever himself. When spoken to, he replied,—"I hear what you say, and sometimes I think I understand; but my heart will not feel." He did himself injustice, however.

Titus was the only man in the station who had two wives; and when Moffat gently spoke to him about it, he admitted a man with two wives was not to be envied,—they made such an uproar sometimes, and he did not know which side to take. He said he often resolved, when there was a disturbance, to pay one off.

One day Moffat thought the time had come. He approached Titus's door, and asked, "What is the matter?"

Titus laughed. "Just the old thing again," said he. "Mynheer must not laugh at me."

The wives had quarrelled, as usual, and one had thrown a piece of wood at the other, and hurt her hand so much that it had swollen to four times its usual size. Moffat bound it up skilfully and tenderly, saying,—"Why did you not come to me sooner?" She melted into tears of gratitude.

One day Africaner saw Moffat looking fixedly at him, and inquired the reason.

"I was trying," said Moffat, "to picture to myself your carrying fire and sword through the country, and I could not think how eyes like yours could smile at human woe." Africaner burst into tears.

He was now ready to second Moffat's efforts to improve the people in cleanliness as well as godliness; and any one might have smiled to see the two busily engaged in making the children wash themselves from head to foot. He who had once been like a firebrand, was now foremost in redressing injuries and reconciling enemies. "What fruit have I now," he would say to them, "of all the battles I fought and all the cattle I took, but shame and remorse?"

At length the extreme heat of the weather, and an almost exclusively milk diet, threw Moffat into a bilious fever, attended with delirium. When he came to himself, he saw the faithful chief watching beside him with looks of the utmost compassion and tenderness. Seeing a small parcel of medicines near him, he made signs for it, and taking out a vial of calomel, he threw some of it into his mouth. Africaner asked him, with tears in his eyes, how they should bury him if he died. "Just in the same way as you bury your own people," he replied. But a happier event was in store for them all, for the young missionary speedily recovered.

David and Jacobus Africaner proved great comforts and zealous workers in the mission, and especially in the school. David was of a retiring disposition, amiable, firm, and active. Jacobus was warm, affectionate, and zealous for the salvation of souls. His very countenance would cheer Moffat when he felt depressed. Long after they had lost sight of one another, this good young convert was shot when defending the station from attack.

CHAPTER III.

CHILDREN WORSE THAN LIONS.

IT was plain that Africaner's kraal was on a spot quite unfit for a permanent missionary station; therefore it was determined to explore the country northwards to look out for one more suitable. But how? Moffat had only one waggon, and that was a cripple. They had neither carpenters nor blacksmiths, nor was he acquainted with these trades. He pondered on what he had seen in Cape Town, and at length determined to try to make a pair of bellows. He had never welded a bit of iron in his life, but meant to "try," and "try again." So he asked the chief to have two goats killed, and their entire skins prepared in the native way till they were as soft as cloth. They then resembled bags, the ends of which he nailed to the edge of a circular piece of board, in which was a valve. One end of the machine was connected with the fire, and had a weight on it to force out the wind when the other was drawn out

to supply more air. This was no sooner accomplished than it was put to the test, and, to the immense delight of everybody, proved to answer completely. Moffat sat enjoying their praises; but was very desirous to get rid of them, that he might weld his first bit of iron. He had a blue granite stone for his anvil, a clumsy pair of tongs, and a hammer never intended for a blacksmith.

However, success crowned his efforts, which certainly showed him a very clever young man; and having done what was wanting to the waggon, he next began to repair some gun-locks.

We now see clearly that he will carry his point, whenever he has a little job of a similar nature to be done; and, indeed, such was the case.

Everything being now ready, they started, thirty in number; Jacobus being left in charge of the station and of the women. On Moffat's objecting to the size of the expedition—which included Titus and other brothers, as well as Africaner himself—Jacobus said: "I am concerned for your safety; and a large party will more readily prevent attack than a smaller one would." In which he clearly showed sense.

The daily routine of the travellers was monotonous enough. The country was sterile in the extreme, with frequent indications of iron and copper. Zebras and giraffes abounded, as well as elks and antelopes, so they had a tolerable supply of

game. This, with water when they could get it, was their usual fare; and Moffat had at first a small supply of coffee, which he enjoyed while it lasted. Sometimes they had to dispute a stagnant pool with a lion; and once they were nearly poisoned with honey made by bees that had fed on the flowers of the euphorbia.

Now and then they came to a Namaqua village, where Moffat failed not to preach the gospel.

Having reached some branches of the Fish River, the party came to a stand. The Namaquas were afraid of Africaner's evil report, and did not desire him or "the hat-wearer" for neighbours. They stayed there a few days, endeavouring to obviate their objections; but at length Africaner thought it best to return home, rather than create ill-feeling, and perhaps cause bloodshed.

While they were halting at a certain spot on their way homeward, one of the party related a remarkable occurrence which he said he had witnessed while a boy.

A great camel-thorn tree (*Acacia giraffe*) grew near them, about twelve feet high, with a flat, bushy top. The narrator, then a boy, had lain down on a bank not far off, and fallen asleep. When he woke, a giraffe was peaceably browsing on the tender shoots of the tree; and, to the boy's horror, he saw a lion, creeping like a cat, only a few yards from him, preparing to pounce on his prey. In an-

other minute he bounded into the air to seize the head of the animal, which instantly turned its stately neck, and the lion, missing his grasp, fell on his back in the centre of the mass of thorns like spikes, while the giraffe bounded over the plain. The boy instantly followed the example, taking it for granted the lion would soon extricate himself. A little while after, some people noticed eagles hovering over the spot; and as this is almost a certain sign that an animal is lying dead, they went to the place to look about, and at length perceived where the dead lion still lay in his thorny bed. Moffat found some of the lion's bones still lying under the tree, and remains of his hair on its branches, to attest what he otherwise would have found difficulty in believing.

One night the party were quietly bivouacked at a small pool on the Oup River, and had just concluded their evening worship—the hymn-book being still in Moffat's hand—when a terrific roar warned them that a lion was close at hand. The frightened oxen rushed upon them, and over the fires, leaving them prostrated in a cloud of dust and sand. Hats and hymn-books, Bible and guns were scattered about in wild confusion. Providentially, no serious hurt was sustained. Africaner, who always had his wits about him, seeing the reluctance of the people to pursue the foe in a dark and gloomy ravine, seized a firebrand, and crying, "Follow me!" led the

way; and, owing to his intrepidity, the oxen were pursued, brought back, and secured to the waggon; which was quite necessary, for nothing can exceed their alarm when they once smell a lion.

Sad to relate, the aged and helpless parents of the Hottentots have foes not less merciless than lions in their own children, when they become too infirm to provide for themselves. One day Moffat observed a small broken earthenware vessel, in which the last draught of water had been left, in the midst of a small circle of stakes, within which were still lying the bones of a parent bleached in the sun, who had been thus abandoned.

"What is this?" asked he in surprise.

"That is heathenism," answered Africaner with strong disgust; and then he described the parricidal custom.

A day or two afterwards a circumstance occurred which strongly corroborated the truth of his statements. They had travelled all day over a sandy plain, and passed a sleepless night from extreme thirst and fatigue. Rising early next morning, and leaving the others to follow with the waggon, Moffat went forward with a companion in search of water. At length they came on a sight of heartrending distress. A venerable-looking old woman, a living skeleton, was sitting with her head leaning on her knees. She appeared terrified at their appearance, especially at Moffat, and tried to rise, but could not.

He addressed her in the gentlest accents and the tenderest words he could think of,—

"My mother, fear not! We are friends, and will do you no harm."

He put several questions to her; but she seemed either unable or too much alarmed to answer them.

Still he repeated,—"Pray, mother, who are you, and how do you come to be in this situation?"

At length she replied,—"I am a woman. I have been here four days. My children have left me here to die."

"Your children!" exclaimed the tender-hearted missionary.

"Yes," she replied, raising her hand to her shrivelled bosom; "my own children—three sons and two daughters. They are gone to yonder blue mountain,"—pointing at it with her finger,—"and have left me here to die."

"And pray, why did they leave you?" he inquired wonderingly.

Spreading out her hands, she replied,—"I am old, you see, and I am no longer able to serve them. When they kill game, I am too feeble to help in carrying home the flesh; I am unable to gather wood to make the fire; and I cannot carry the children on my back, as I used to do."

This last sentence was too much for Moffat. Though his tongue was cleaving to the roof of his mouth with thirst, he might have said, like poor

King Edward the Second, "Behold, here is clean warm water!" for tears flowed from his eyes.

"How have you escaped the lions?" said he, pointing to the traces of them on every side.

She took hold of the skin of her left arm, and raised it as if it were loosé linen, and replied,—

"I hear them about, but there is nothing on me for them to eat. I have no flesh left for them to scent."

At this moment the waggon drew near, which greatly terrified her, as she supposed it an animal. Assuring her that it would do her no harm, Moffat said that, as he could not stay, he would put her into it and take her with him. Alas! she was too ignorant to know her friends from her foes. She became convulsed with terror, and said that if he took her to another village, they would only do the same thing to her again.

"It is our custom. I am now nearly dead. I do not want to have it all to go through anew."

The sun was now exceedingly hot; the cattle were raging in the yoke, and the travellers themselves nearly delirious. Finding it impossible to persuade the old woman to what was meant for her own benefit, against her will, they collected a quantity of fuel, gave her a good supply of dried meat, some tobacco, and a knife, and telling her they should return that way in a couple of days and give her another opportunity of going with them, they ad-

vised her meanwhile not to lose heart, nor let the fire go out, as the lions might scent the flesh at night, if they did not scent *her*.

And so they pursued their journey; and after a long ride, passing a rocky ridge of hills, they reached a stagnant pool, into which men and oxen rushed precipitately, though it was almost too muddy to go down their throats.

On their return, at the promised time, they found the old woman and everything gone, but observed the footprints of two men, who had probably taken her away. Several months afterwards Moffat learned that the sons, seeing from a distance the waggon halt at the spot where they had so unnaturally left the old woman to perish, drew near as soon as the party had gone, expecting to find only the remains of their mother. Finding her alive and supplied with food, and hearing her account of the strangers' kindness, they seemed to have felt a sort of pity for her now that others had shown a good deal more, and perhaps some alarm at the probable displeasure of the travellers who had learned their inhumanity; so that they somewhat late in the day made the best of it, took her home with them, and provided for her in their usual style, whatever that was.

On observing one evening, as the party sat round the fire, that Hottentot children were as bad as lions to their parents,—"They are worse," replied Africaner. He then related, what Moffat afterwards

heard reliably confirmed, that when an old lion hunts with younger ones, or, as the natives say, with his children, they give him the first feed on whatever game they take, which he sometimes defers in a lordly way till he has had a nap. He then begins on the tit-bits, they meanwhile waiting patiently; and often after this will take yet a second rest, none of them presuming to move. After this he retires, when they immediately rush forward and finish what is left.

At other times, if a young lion seizes prey, and an elder one happens to come up, he courteously retires till his senior has dined. This was what Africaner called having better manners than the Namaquas.

Stories like these often beguiled their evening hours. More frequently, however, Moffat invited them to propose questions on scriptural and other important subjects, in answering which he had the opportunity of communicating to them much useful and interesting information.

They took a shorter route home; but, as it was destitute of water, they nearly perished of thirst. This journey, which only took up a few weeks, settled one important point,—that the country would *not* do to settle in.

Jacobus, who had meanwhile been left in charge, had fulfilled it with fidelity and discretion.

The place looked very desolate; and though

Moffat had still a congregation of about two hundred persons, and upwards of a hundred children for scholars, many were absent at distant cattle outposts on account of the want of grass. He now resumed his itinerating visits on a more extended scale, as he could safely depend on Jacobus and David for carrying on the school services during the week. Titus soon gave him a new proof of attachment. He did not like Moffat to be obliged to ride an ox, which certainly was both awkward and hazardous; and as a rider had some little time ago been thrown forward on the horns and killed, he generously gave Moffat the only horse he possessed for hunting.

After tying his Bible and hymn-book in a blanket to the back of the saddle, and taking a good draught of milk, Moffat started with his interpreter, whom he could not yet dispense with, and who rode on an ox. They had their guns, and nothing else except a pipe, a tinder-box, and some tobacco. Bread they had none; and though they might have taken a piece of dried meat, they trusted to chance hospitality. Generally they obtained in the evening a draught of sweet milk; and then the people would gather round them, listen to familiar gospel-teaching, and gladly join in a short service. Then another draught of milk, more talking, and then they settled down for the night.

Day after day the same story. Sometimes they

got the draught of milk, sometimes water, sometimes neither—all in the day's work. No bread; no vegetables; nothing but milk and meat, or water, or nothing. Then he tied on "the fasting girdle," —pretty tightly, too!—*and preached upon it.*

Sometimes, when Titus knew of his scanty supplies, he would take a few shots from him, go out with his gun, and not come back till he had killed something for him to eat.

His clothes, too, were becoming distressing; for he had not done growing yet, and they were bursting out in various directions. No laundry-work among the Namaquas; no inscription of "Mangling done here." One day he thought he would try to smooth his shirt, as he had seen it done in Scotland, by hammering it on a flat stone. "What are you about?" said Africaner in passing. "Smoothing my shirt," said Moffat. "Well, that is *one* way," said the chief doubtfully. So it proved, for on holding it up he found it was full of holes!

CHAPTER IV.

THE TAMED LION AT THE CAPE.

THE much-desired site was still to be found; and after a few months, Africaner requested Moffat to visit the Griqua country, which lay more to the east, to inspect a situation offered him and his people by the Griqua chiefs, if they chose to remove to it. At his urgent solicitation he went, accompanied by Africaner's two brothers, David and Simon, and his son, Jonker (or Younker), with Jantye Vanderbyle for a guide. Each took a sheepskin blanket or *caross*, trusting for provisions to the Corannas whom they might meet.

Their course lay along the north side of the Orange River, which, though near them, was often completely out of their reach. Their hardships and dangers by the way were great; but one day they passed two reed-huts which had previously been occupied by two self-denying missionaries, who had for many years devoted themselves to evangeliz

ing the Corannas, and it cheered Moffat to find himself on the ground they had occupied. Whenever his party happened to fall in with any who had been under the training of these good men, they were sure of an hospitable welcome.

On the seventh day of their journey, they reached that part of the River Quis from which they intended to take a direct course to Griqua Town. They had only enough meat left for a single meal, which they agreed had better be reserved till the evening, in case they should not get any more. At night they came to some deserted huts, which had evidently been resorted to by wild beasts; but here they were tired enough to pass the night, though they heard the hyenas and jackals in the neighbourhood.

In the morning, they resolved to spare till evening the last remaining mouthful of food, though any one of them might have finished it in a minute. They were obliged to halt in the middle of the day, because of the heat. When they started again, Moffat and Vanderbyle, who were somewhat in advance, found their three companions had loitered behind; but concluding they would soon come up, they somewhat thoughtlessly rode forward. Having proceeded some distance, they turned and hallooed, but received no answer. They then fired a shot; but no reply. They pursued their way, then fired again, and listened with intense earnest-

ness; but still in vain. They were parched with thirst; their friends had the only morsel of food. They fired again. This time an answer was made —by a lion!

Tired as they were, they pushed on. He evidently gained on them; the terror of their horses soon showed that he was close on their rear. Presently he gave a tremendous roar, which echoed from rock to rock. Greatly as they needed a little rest, they were compelled to push on, which they did in silence for hours. At length they reached the waterfall they had heard of, but it was too late to avail themselves of it; they thanked the Almighty for their preservation, and bowed their tired heads on their saddles. The lion's distant roar was the last sound they heard.

Moffat speedily slept, and dreamed of scenes of beauty equal to Paradise; while the most enchanting music, as if from angels' harps, stole on his ear. These raptures lasted till morning, when he and his companion woke speechless with thirst, their eyes inflamed, their frames burning like hot coals. They had recourse to another pipe before they could articulate a word. Vanderbyle then remarked that water must be sought for near the hill-top, where, if any, it would be found. Moffat climbed the rugged height, but it proved as dry as the sandy plain beneath. After languidly looking around, he turned to descend; but happening to cough, he was

almost instantly surrounded by about a hundred baboons, some of them of gigantic size. They grunted, grinned, protruded their mouths, and sprang from stone to stone, threatening instant attack. He kept parrying them with his gun, but knew their character too well to fire; for if he had wounded one of them, he would have been skinned in five minutes. At length he reached the plain, where they seemed to hold a council; and he was levelling his piece at two which seemed the most fierce, when it occurred to him, "I have escaped—let me be thankful;" and he left them uninjured.

Jantye soon appeared with the horses. Moffat's looks told of themselves that he had found no water. They saddled the poor animals, which they were soon obliged to drive before them over the painfully burning plain, continually dazzled by the deceitful, tantalizing mirage. After some hours, they reached a miserable supply of water, to which the horses rushed frantically; and even they themselves partook of it, though it inspired them with nausea. At a late hour they reached the hospitable abode of Mr. Anderson and his wife, near Griqua Town.

Entering the house, speechless and haggard, Moffat made signs for water. Kind Mrs. Anderson instantly gave him a cup of coffee and some food, which he had not tasted for three days; and when he retired to rest, his bed, though hard, seemed to him of down. He begged that a bucket of water

might be placed by his side; but Mr. Anderson with a smile, only left him a large tumblerful. He drained it directly he was left to himself; then fell into profound sleep, and awoke in the morning as fresh as if he had never been thirsty in his life!

His missing companions soon made their appearance. Here they all rested for a few delightful days; and as Moffat wished next to visit Berend's abode at Daniel's Kuil, about fifty miles north, and also Lithako, on the Kuruman River, he was rejoiced to find that Mr. and Mrs. Anderson would accompany him, as they had promised to visit that station.

When they reached Lithako, they received a hearty welcome from the brethren, with whom they spent some days. This was the first time Moffat saw any of the Bechuana tribe; and he little guessed that this was to be the scene of his future labours. They then returned to Griqua Town, and after having made every inquiry about the object of Africaner's business, they returned to Namaqua Land, in spite of a tremendous thunder-storm by the way.

The account of their journey was laid before Africaner, and gave him entire satisfaction; but it was resolved that his removal should be postponed for a season. Meanwhile, the drought was severe, and great hunger prevailed in the place. The religious services, however, were well attended.

and great spiritual improvement encouraged the missionary; while the attachment of the people to him was so strong, that though he was secretly desirous to undertake a journey to the Cape, he dared not as yet mention the subject.

Suddenly it occurred to him that Africaner might like to accompany him; and he at once proposed it. The motive of his own journey, it may be observed, was a very important and interesting one to him, for he hoped to welcome from England Miss Smith, the young lady to whom he was engaged to be married.

Africaner looked at him in astonishment, and gravely said,—"Can you be in earnest? I had thought you loved me; and do you advise my going to the seat of government, to be hung up as a spectacle of public justice? Do you not know that I am an outlaw, and that a thousand rix-dollars have been offered for this poor head?"

Moffat tried to persuade him that all would be amicably arranged, to the satisfaction of the Governor as well as of himself. Africaner still was doubtful, and at length said,—"I shall deliberate, and roll my way upon the Lord; I know he will not leave me."

So the momentous question was at length settled in the affirmative, though many of the party were in anxious suspense about its prudence. On the third day they began preparations for the journey:

and the necessary arrangements were made for continuing the means of instruction in Moffat's absence. Nearly all the inhabitants accompanied the travellers half a day's journey to the banks of the Orange River, where the tears that were shed by them at parting testified to the sincerity of their affection.

Arrived at Pella, whither the people had formerly fled from Warm Bath when the latter place was devastated by Africaner, a touching scene ensued. Men who had not met each other since they had been engaged in mortal combat for each other's woe, now clasped hands as brethren, and mutually told of the victories of the Prince of Peace. During the few days of their stay here, much discussion took place on the best way of getting the dreaded chief safely through the territories of his old foes the farmers. There was no need for a humbler disguise. Of two substantial shirts that Moffat had left, he gave Africaner one; he already possessed a pair of leather trousers, a duffel jacket much the worse for wear, and an old hat that could neither be called black nor white. But to make assurance doubly sure, they agreed that for once Moffat should feign to be the chief, and Africaner the servant, till they got out of harm's way.

It may be observed that the Dutch farmers, in spite of their prejudices and often rough conduct, were really very hospitable, friendly people in their

way, whenever they were not under wrong impressions. Some of these worthy men congratulated Moffat, when they again saw him, on having escaped the clutches of that terrible monster, from whom they had heard that Mr. Ebner had barely escaped with the skin of his teeth. Others treated as absurdity the idea of Africaner's having become a converted character. At one house, the farmer, seeing a stranger approaching, went out to meet him, and when only a few yards were between them, Moffat stretched out his hand, and expressed his pleasure at seeing him again. The farmer started, put his hand behind him, and asked him rather wildly who he was.

"Have you so soon forgotten me?" was his cheerful reply. "I am Moffat."

"Moffat?" echoed the farmer; "it must be his ghost!"

"I assure you it is I myself!"

"Don't come near me!" persisted he in great excitement. "Everybody says Moffat was murdered; and a man told me he had seen his bones."

His wife and children stood at the door in astonishment at this strange scene, while Moffat's people looked on at a little distance. At length the farmer extended his trembling hand, saying,—

"When did you rise from the dead?"

Moffat endeavoured to quiet his alarms, and assure him of their being without foundation. As

for Africaner, he assured him of his being now a truly good man.

"Well," said the farmer, "I can believe almost anything you say; but *that* I cannot credit. There are seven wonders in the world, but that would be the eighth."

By this time they were talking, with Africaner smiling at their feet. After a good deal more had passed, the farmer concluded by saying, with much earnestness,—

"Well, if what you say be true respecting that man, I have only one wish,—and that is, to see him before I die; and when you come here on your return, I will go with you to see him, as sure as the sun is over our heads, though he killed my own uncle."

This startled Moffat, who had not been aware of it; but knowing the goodness of the farmer's heart, he said fearlessly,—

"This, then, is Africaner."

He started back, and looked at him intently, as if he had dropped from the clouds.

"Are you Africaner?" at length exclaimed he.

"I am," replied Africaner, uncovering his head.

The farmer seemed thunderstruck; but when, by a few questions, he had assured himself of the fact, that the former terror of the border now stood before him, gentle and lamb-like, he lifted up his eyes and exclaimed,—

"O God! what a miracle of thy power! What cannot thy grace accomplish?"

He, and his no less hospitable wife, now abundantly supplied their wants; but they hastened their departure, lest the news of Africaner's presence might get abroad, and compromise his safety.

Arrived at Cape Town, Moffat waited on his Excellency the Governor, Lord Charles Somerset, who received with considerable scepticism his assurance that he had brought the far-famed border chief on a visit to him. The following day was appointed for an interview, when Lord Charles received Africaner with great courtesy and kindness, and expressed his great pleasure at seeing him. His Excellency was evidently much struck with this result of missionary enterprise, which so many undervalue because they do not understand. Whatever he might now think of the fallacy of his former views, Lord Charles was convinced that a most important step had been gained; and, as a testimony of his good feeling, he presented Africaner with an excellent waggon, value £80 sterling.

A short time before this visit to the Cape, a deputation from the London Missionary Society, consisting of the Rev. J. Campbell and Dr. Philip, had arrived there, for the purpose of examining the state of their African missions; and to them, therefore, this visit of Moffat and Africaner was naturally of deep interest. It appeared to be one of the happi-

est moments of Mr. Campbell's life to converse with the man at whose very name, on his former visit to Namaqua Land, he had trembled ; but on whom, in answer to so many prayers, he could now look as a brother beloved. Often, while interpreting between them, Moffat was deeply affected by the overflow of soul experienced by both, as they talked over former times. Here was another instance of the truth of Mr. Edgeworth's axiom, that whenever we thoroughly master something useful, it is sure to turn to good account at last. Moffat, on first arriving in Africa, had been delayed causelessly, as it seemed to him, at the Cape for eight months, instead of being allowed, as he eagerly desired, to proceed to his work at once ; but, instead of fretting at this, and thereby making the delay seem more tedious, he had applied himself to learning the Dutch language. which thenceforth enabled him to communicate with all who, like Africaner, knew it too.

Of course, Africaner was an object of general interest at Cape Town, where his name and exploits had been in every one's mouth for the last twenty years. People were struck with the unexpected mildness and gentleness of his demeanour, and some of them with his piety and accurate knowledge of the Scriptures. His New Testament was an interesting object of attention, it was so completely thumbed and worn by use. His answers to a number of

questions put to him by friends at Cape Town, and at a public meeting at the Paarl, exhibited his conversance with Christian doctrine, especially when it is considered that it was entirely acquired by diligent study of the Testament, and by oral discussion on its contents.

Moffat's journey had been undertaken for a twofold purpose—to introduce Africaner to the Colonial Government, and to welcome and marry Miss Smith, and procure supplies for their future housekeeping. Of that good young lady we know only too little; but her subsequent course proved her sterling character and qualifications for the honoured and arduous post of a missionary's wife; and we feel sure that, from the very outset of her engagement to the devoted young man, she had strenuously been preparing for the duties that lay before her.

With the fullest hope of returning to his flock, which had now become exceedingly dear to him, Moffat was much startled to find that such a course was not to take place; for it was the wish of Mr. Campbell and Dr. Philip that he should accompany them in their round of visits to the missionary stations, and eventually be appointed to the Bechuana Mission. He was extremely reluctant to yield to this, till Africaner smoothed difficulties by giving his entire consent; which he did with great diffidence and modesty, having some slight hope, in which Moffat heartily agreed, that he and his people might

be able to remove into the same neighbourhood—having been frequently invited thither by a tribe of Bechuanas who had occasionally traded with him. They parted from each other with mingled emotions, Africaner being kindly (and justly) supplied with a government passport to insure his good reception from the colonists through whose lands he and his companions must pass. He generously undertook to convey Moffat's books and little store of household furniture in his waggon across the continent to Lithako.

Shortly afterwards, Miss Smith arrived at the Cape, where they were happily united; and what we may call their wedding tour, was their journey with Mr. Campbell on his second visit to Lithako.

Here Moffat had the privilege of one more short but delightful interview with Africaner, who, good and affectionate friend as he was, brought him his household goods, of which he knew he must be in need. Nearly a year had meanwhile passed; and during that time he and his good brothers, David and Jacobus, had steadily kept up the public services and schools, while Moffat had been on the tour with the deputation. Mr. Campbell then being about to return to England, Africaner accompanied them as far as Daniel's Kuil, where he met once more the noted Griqua chief, Berend Berend, with whom he had formerly had many a desperate conflict. Both being now converts to the gospel of peace, all their

old animosities had melted away, and they sat down together in the same tent with the rest, to hear the same word of Christian exhortation, join in the same hymn, and kneel in prayer together at the same stool.

They parted,—Moffat still hoping to see Africaner some day again. But no! Two years ensued, and then the noble chief was called to enter into the joy of the Lord. When he found his end approaching, he called his people together, after the example of Joshua, and gave them directions as to their future conduct.

"We are not," said he, "what we once were,—*savages*,—but men professing to be taught according to the gospel. Let us, then, do accordingly. Live peaceably with all, if possible; and if not, consult those who are placed over you before you undertake anything. Remain together, as you have done ever since I knew you. Then, when the directors think fit to send you a missionary, you will be ready to receive him. Behave to any one so sent to you as if sent from God, as I have great hope that he will bless you in this respect when I am gone to heaven. I feel that I love God, and that he has done much for me, of which I am totally unworthy.

"My former life is stained with blood; but Jesus Christ has pardoned me, and I am going to heaven. Oh, beware of falling again into the same evils into which I have led you frequently! Seek God, and he will be found of you to direct you."

Africaner was a man of sound judgment and of undaunted courage. He had in earlier days, and under bitter provocations, been one of the severest persecutors of the Christian cause; but having once given his heart unreservedly to the Lord, he would, if need had been, have spilt his blood for his missionary.

CHAPTER V.

HARD LINES.

IN spite of Africaner's good advice, the tribe split after his death; partly for want of a resident missionary, and partly on account of disastrous wars.

Of the early history of the Bechuanas, a very numerous and powerful people, little was known, even by themselves. They had no histories, no religion whatever. Two missionaries, unworthy of the name, had left a bad impression of their faith behind them. Two excellent men, named Hamilton and Evans, afterwards found their way to Lithako, intending to settle there—in consequence of King Mothibi having said to Mr. Campbell, "Send me missionaries, and I will be a father to them." But these proved empty words, uttered entirely with the idea of bartering with them; and when he found they did not come for purposes of trade, he told them they might stay if they would, but it would be to no good—they would find neither wood nor water.

Disappointed in their hopes, they went away to Griqua Town; but Mr. Hamilton afterwards thought there might be an opening for him among the Bechuanas after all, and eventually returned to make the effort, which he persevered in, very much to his credit, though at first with little success. King Mothibi had had a disastrous defeat, and resolved to settle on the Kuruman River. Here he allowed a form of religious instruction to be carried on among his people, though chiefly in the hope that temporal advantages might somehow or other accrue from it.

Mr. Campbell now bade farewell to the Moffats, who deeply regretted losing a friend whose society had been so strengthening and comforting to them. Moffat was directed to remain a short time at Griqua Town, and then join the Kuruman Mission, where Mr. Hamilton was working very hard, all alone, and heartily hoping that the Moffats would soon join him. He had dug a long watercourse, prepared ground for gardening and building, besides toiling to keep himself from absolute want. Mr. and Mrs. Moffat joined him in 1821, and his joy at their arrival may be imagined.

And then began their daily life among the Bechuanas, at first cheered by hopes of spiritual inprovement, which, as month followed month, became fainter and fainter; yet still they kept on. They spent much time in building, and in culturing the sandy soil, in which no vegetables would grow without con-

stant watering,—barren as the Bechuanas' hearts! Their water-ditch, a silent monument of their perseverance, was now some miles in length, and had been led out of the Kuruman River, passing by the many gardens of the natives. To them irrigation had hitherto been entirely unknown; and the women, seeing the fertilizing effect of it on the missionaries' gardens, thought they had an equal right to their share of it, and took the liberty of cutting open their water-ditch to flood their own gardens,—which, surely, was enough to provoke a saint. In vain they remonstrated and pleaded,—the women got the victory in the matter; often leaving them without enough for their cooking purposes. Moffat and Hamilton had to go by turns nearly three miles daily, with a spade, at the hottest time of day, to turn in the many outlets into native gardens, that they might have a little moisture for their own during the night, which they were obliged to irrigate when they ought to have been resting from the toils of the day. The women would slyly watch for their return, and then go and undo all that they had just done. By this means their supply of water was reduced to one-half, and that entirely at the mercy of their faithless neighbours; so that Mrs. Moffat, instead of being able to appropriate a proper proportion of it for laundry purposes, had often to send her washing a distance of a hundred miles to be cleansed.

Poor young Mrs. Moffat, with an infant in her

arms, very gently asked a Bechuana woman to move out of her kitchen, that she might shut it as usual before going to morning service. The vindictive woman seized a piece of wood to hurl at the head of Mrs. Moffat, who, of course, took refuge in the little chapel at once, leaving her in possession. It required no little patience to bear continual provocations like this, or to have the house filled with strangers whenever they chose to intrude, who made everything they touched the colour of their own greasy red attire; while some of them would be talking, others sleeping, and others slyly laying their hands on whatever took their fancy, meanwhile keeping Mrs. Moffat in a suffocating atmosphere almost intolerable.

As it was not pleasant to take one's meals in such filthy company, they often put off their dinner for hours, with perhaps little gained in the end.

The attendance at public worship would vary from one to forty, and these often manifested the greatest indecorum. Some would be snoring, others laughing; and others, never having been accustomed to stools or chairs, would sit with their feet on the benches, with their knees drawn up to their chins—in which position one would fall asleep and tumble over, to the great merriment of his companions. How *could* a missionary hope to obtain a hold on such minds as these?

Sometimes one of them would watch for the opportunity to discover which of them was in the

reading-desk, and, knowing that he would not leave it for a certain time, would avail himself of the opening for pilfering meantime. Many a dismal tale had Mr. Hamilton to tell Moffat, or *vice versa*, when they compared experiences at the day's end; and many a morning, at early dawn, had they to tell of thefts committed in their houses, their smith's shop, or their gardens, or among their field cattle. These the Bechuanas more than once drove into a bog, and at a late hour informed them of what they were pleased to term *an accident;* and as it was then too dark to repair the disaster, one or more oxen would fall a prey to hyenas or hungry natives. One night they entered the missionaries' fold, killed one of their best draught oxen, and carried the whole away except one shoulder. They were compelled to use much meat, from the great scarcity of grain and vegetables. They had to purchase their sheep from a distance; and very glad would they be if, out of twenty, they secured the largest half for themselves. The natives would break their legs, cut off their tails, and more frequently carry off the whole carcass. Tools, such as saws, axes, and adzes, were losses severely felt, as they could not replace them, when there was no intercourse whatever with the colony. Knives were eagerly coveted; their metal spoons they melted; and when the missionaries got supplied with iron ones plated, which the natives found not so pliable, they thought them bewitched.

Once they stole a cast-iron pot, which fell on a stone and was cracked as they were making off with it. "It is iron," said they; and they thought, when the hue and cry for it had ceased, they would make it into knives and spears. This in due time they attempted; but when the shattered pieces were put into a good heat, to their amazement they flew into a variety of little bits at the first stroke of the hammer; and, after staring with dismay, they decided that the iron was bewitched, and that pot-stealing was a bad speculation.

Mr. Hamilton, whose house was frequently left alone, fared worse than his companions. More than once, when he returned tired and hungry from hard work, he found the meat on which he had meant to dine removed, and a stone boiling in its place! These tricks were excessively vexatious, but did not require the nerve that Moffat's earlier career had demanded.

The grand thing needed was mastery of the Bechuanas' language (called Sechuana), without which they could make little real progress with them. Often the malicious people would set them on a wrong scent, by giving them words or phrases of totally different meaning from what they required, and then laugh violently at the trick. Still, a snail that crawls twenty feet up a wall by day, and slips down nineteen every night, does make progress, though slowly, and so did the persevering mission-

aries; and though their daily work seemed to melt away like the morning cloud and early dew, yet in reality it was not so.

Every Sabbath they itinerated to the neighbouring villages; and often, after a walk of four or five miles, could not obtain a single willing listener. They held one Dutch service on Sunday evenings, as much for their own good as for two or three Hottentot families in the neighbourhood. This was the only service in which they were able to take real enjoyment, the others only affording them a sense of a duty performed.

"What is the reason you do not return to your own land?" bluntly asked a chief, when Moffat asked him to try to recover his knife, which had been stolen from his pocket while preaching. "If your land were a good one, or if you were not afraid of returning, you would not be so content to live as you do, while people devour you."

At length a circumstance occurred which accounted for and soothed some of their sorrows. A Hottentot woman, named Fransinna, from Bethelsdorp, had long been very trying to them by her bad conduct, and was of serious mischief to them by trying to set King Mothibi against them. While her violent and unchristian temper was threatening to overthrow the mission, she was suddenly seized with a remarkable and alarming illness which laid her on a sick-bed. The mission party were most kind to her, and spoke

very seriously of her spiritual state. She became touched with remorse, fully acknowledged her crimes, and was cut to the heart at the injury she had done the cause, and for which she very earnestly sought forgiveness. They represented to her that she had not so much wronged them as her merciful Saviour, who had died that all who believe on him should be saved. From the beginning of her painful illness she had felt that the Almighty was displeased with her; and happy was it for her that, after vainly striving for a while to escape from his presence, she at length cast herself unreservedly on his mercy, and sued for his forgiveness.

She now made a full, free, and public confession of her evil conduct; and, not content with this, summoned all the people together to her bedside a little before her death, and made it her last request to them that they should not again forsake, despise, or ill-treat the missionaries, however great their own privations might be.[1]

During the whole of this illness, not a murmur escaped her lips. A lively gratitude to her Redeemer beamed on her countenance, and those who surrounded her beheld with feelings they could not utter the calmness and serenity with which she breathed her last. Truly might it be said of Fransinna, that nothing in her life became her like her leaving it.

CHAPTER VI.

WARS AND RUMOURS OF WARS.

ERANSINNA'S repentance and confession did not seem to make lasting impression. On the contrary, the people were soon giving themselves up to the lying wonders of the men who called themselves rain-makers, whom they believed much more implicitly than those who had the words of eternal life. It was marvellous, in fact, how they let these ignorant impostors lead them by the nose, till their falsehoods ended at length, as they were sure to do, in detection and punishment. These rain-makers almost always came to a violent end, sooner or later; and yet this did not hinder other upstarts from taking their place.

From age to age, the Africans have been dreadfully wasteful of their fine forests, alike for fuel, for building, and other purposes; so that where enormous trees once towered on high and threw a grateful shade, the face of the country is in many parts

levelled to a scorching plain, and what timber remains is very small and of no great age. Their own improvidence has caused the country to be so shadeless; and it is of no good for them to attribute it to witchcraft, or to fancy that rain-makers can be found who have power to call down healthful showers.

Under this false impression, the Bechuanas summoned Moffat and Hamilton to a council of their principal men; the chief of whom, assuming rather an imposing attitude, and quivering his spear as he spoke, said it was the general determination that they should leave the country; and if they did not consent to do so peaceably, stronger measures would be taken to compel them.

Mrs. Moffat stood at her cottage door with her infant in her arms, to watch the turn of events at this crisis, for such it was. The missionaries calmly replied:—

"We have, indeed, felt most reluctant to leave, and are now more than ever resolved to abide by our post. We pity you, for you know not what you do. But although we have suffered much, we do not consider that it amounts to persecution, and are prepared to expect it from those who know no better. If you are resolved to get rid of us, you must take stronger means, for our hearts are with you. You may shed our blood, or burn us out; we know you will not hurt our wives and children.

IN IMMINENT PERIL.

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Then shall they who sent us know, and God, who now sees and hears us, will know, that we have indeed been persecuted."

At these words, the chief man looked at his companions, and observed, with a significant shake of the head, "These men must have ten lives, when they are so fearless of death! There must be something in immortality."

And on this the meeting broke up, leaving the missionaries deeply thankful for their victory. Very thankful, too, were they that the people had not been positively forbidden by those in authority over them to attend the daily prayer services, though they did not come very punctually.

Moffat had a little Dutch clock, which he had put up in his chapel, that he might know when to begin and end his services. When the clock struck, two little toy-soldiers came out of a little box above the dial, and strutted about till the clock had done striking. This frightened the Bechuanas, who at first supposed them alive; and when Moffat cut one of the little figures in pieces to show they were not, they still fancied there must be witchcraft of some sort in them. Are not we like the poor Bechuanas sometimes,—afraid of very small things that have no real power to hurt?

A real cause for terror, and a very serious one, soon occurred to them and to the country far and wide For more than a year strange reports had

spread that a mighty woman named Mantatee, at the head of an invincible army, numerous as the locusts, was marching from the east against the inland tribes, sending hornets before her, and—in one word—laying the world desolate. Though Moffat did not believe much of all this, he thought it worth inquiring into; and resolved, at the same time, to visit Makaba, chief of the Bauangketsi tribe, about two hundred miles north-east of Lithako.

Mothibi and his people were quite against this, and gave the worst accounts of Makaba, whom they equally feared and disliked. They told him that, if he persisted in going, he would never again see Ma-Mary (or the mother of Mary, which was their name for Mrs. Moffat); and Mothibi declared that if he went, none of his people should accompany him.

Moffat therefore started with such few people as he had. On reaching Lithako on the third day's journey, he found the report of the Mantatee invasion increasing; and the natives strongly dissuaded him from going beyond Nokaneng, about twenty miles further on.

Before making this fresh start, Moffat preached a gospel sermon to a numerous and attentive body of the inhabitants; after which he proceeded on his way. On reaching Nokaneng, he learned that the Barolongs of Kunuana, about a hundred miles further on, had already been attacked, and their towns were in the invaders' hands.

It was, then, no false report. But spies had been sent out to ascertain the exact particulars, and meanwhile Moffat awaited their return, using every opportunity that offered to impart instruction to the poor people around him, who seemed of a teachable disposition.

The spies returned without any fixed intelligence, and Moffat therefore continued on his way to the Bauangketsi; shooting three rhinoceri by the way, that sufficed amply, not only for himself and his party but the poor townspeople, for food for a long time to come.

They inquired about the invaders of every wayfarer they met, but could learn nothing, though they were not more than fifteen miles from the town of which the Mantatees were reported to be in possession. On a distant height they saw a number of men who were evidently looking their way; and their not approaching Moffat's waggons was so unusual in hungry people, that it seemed likely they were some of the invaders.

Two days thus passed; and on the third, just as they were about to start for the Bauangketsi, two Barolongs passing by assured them that the Mantatees were in possession of a town rather in their rear, behind some heights which they distinctly saw. As one of these men had barely escaped from them with his life, Moffat felt no doubt that it would be prudent to return at once to the place

from whence he came, especially as he might otherwise find his course intercepted,—some escaped prisoners having reported that the Mantatees were about to start for Lithako.

They lost no time in returning to Nokaneng, and found other travellers alarming the inhabitants, who were in false security, by assuring them of their imminent danger. The fearful news spread rapidly to the Kuruman Station. A public meeting was hastily convened, which Moffat attended, and he willingly bore witness to what he had heard and seen. The account caused general gloom; and when he ceased, profound silence reigned for several minutes.

Then said Mothibi, in the name of them all: "I am exceedingly thankful, my father, that you were hard-headed, and pursued your journey in spite of my dissuasions; for, by so doing, you have discovered to us our real danger."

All were now ready to bless him for having acted on his own judgment. They asked his advice; but all he could do was to recommend flight to the colony, or to call in assistance from the Griquas, as they were utterly unable of themselves to face so numerous and savage a force as the Mantatees. He offered to go himself to Griqua Town, acquaint them with their danger, solicit their help, and obtain waggons to remove their goods from the station. He strongly dissuaded the timorous from

precipitate flight into the pathless desert; and maintained that it would be better to go forth to meet the Mantatees than await their approach.

These wise counsels were approved; and as no time was to be lost, Moffat proceeded at once in his waggon to Griqua Town, where, as a good Providence had arranged it, he met, at Mr. Melvill's house, a spirited, benevolent Englishman, Mr. George Thompson of Cape Town, who was there on a tour, and intending to visit Lithako.

As soon as the exciting news was communicated, every one was alive at once; and Waterboer, the Griqua chief, started off on horseback for Campbell Town, to confer with the people there, promising to lose no time in coming to the Kuruman, where further deliberations were to be made.

Next morning, therefore, Moffat (who was now about five and twenty, and in the full prime of his strength and energy) started with a truly congenial companion in Mr. Thompson, who entered into the affair with great spirit and interest.

Orders were immediately sent to neighbouring towns and villages to attend a solemn *pitsho*, or parliament, the next day; and in consequence there was an early muster in the adjacent districts.

It was on the 13th of June 1823. About ten o'clock nearly a thousand fighting men presented themselves on the outskirts of the town, and proceeded in pretty good order to the large public

fold, which is the Africans' usual place of general assembly—some of them singing war-songs, others brandishing their arms, as if to warm themselves for real combat, and show their eagerness for action. The whole body took their seats in an orderly manner round the fold, and left the centre clear as an arena for the speakers. Into this King Mothibi speedily bounded (in an English chemise), and began a vigorous dance, as if to warm and excite himself and the assembly. Then he addressed them, in something like the following terms :—

"Ye sons of Molehabangue! the Mantatees, a strong and victorious people, who have overwhelmed many nations, are coming hither to destroy us. We have been told of their deeds, their weapons, and their intentions. The case is a serious one. We must consider what to do. You have seen the interest the missionary has taken in our safety. If we exert ourselves for the general good as he has done, they cannot come nearer. You see the white men are our friends. You see Mr. Thompson, a chief man of the Cape, who has come to see us on horseback—not like a spy lurking about our houses, but as open as the day. He is our friend. I now wait to hear what you all say to it. Let every one speak his mind, and then I will speak again."

After which very sensible speech he flourished his spear again, and then sat down amid general applause.

A verse of a war-song then diversified the proceedings; similar exercises were performed; silence was called for; and Moshume, the next speaker, succeeded.

"To-day," said he, "we are called on to oppose an enemy who is the enemy of all. Moffat has been near his camp. We all opposed his going; to-day we are very glad he went. He has warned us and the Griquas. What, then, are we to do? If we flee, they will overtake; if we fight, they will conquer. They are strong as lions; they kill and eat and leave nothing." Here an old man, who perhaps was rather deaf, begged him to roar aloud so that all might hear. Moshume continued,—"I know ye, Batlápis, that at home and among the women ye are men, but women before an enemy—ready to run when ye should stand. Think, think, and prepare your hearts this day. Be united, and make your hearts hard."

Here Incha, a Morolong, began by proposing that they should wait till the Mantatees came up; it would be time enough then to attack them. But he had scarcely said this, when a fiery young chief, called Isite, sprang up and impetuously cried,—

"Who called upon you to speak foolishness? Was there ever a king or chief of the Batlápis who bade *you* to speak up? Do you mean to instruct the sons of Molehabangue? Be silent. You say you know the men, and yet you advise us to wait

till they enter our town. We shall then lose all. Let us attack the enemy where they are; if we are then obliged to retreat, those in the rear will be able to flee. We may fight and flee and at last *conquer*, which we cannot do if we wait here."

This speech was loudly cheered, while Incha sat down in silence. A very old chief next advanced, and said,—

"Ye sons of Molehabangue! ye sons of Molehabangue! ye have done well this day, and are now acting wisely—deliberating before ye proceed. The missionary has discovered our danger, like the rising sun after a dark night. We must not act like Bechuanas; we must act like Makooas [white people]. Is this *our* pitsho? No, it is the pitsho of the missionary; therefore we must speak and behave like Makooas."

After several other speeches, all more or less excited, chiefly exhorting to courage and unanimity, Mothibi resumed his central position, and, after the accustomed gesticulations, commanded silence.

"It is plain," said he, "that the best way will be to proceed against the enemy, and prevent their coming nearer. Let not our towns and homes be the scenes of destruction.—I hear you, my father," accosting the aged chief. "Your words are true; they are good to the ear. I wish those evil who will not obey." Then turning to the younger men, —"There are many of you who do not deserve to

eat out of a bowl, but only out of a broken pot. Think on what has been said, and obey without murmuring." Then to the women,—"Prevent not the warrior from going out to battle by your cunning insinuations. No; rouse him to glory, and then he will return with honourable scars. We shall then renew the war-song and the dance, and relate the story of our victory."

On this the air rang with acclamations. The whole assembly occasionally joined in the dance, the women frequently taking the weapons from the hands of the men, and brandishing them in the most excited manner, and people of all ages using the most extravagant and frantic gestures for nearly two hours.

CHAPTER VII.

SAVAGE WARFARE.

MR THOMPSON, who took the liveliest interest in the affairs of the station, had endeared himself, not only to the mission, but the natives, who recognized his kind and generous disposition, and truly called him "a man on whom the light of day might shine." Accompanied by a guide, he went to reconnoitre the movements of the Mantatees, and then returned to the colony to give notice of their formidable numbers and near approach.

Eleven days passed in anxious waiting for succour from Griqua Town, during which time they packed or buried most of their heavy goods. Mr. Melvill, the government agent at Griqua Town, arrived with a hundred horsemen for the purpose of accompanying the commando; and as it was the general opinion and wish that Moffat should join it, as his presence and influence might bring about a treaty with the invaders, he consented to do so the next day.

Before starting, they all met to pray for Divine counsel, which they felt they greatly needed. The future appeared dark and gloomy, and they were convinced that nothing but Almighty power could save the country from ruin, by arresting the progress of the enemy.

Having bivouacked on the Maclauren River, Moffat, Waterboer the Griqua chief, and a few others, mounted their horses after dark, rode forward for about four hours, and then halted among some trees till morning. At daybreak they again proceeded, till they came in sight of the enemy, a little to the south of Lithako. A second and more numerous division occupied the town itself.

The first impressions of Moffat and his companions were, on seeing an immense black surface on the opposite height, from which rose many small columns of smoke, that the bushes and grass had been set on fire during the night; but, on closer inspection, they were startled to find it the camp of a portion of the enemy, containing a mass of human beings. As they drew nearer, they saw that they were perceived, and that much confusion in consequence prevailed. The war-axes and glittering ornaments of the invaders, as they moved hither and thither, could distinctly be seen flashing in the sun.

Moffat and Waterboer rode up to a young woman whom they found in one of the ravines. In answer

to their questions in the Bechuana language, she said they had come from a distant country, but would say no more. She was gathering and eating acacia pods, with every symptom of extreme want. Having told her who they were, they gave her some food and a piece of tobacco, and requested her to apprise her people of their peaceable wishes. They then advanced within two musket-shots of the enemy, where they found, under a small rock, an old man and his son; the latter without the least signs of animation, while the father could scarcely articulate that he too was dying of hunger.

They made out from this object of pity that he belonged to the enemy they so much dreaded. They waited half an hour to give the young woman time to return to them, if she were so minded, and meanwhile sent back word to their commando, now about twenty miles behind, that the enemy were in sight. Round about they observed the dead bodies of several who had come to drink of the pool, and expired in the very act. None came near them except a few warriors, who dared their approach, but whose spears fell short of the mark.

It was agreed that Moffat and one companion, after advancing within a short distance of the invaders, should dismount and go forward unarmed, inviting two or three of them to come and speak with them. This plan, however, was entirely defeated. They had all approached within a hundred

yards, and the two were just in the act of leaving their saddles, when the savages uttered a hideous yell, and Moffat had scarcely time to exclaim, "Be on your guard; they are preparing to attack!" when several hundred armed men rushed furiously forward, hurling their weapons with such velocity that they had barely time to wheel round and gallop off.

At the distance of a few hundred yards they turned about, perfectly amazed at their savage fury. Seeing no possible means of getting them to parley, they withdrew to a height, still in view, where they remained the whole day. At very great risk, they sent their horses to water, still hoping to inspire confidence in the Mantatees; but all in vain.

At sunset Moffat left Waterboer and the scouts, and rode back to confer with Mr. Melvill and the other Griqua chiefs, and prevent, if possible, the dreadful consequences of a battle. The Griquas were headed by Adam Kok, Berend Berend, Andries Waterboer, and Cornelius Kok; all stout men and true. They unanimously agreed that Waterboer should take the command. Cornelius generously insisted that Moffat should take his best horse; which decidedly, we may say, he deserved.

After an almost sleepless night, which was extremely cold, they were all in motion next morning before daybreak. The previous day's attempt to bring about friendly communication having entirely failed, it was resolved that the commando should ride fear-

lessly up to the invaders, in the hope that the imposing appearance of about a hundred horsemen might impress them and lead to a parley. For this purpose the commando approached them within a hundred and fifty yards, at which point the enemy again set up their terrible howl, and discharged their clubs and javelins. Their black, dismal appearance, hoarse, stentorian voices, and furious demeanour, were calculated to daunt; and the Griquas, after their first attack, wisely drew back. Waterboer, their chief, levelled his piece, and brought several of the enemy successively to the ground. This, instead of abating their fierceness, only increased it. Though they beheld the effects of firearms with astonishment, they yelled vengeance, and wrenched the weapons from their dying companions to supply those they had hurled at their antagonists. Sufficient intervals were afforded to enable them to parley, but there seemed no thought of it. They sallied forward again and again, though only about two hundred yards, and took deliberate aim, resolved to die rather than flee.

Soon after the battle began, the Bechuanas came up to take part in it with their poisoned arrows, but were soon driven back; half-a-dozen Mantatees making the whole body scamper in wild disorder. After two hours and a half of combat, the Griquas, finding their ammunition fast diminishing, began to storm the enemy, who at length gave way, taking a wes-

terly direction. The horsemen, however, intercepted them, when they immediately turned down a ravine, as if determined not to retrace their steps. They were again intercepted, and turning round, seemed desperate, but were soon repulsed. At this moment the scene was awful—the whole country in motion with warriors, so that it was difficult to distinguish friends from foes. To increase the confusion, there was added the bellowing of oxen, the groans of the dying, and the screams of women and children.

The enemy then directed their course towards the town, which was held by a still more numerous tribe of their people. Here another desperate struggle ensued, the Mantatees setting fire to their houses to drive out the horsemen with the smoke and flames. At length, seized with utter despair, they precipitately fled. During this last tremendous struggle many of the women were observed to pass to and fro completely exposed, with the most perfect indifference to danger. Nor did one division of the forces seem to trouble themselves respecting the fate of the other, but to rely on their own superior strength. Humanly speaking, had the two joined forces, their numbers and ferocity must have carried the day. They were roughly estimated at upwards of forty thousand; in comparison with whom the hundred Griquas, of course, looked like a little flock of goats.

The Griquas pursued them about eight miles, and then the Bechuanas fell to plundering and massacring

the stragglers in cold blood. Here Moffat interposed; he had not fired a single shot, though in the thick of the fight, but he could not see mothers and infants butchered before his eyes without interference. As soon as the women saw that mercy was to be found, they ceased to fly, and, baring their bosoms, cried, "I am a woman! I am a woman!" It seemed impossible in the men to yield. In the struggles of death they would raise themselves from the ground and hurl their weapons with implacable vengeance. It was only to be regretted that such indomitable resolution was not in a better cause. Contemplating this deadly conflict, Moffat could not but admire the mercy of God, that not one of his party was slain, and only one slightly wounded. The slain of the enemy was between four and five hundred.

At the close of the battle, when the women and children were collected together as prisoners, it was with the utmost difficulty that they could get them forward. They were suffering dreadfully from want; and even in the heat of the conflict would stop short if they saw a piece of meat which had been dropped in the fray, and ravenously devour it though it was raw.

As Moffat's presence was now no longer required, either to prevent bloodshed or to save life, he returned to the station, where Mr. Melvill arrived two days afterwards with the prisoners, whom he

treated with the greatest humanity. It was thought desirable that some of the Griquas should go and learn what direction the Mantatees had taken, but this they declined. Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Melvill therefore set off in a waggon, and two days afterwards a report reached the station that after the battle the enemy had attacked and plundered three towns, and were still meditating a visit to the Kuruman to revenge themselves on the Bechuanas, whom they supposed no longer defended by the horsemen, and considered no better than the dust under their feet.

On this alarming information Moffat despatched two men after Hamilton and Melvill; and also an urgent letter to Waterboer, showing the necessity of recalling his force. The following night was most anxious. The town was without lights of any description, except the few embers of the house-fires, round which sat the trembling families. Most of the men were out of doors listening to any unusual sound. The dogs kept up an incessant barking. No watches were set; no spies sent out. Every one seemed afraid to move. A cry of sorrow would make every heart palpitate. Occasionally a chief would come to the mission-house to announce his terror. Everybody feared that daybreak would reveal the town surrounded by the enemy, only awaiting dawn to commence a general massacre.

The Mantatee women meanwhile slept in their

kitchens, or looked on in the most perfect indifference. Mrs. Moffat kept her two young children clothed, in readiness for sudden flight. Moffat kept his cloak and gun close to the door. A woman, who had run all night, rushed in, and fainted with fatigue. As soon as she recovered, her first words were — "The Mantatees!" which struck terror through all around. Happily, the dawn of day dispelled these fears; but never was there more call for incessant, unlimited dependence on the protection of the Almighty.

As it was quite uncertain whether or when the Griquas would return, the mission-families were sent off in two waggons towards Griqua Town, to remain there till affairs got a little more settled. The same evening Mr. Melvill and Mr. Hamilton returned, quite ignorant of what had passed in their absence. They had run many risks themselves, and found many Mantatee women actually feasting on the dead bodies of the slain. They had captured about thirty of them, however, whom they had brought back to the Kuruman—rather a doubtful acquisition.

While they were yet conversing with Moffat, he received an answer from Waterboer, informing him it was utterly impossible for him to come to his assistance, as an immense body of Mantatees was coming down the Yellow and Mud Rivers towards Griqua Town, which he must do his best to defend, some of the Griquas having already taken to flight;

and he advised the missionaries to lose no time in joining him there, as the only means of safety.

When the Bechuanas heard of this intention they were greatly grieved; and Mothibi and some of his chiefs came to express their concern, though they thought the step a reasonable one. Mr. Melvill and Moffat therefore proceeded towards Griqua Town on horseback, leaving Mr. Hamilton to follow with the Mantatee women and children. On arriving at Tlose Fountain, two days' journey south of the Kuruman Station, they noticed the dead body of a horse which had belonged to the Griquas, and had been killed by the bite of a serpent. Next morning, when Mr. Hamilton arrived at the same spot, his disgust was great when the Mantatee women whom he had in charge fell on this swollen, half-putrid carcass, and began to tear it limb from limb, that each might secure as much of it as she could for herself. Nor did they pay the smallest attention to remonstrances, nor desist till every particle was carried off and devoured, which employed them the whole day.

On his arrival at Griqua Town, the Moffats had the mortification of learning from him that scarcely had their backs been turned on the station when the Bechuanas dug up and carried off many of the articles they had hoped to protect by burying, and that their premises had been broken into and ransacked, notwithstanding Mothibi's endeavours to pre-

vent what now appeared to him and his chiefs the height of ingratitude. He gave orders to the man left in charge to shoot the first depredator; but the Moffats did not take this much to heart, being quite sure he would never do it.

The dreadful ferocity of the Mantatees, aggravated, as it undoubtedly was, by the pangs of hunger, left a most distressing and revolting impression on the cultivated mind. Their march for hundreds of miles might have been traced by human bones; and they were the more impelled to attack the colony of Cape Town, from their having heard that there were immense flocks of sheep there. Had they succeeded in reaching the Orange River or the borders of the Colony, where they would most probably have been defeated, the slaughter would have been immense. But before it came to this, they fell asunder like a rope of sand, and separating into two divisions, the one proceeded eastward towards the Bakone country, while the other turned to that of the Basuto; from whence they had been originally driven by other tribes, till, from being wild men, they had become more like wild beasts. Oppression and hunger make men mad in any country; and it is a deeply interesting fact that the all-prevailing force of the gospel is now enabling a missionary to labour successfully among these fierce people; so that those who remember what they were, and see what they are becoming, may well exclaim, "What hath God wrought!"

CHAPTER VIII.

VISIT TO THE DREADED MAKABA.

THE missionary party had not long been in Griqua Town when all reports of further invasion died away, and they were encouraged to return to their station, which in the course of time had become endeared to them. Their Bechuana neighbours could not refrain from feeling and expressing a sense of admiration at this trait in their conduct, and tried to prove themselves in some degree worthy of it.

Removal to a more eligible spot was still felt to be highly desirable, especially for the sake of a better water supply. About eight miles off, and three miles below the Kuruman fountain, was a site which seemed better fitted for a mission-station than any other for hundreds of miles round. It was difficult to convince the natives of this, however, as they objected to the want of wood for fencing, &c.

As Moffat contemplated a journey to Cape Town, both for supplies and also on account of Mrs. Moffat's

health, he was anxious to settle the question of removal with the natives before he went; and at his request Mothibi, with two or three of his chiefs, and Peclu, his son and heir-apparent, accompanied him to examine the spot. After looking at it, it was agreed that about two miles of the valley, from the ford downward, should henceforth be the property of the London Missionary Society, for which a remuneration should be given on Moffat's return from Cape Town.

Having completed these arrangements, he proceeded thither with his family in October 1823, leaving Mr. Hamilton alone on the station. As Mothibi was very desirous that his son should see the country of the white people under such good auspices, he sent him with them, along with Taisho, one of his principal chiefs.

The excitement and delight of these untutored sons of the desert, amid such new scenes as they now beheld for the first time, was extreme. They received great kindness from the governor, and from various friends of the mission at Cape Town, and were in raptures when they recognized among them their old acquaintance, Mr. George Thompson. The scenes around them produced strange emotions in their minds. It was with difficulty they were persuaded to go on board one of the ships in the bay; nor would they enter the boat till Moffat preceded them. When hoisted on deck, they were perfectly

astonished at the enormous size of the hull and the height of the masts; and when they saw a boy mount the rigging and ascend to the very mast-head, they were speechless with amazement, and Taisho presently whispered to the young prince, "Is it not an ape?" Of the ships he inquired, "Do not these water-houses unyoke like waggon oxen every night? Do they graze in the sea to keep them alive?" A ship in full sail approaching the roads, they were smilingly asked what they thought of that. The reply was—"We have no thoughts here; we hope to be able to think again when we get to shore." They would go anywhere with Moffat or Mr. Thompson, but would trust no one else.

During this visit to Cape Town—which lasted six months—three additional missionaries arrived from England, to the great pleasure of the Moffats; and among them were a Mr. and Mrs. Hughes, who became their travelling companions as far as Griqua Town on their return journey, in May 1824. During their absence Mr. Hamilton had continued his quiet labours at the Kuruman Station, and experienced more kindly feeling from the Bechuanas.

On the return of the travellers, the young prince was joyfully welcomed by his parents, who had become impatient at his long absence. Of course, his wonderful experiences were never-failing subjects of interest to them; and the visit to the Cape resulted in great satisfaction to all parties. The original

engagement for the land on which to establish a new mission-station was now ratified. The spot on which the first houses ever built there were to stand was surveyed, and the course of the water-ditch or canal was marked out. As labourers from the colony were expected, and as Mr. Hughes was shortly to join the mission, the time seemed now to have arrived for Moffat to pay his long-projected visit to Makaba, king of the Bauangketsi, who, having heard some rumour of it, was eagerly expecting him.

Moffat started on the first of July, accompanied by some Griquas, who were going part of the way on an elephant-hunting expedition. As usual, there was great want of water; and at sunset, though the Bechuanas wanted to halt, Moffat was desirous to proceed in the cool of the night for the sake of the oxen. In doing this they lost their way; and after some hours' riding, Moffat could plainly perceive that they were going too much to the left, which the waggon-drivers would not admit. About two o'clock in the morning they halted; and while a cup of coffee was being prepared, Moffat took out his compass to assure the party that for two hours they had been travelling whence they came. This they were too ignorant and opinionated to allow. They said "the little instrument was an impostor; it might be a safe guide in its own country, but not in theirs. How was it to find out anything *there?*"

Meantime, while eating a morsel of food, for which

they all had an uncommon relish, the moon began to shed a pale lustre on the eastern horizon.

"What a fire!" remarked one.

"It is the moon," drily returned Moffat.

"The moon?" cried the others, starting up.

"The moon cannot rise on that side of the world," said Antoine—a venerable old man, who had once been a slave—very respectfully. "Sir, your head has turned. The moon never rose in the west in my life, and I am an old man."

"It is the moon," calmly repeated Moffat.

But still no one believed him, and they resumed their repast.

"What is that?" at length said some one abruptly

There was no longer need to argue the point; even Antoine, in grave amazement, exclaimed,—"The moon has for once risen on the wrong side of the world!" So unwilling are men, of whatever country, to give up their preconceived opinions.

The sunrise, however, soon put it beyond doubt that, instead of travelling from home, they had been returning to it; and directly this was plainly perceived, all hastened to repair their error as fast as possible.

After a two days' halt to refresh the oxen, and a peacefully spent Sabbath—which Moffat made as profitable as possible to his companions—a party of Bechuanas, who had travelled with him thus far, proceeded northwards, while he journeyed towards

the east. At first there was the usual scarcity of water; but at length they reached two natural wells of rather singular formation: both nearly perpendicular, and about two feet and a half in diameter—one of them about sixteen feet deep. The water was excellent; and to obtain it they let down a vessel at the end of a rope. Near this spot they killed two elephants, which afforded a welcome supply of food, not only for themselves, but for the poor Bechuanas of the neighbourhood.

With these poor people Moffat had much lively and interesting conversation; and another quiet and profitable Sabbath was spent while some of the Griqua Christians were still of the party.

The Bauangketsi hills now began to appear in the distance, apparently covered with timber; but in the meantime they were traversing an ill-watered country. Lions also abounded in this neighbourhood, though they were only disturbed by an occasional roar. As they proceeded, the scarcity of water became very hard to bear; and though a camp of eleven waggons, upwards of one hundred and fifty oxen, and nearly a hundred human beings, is generally the scene of considerable uproar, theirs was as still as death, except for an occasional groan from the weary, worn-out oxen.

Thirst aroused them at an early hour, and before long a buffalo was discovered in a thicket of reeds. He was exceedingly reluctant to be turned out,

and could not be dislodged till the reeds were set on fire, and his skin was literally roasted in the flames. However, they were too much for him at last. Then about noon they unexpectedly came to a stream of running water, into which all plunged pell-mell with very little ceremony, shouting and laughing with delight, and emerging when satiated from among the oxen, sheep, and goats, such wet, muddy figures, that "even gravity itself must have laughed."

After this a comfortable meal and cozy pipe, and then all tongues were loosed, and the hardships of the past garrulously discussed. Here was enjoyed another day's rest; and on the next day they reached Pitsan, the chief town of the Barolong tribe, which Mr. Campbell had formerly visited, and which was governed by a chief of the name of Tuane.

This Tuane came forth to visit them, accompanied by a noisy multitude, and held out his hand in the English fashion, saying "Good morning." The town contained about twenty thousand inhabitants, who had flocked together during the Mantatees' invasion. Tuane was a weak, imbecile-looking man; and he did his best to scare Moffat from pursuing his purpose of visiting King Makaba,—which, of course, Moffat did not attend to. While he remained here he again endeavoured to make the best possible use of the Sabbath, and preached in Dutch for the benefit of the Griquas, in spite of the continued and

unseemly interruptions of the inhabitants, who had a notion he was a rain-maker, and wanted him to pray for rain.

Tuane continued extremely reluctant that Moffat should go on, and introduced to him one of Makaba's wives—a fine-looking woman, who had formerly fled from her husband with her two sons; of one of whom more hereafter. As the hunters who accompanied Moffat began to be influenced by these dissuasions, thinking that what everybody said about Makaba must be true, he resolved to detach himself from them, and go forward with only his own little party, on what was an enterprise so evidently unpopular.

However, they all yoked their oxen at the same time, and began to move towards the Bauangketsi country. At night they halted near a large pool, with the pleasing prospect of a tranquil Sabbath on the following day, as they supposed themselves still a long way from the Bauangketsi outposts. In the morning it was discovered that nearly fifty of their oxen had strayed during the night; but after despatching some men in quest of them, they met for morning service, trusting that the men would soon return.

About noon the men came back with the startling intelligence that the cattle had fallen into the hands of Makaba's outpost-keepers, who, not knowing whose they were, had seized them and killed one

This caused much annoyance, and some alarm at possible collision with Makaba. In the evening, however, two men brought six of the oxen, stating that the rest were separated and sent to the different outposts, but they should all be restored. The men very earnestly begged Moffat and the Griqua chiefs to intercede for them with the king, who otherwise would most certainly take their lives for the ox they had slaughtered. This they promised; and the Griquas were thus, by a kind of necessity, pledged to proceed to head-quarters.

Maroga, one of Makaba's sons, now appeared before them, accompanied by many followers. He addressed them with great earnestness, saying, "I am terrified at your presence, because of the injury we have done you. We should all have fled, but that we knew you were men of peace. Your oxen shall be restored; not one shall be lost. I have ordered the men who killed the ox to the town. They shall be torn in pieces before your eyes."

They told him this would be quite contrary to their desire—it would grieve them exceedingly; and they must press onward to prevent so distressing an event. Maroga and his wife, therefore, proceeded with them, riding in the waggon, which, being quite a novelty, delighted and amused them extremely.

Next day, they met messengers from Makaba, who said he had not slept for joy because of their

approach. The women by the wayside uttered shrill cries of welcome. As the waggons had to make a circuit to avoid the hill, on the other side of which was the town, Moffat and his companions mounted their horses to take the nearest way, and as they rode along were surprised on beholding the number of towns which lay scattered over the country.

Makaba stood at his door to welcome them, and observed, with a hearty laugh, that he was surprised to see them present themselves unarmed to such a *villain* as he had the reputation of being. The multitude pressed round them so closely that they even trod on one another. Makaba sent them out some beer, which was very refreshing, and possessed very little of an intoxicating quality. By this time the waggons had reached the town, and he expressed a wish that they should drive through it, though assured that the streets were not wide enough.

"Never mind that," said he; "only let me see the waggons go through my town."

So they obeyed orders; and crash! crunch! went corners of fences with which they speedily came in contact. But hardly anybody seemed to think it of much consequence, compared with the pleasure; and the general chattering became almost deafening. Three chief men were appointed to take charge of the travellers, and see that their property sustained

no damage; and at sunset two men brought an enormous sack of thick milk to the waggons.

Next morning, about ten o'clock, Makaba paid Moffat and the Griquas a visit. He was a tall, robust, healthy-looking man, with a good deal of cunning in his countenance. His manner, however, was frank, and he spoke to this effect:

"My friends, I am perfectly happy; my heart is whiter than milk, because you have visited me. Men will now say, 'Makaba is in friendship with white people.' I know that others speak evil of me. It is because they can't conquer me that they hate me. If they do me evil, I can repay them twofold. They are like quarrelling children: what the weaker cannot do by strength, he makes up for by calling bad names. You are come to see 'the villain' Makaba; you are come, as the Batlápis say, 'to die by my hands.' Ha, ha!—you are wise to come and see with your own eyes," &c., &c.

Moffat told him that the object of the present journey was to open communication with him, that they might henceforth consider each other as friends; and as a pledge of that friendship, he should, if he liked, have a missionary come to reside with him.

Makaba replied: "Henceforth I hope no grass shall grow on the road that divides us. Mothibi will try to hinder it, no doubt, for he is afraid of losing you."

He said that the missing oxen should be restored that day; and in compliance with Moffat's earnest request, promised that the men who killed the ox should be forgiven. Moffat then gave him some beads, buttons, and other trinkets, and also a hat, which one of the Griquas recommended him to put on his head. He did so; but immediately put it on the head of another, saying that he could not see its beauty on his own. As most of the Griquas had come to barter, he said they should do so on Friday.

Moffat tried on various other occasions to introduce religious subjects, but found the king quite impenetrable.

"What!" exclaimed he. "Do you mean to say the dead will arise? Will my father arise?"

"Yes; at the last day."

"Will all the slain in battle arise?"

"Yes."

"And all those who have been killed by wild beasts?"

"Yes; and come to judgment."

"And those who have been left to waste and wither in the desert? Father, I love you much. Your words are sweet as honey to me; but the words of a resurrection are too great to be heard! I do not *wish* to hear again about the dead rising. The dead *cannot* arise! The dead *must not* arise!"

"Why," inquired Moffat, "can so great a man as you refuse knowledge and turn away from wisdom? Tell me, my friend, why must not I speak of a resurrection?"

Raising his strong arm, and shaking his hand as if quivering a spear, he exclaimed, "I have slain my thousands: and shall *they* arise?" The idea was evidently repugnant to him.

This dreaded monarch of at least seventy thousand subjects repeatedly called Moffat, with evident pleasure and approval, "The Stranger's Friend." The reason for it was this:

Makaba had had a son named Tsusane, the heir of his power and the darling of his heart,—a young man of singular attraction in person and manner, but, unfortunately, as false as Absalom in his heart. He had tried to incite the Barolongs to make war against his father, whom he represented as the worst of beings; and it was to his falsehoods that Mothibi and others owed their repulsive impressions of him. He had been formally introduced to Moffat and Hamilton, who received him with all due courtesy, which even savages can appreciate; but they turned a deaf ear to his calumnies, which Moffat plainly pointed out to him the inconsistency and unlikelihood of, strongly speaking, at the same time, of the deep sinfulness of rebellion against his king and father, which could only have a miserable end. Mothibi, though he hated Makaba, had been

sufficiently influenced by Moffat to withhold his countenance from the young rebel, who thereafter returned to the Barolongs, and was more successful in inducing a large party of them to rally round his standard. He had previously had a pitfall made for his father, with sharp stakes at the bottom, into which he intended him to fall; but the unnatural plot being discovered, had led to his flight.

Yet, notwithstanding all this young man's demonstrations of hatred, Makaba loved him still; and when he found it absolutely necessary to put down the Barolongs, he gave his warriors positive orders that they were to respect the life of his son. In one of the affrays which shortly took place Tsusane was defeated. Although very swift of foot, one fleeter still gained on him, shouting—"Throw down your weapons and your life is safe."

He turned and hurled his spear at him, but missed his aim. Again he fled, and was nearly overtaken; when the same kind voice cried to him—"Your father loves you, and will not kill you."

He hurled another spear at his pursuer, and again fled. A third time the voice of mercy reached his ear; and while drawing from his shield his battle-axe, the pursuer transfixed him with a spear.

When the tidings reached Makaba, he mourned deeply for his wicked son, and could hardly restrain

himself from taking vengeance on the man who had slain his first-born, though in self-defence. Calmer thoughts arose ; and he spoke of this sad story to Moffat with deep feeling, and asked him whether it was the Great Being he so loved to talk about who had put into his heart the good words he had spoken to his unhappy son, which had been faithfully repeated to him.

Hence the reason why he expressively called Moffat "the stranger's friend." He had defended the character of the father (though a stranger to him) to his own son ; though in vain

CHAPTER IX.

AN UNFOUNDED ALARM—AN ALARM TOO WELL FOUNDED.

THEIR time having expired, Moffat and the Griquas informed Makaba they intended to leave in a day or two. This was extremely unwelcome to him, and he said everything he could against it; but without effect. In the evening Moffat found his party in great alarm, under the impression that they were going to be attacked and massacred; and nothing could allay these fears. They passed a sleepless night, and began preparations for their journey in the morning, surrounded by thousands of the inhabitants, who could not account for their haste.

Moffat was much hurt at this, as it seemed a poor return to the king for all his kindness. With difficulty he persuaded the Griquas to remain yet another night; and, quite against their will, went to visit Makaba the next morning. He found him seated among his chief men; and directly he saw

Moffat, he cried, "Good morning, villain!" on which Moffat returned the compliment in the same words, which made him burst out laughing. He desired to know what made them prepare for flight so suddenly, and why they had not reported to him anything that had alarmed them, that he might inquire into it. Moffat replied that he himself had felt no alarm, as he might judge by his now coming to him unarmed, and without his jacket.

"Well," said Makaba, "you have given me a sleepless night; but your coming now, and in this way, makes me ready to dance for joy."

He offered him refreshments, gave him an ox, and had some more conversation with him, while numbers of people gathered round them.

"Come," said Moffat at length, "I have given you a proof of my confidence; now give me one of yours, and accompany me to the waggons."

"I am growing old now," said Makaba; "however, I will not deny your request."

Accordingly, they proceeded to the waggons together, where he joked the Griquas for their needless alarm, and presented each of the chief men with an ox. He then pressed Moffat and two of his companions to mount their horses and discharge their muskets. Moffat excused himself, saying the others could do it more suitably than he could; but Makaba insisted, on account of his being a white man. Moffat therefore went into the waggon for his jacket,

and privately slipped into it his pistols, charged only with powder. He galloped several times round the smooth, grassy plain, the king and his chiefs roaring with delight, till he suddenly discharged the contents of both pistols nearly at once, which made them all fall flat, for they supposed themselves shot. Makaba flew up to him as soon as he dismounted, to unbutton his jacket, and see "the little rogues," as he called the pistols; and then exclaimed,—

"What a blessing that you white men seek to be friends with all nations. For who is there that could withstand you?" Then, laying his hand on Moffat's shoulder, he said, "I do indeed see that you were without fear, or you would have had your pistols this morning."

After remaining a couple of hours together, they parted, Makaba highly gratified, and the Griquas no less so, with the explanation that had taken place.

After this, the little caravan commenced their journey: Berend Berend and his Griquas intending to proceed, at a certain point, on their hunting expedition; while Moffat was to return home, with only about half-a-dozen attendants. Such was the general arrangement, till the halt for the night, when Berend became inexplicably impressed with a determination that it would be best for him to continue to accompany Moffat. He could give no reason whatever for this, though Moffat was of course much

pleased at it; and had afterwards reason to think it a direct interposition of Providence.

On reaching the town of Pitsan next morning, such a scene of confusion met their eyes, that at first they thought it must be in possession of the enemy. Here they found Sebonello, the Barolong chief, who had been attacked and driven from his home; and he and his brother chiefs, with about a thousand armed men, drew round the waggons and implored the Griquas to assist them in repelling the marauders. Tuane said,—

"You see how many human bones lie scattered on the plain, and how many of us are dying of hunger—all the work of the Mantatees, when they drove us from Kanuana. If you do not help us, we must all perish. Towards the setting sun is a desert without water: towards the sunrise are the Mantatees; on one side is Makaba, my enemy; and I still dread Mothibi."

Sebonello, who seemed a fine, intelligent man, said,—

"I have lost my all; and I see no choice but to fight or die."

Moffat's party could only advise them to travel under their escort the way they were going. But this they could not be prevailed on to do; and, as the movements of the dreaded horde were rather dubious, they resumed their journey the following day about noon.

After travelling about twelve miles, they halted on the bed of the Malapo River, and soon afterwards a man was observed running towards them, who, when he came up, seemed exhausted, and in great terror. At length, in answer to many inquiries, he said he had been pressed into the enemy's service as a guide to the Barolong outposts; that they intended to attack the Barolongs on the west, while the main body would fall on their town from the east; but on seeing the waggons, and learning from him that they were white people's travelling houses, they suddenly fled, and he escaped; but he thought they would soon follow and attack them.

From his incoherent way of speaking, few put much faith in what he said; but some time passed before a few horsemen could be induced to go forth in the direction from whence the man came, and look about them. They had not been gone more than thirty minutes, when one of them came galloping back to say that the Mantatees, or whoever they were, were actually there. And, as Mr. Moffat had begged that they would not shoot any one, what were they to do?

Berend strenuously advised Moffat to go with additional men, and try either to parley with them or intimidate them, as a night attack would probably end in their all being butchered. Moffat therefore rode forth with a few additional horsemen; but when they came in sight the enemy began to

move off, and when they halted the enemy did so too. Their appearance was extremely fierce and savage, and their attitude very menacing. They were evidently very unwilling to depart, which seemed to indicate an intended night attack; and when it was growing dark, they compelled Moffat's party to draw back, till they fired a few shots into the air, when they fled, and the others pursued, hoping to increase their fright. They overtook one, whom they surrounded, with the purpose of telling him their intentions were peaceable. He stood at bay with his shield and war-axe in his left hand, and a spear in his right, raised as if in the act of hurling it; his eyes glared with rage; his open mouth, displaying his white teeth, poured forth curses and threats to give their flesh to the hyenas and their eyes to the crows, while he made a run, first at one of them, and then at another. One of the men, in order to frighten him, fired a ball directly over his head, when he fell; but instantly sprang up again, and escaped before they could seize him. They now turned towards the waggons, and were alarmed to find that the intervening space was swarming with the enemy. Head after head rose above the bushes, as they set up their yell. They chased them off with some blank shots, and were again returning to the waggons, when reports of muskets convinced them that they were being attacked by the enemy; a party of whom had rushed

out from among the reeds in the river and driven the men from the waggons, which they attacked with their axes, as if they were living things. Though the assailants were driven back, a sleepless night ensued; and before dawn messengers arrived to Berend, urgently begging him to return to the protection of Griqua Town.

Meanwhile a deadly conflict had been raging between the Mantatees and the Barolongs, some thousands of whom, accompanied by seven or eight horsemen, had sallied from their town, in the hope the enemy would flee before them. Instead of this, they saw the whole body advancing through the dark with lighted torches. They halted at no great distance from one another. At day-dawn, the enemy rushed forward like a great black wave on the Barolongs, who fled; Sebonello only making head against them for a few minutes, during which seventeen of his men fell, including his three brothers. The horsemen scattered them once and again by a few shots, at which they fled; and the Barolongs rallied in pursuit, not to renew the conflict, but to capture some hundreds of cattle.

While this was going on, Moffat, Berend, and his brother Nicholas, were waiting with intense anxiety, seeing the wounded, the helpless, and the dying leaving the town in consternation. When they learned that the enemy had fled, they persuaded these poor people to return to their homes. It was

a melting scene, to witness the return of Sebonello, especially when he exclaimed,—"Of all my family, I only am left!"

In the evening a good many gathered round Moffat in prayer. In the morning Berend showed the generosity of his heart, by making over to the poor townspeople, who had lost their all, several hundreds of cattle, which rightfully should have fallen to his share of plunder; saying,—

"Divide these among yourselves. One or two for my people to slaughter on the road are all I shall require."

This act astonished and touched them. Many laid their hands on their mouths, to signify their utter amazement.

They now thankfully quitted these melancholy scenes to return to their several homes, deeply impressed by the providential impulse by which Berend had been incited, he knew not why, to change his purpose, and remain with Moffat. Had he not done so, the catastrophe must have been most disastrous. They recognized in it the finger of God.

Moffat's arrival at his station seemed almost like life from the dead. The deepest anxiety had been felt there for weeks about him and his companions. As they knew that the Griquas had intended remaining behind, to shoot elephants, they expected Moffat to return home comparatively unattended, which

increased the danger. Mr. Hamilton had, meanwhile, before anything occurred to alarm, gone to the new station with the three Hottentot labourers, intending to do a good stroke of work. Meanwhile, Mrs. Moffat was left alone on the old place, with her two little children, in one house, and a young Hottentot woman in the other. Rumours here reached them of ill-disposed invaders alarming the country, but without any definite information to rely upon.

One evening, however, the Hottentot girl came in, wringing her hands in great distress, and saying that the Mantatees had been seen at Nokaneng, and were on their way to the Kuruman. This was alarming enough. But on a message being sent to Mothibi, he replied that the report was only too true; but he thought there was no great danger before the next morning!

Mrs. Moffat commended herself and her little ones to the care of their Heavenly Father, and went to bed and fell asleep. At midnight she was awoke by a loud knock at the door; on asking fearfully who was there, Mothibi answered her himself. She rose and let him in, when he was followed by as many men as the house could hold. He then announced the terrible intelligence that the Mantatees were at hand. The sound of uproar and alarm was raised in every part of the town.

A light being obtained, Mrs. Moffat seated herself in the midst of the noisy assemblage, and hastily

wrote a few urgent lines to Mr. Hamilton. This being despatched, there only remained a state of painful suspense till day-dawn, which always has some cheering effect on the spirits, however depressed. Mr. Hamilton and his men appeared at eight o'clock, when preparations were made for hasty flight. Warriors were mustering, and thousands of families packing and secreting their property. Each succeeding messenger brought fresh alarms; till, about noon, it was ascertained that the dreaded enemy had directed their course towards the Barolongs, instead of coming to the Kuruman.

This news, of course, filled every heart but one with gladness; for poor Mrs. Moffat felt a shock of horror as it flashed upon her that nothing short of Divine interposition could save her husband from destruction, it being just at the time he was expected to return. The moment her companions learned the cause of her trouble, they sympathized with her very sincerely; but nothing could induce any of them to go to his rescue. The idea of his falling in with such a horde of savages was horrible in the extreme; and during the three weeks which elapsed before his return home in the slow-moving waggon, her mental agony could only be appeased by continual recourse to prayer. Continual false reports meanwhile added to her trials: now one had seen a piece of his waggon; another had found a part of his saddle; then others had picked up pieces of his linen stained

with blood. In the midst of it all, the good, brave man made his appearance, on the very morning that a few had screwed up their courage sufficiently to go forth in quest of facts. And oh, what rejoicings, when once more his presence blessed his home!

CHAPTER X

THE SOWER'S REWARD.

AFTER this came a series of trials and tribulations that make one's heart ache to dwell upon: what must the reality have been? To name only a few of them: The whole country became wrapped in civil war; no man could call his house, or his life, or the fruit of his labours, his own. The missionaries were set at nought; their teaching had no effect. Mothibi disappointed the hopes that had been formed of him: he and his wife were plunged in grief by the death of their promising young son, but did not in consequence consider their latter end. Hordes of banditti ravaged the country. Swarms of locusts devoured every growing thing, till they left the land a desert, and were themselves devoured in return. Dreadful storms occurred. Makaba—who, with his many faults, had some fine points of character—was slain in battle. And when the Moffats at length removed to their new home at the Kuruman Station, the first

to be laid in the plot set aside for a burial-ground there was their little son. Ah, what a fount of tears! What heart is not saddened for them?

At the end of 1826, Moffat—who even now was only twenty-eight years of age—took advantage of the country being in a somewhat quieter state to start on a visit to the Barolongs, near the Malapo, in order to acquire the mastery of their language. Mr. Hamilton, who had no family, and who felt that his advanced age unfitted him for such an undertaking, cheerfully undertook charge of the mission in his absence.

The first serious adventure was at night among a number of lions; one of which—a very large one—seized their only milch-cow, and actually *devoured it all himself*, (greedy fellow!) without allowing the smallest interference on the part of the others, who were obliged to keep at a respectful distance. Moffat said that if he had not verified it, he could not have believed it.

They were very glad to get out of this dangerous neighbourhood; but when they reached the Barolongs, they had to look out for wild beasts in order to supply themselves with food: rhinoceroses, buffaloes, giraffes, all fell in turn when they wanted them. The Barolongs, who came in for their share of these good things, were, as may well be supposed, extremely talkative and sociable with their agreeable visitors, though utterly ignorant and unimpressible

with regard to religious subjects, and disgustingly dirty in their habits. However, if Moffat was disappointed in his hopes of teaching them the true source of goodness and happiness, he at all events picked up a good deal of their language, which was what he came for.

Some time after Moffat had lived with these Barolongs, certain people came from the Bauangketsi to express to him a strong desire that he should visit Makaba's son and successor, Sebegue. He explained to them that he could not do so just then, and sent a small present. A fortnight after, while writing in his waggon, the hue and cry was raised that an enemy was approaching, on which almost everybody took to their heels. Moffat did not like forsaking his waggon and all his belongings, so kept his ground; and presently up came Sebegue, with two hundred fine-looking warriors, and, to the amazement of the trembling inhabitants, who stood looking on from afar, he went up to Moffat and accosted him heartily as an old friend. They walked into the village together, to the no small edification of the Barolongs, who had never seen this grand potentate before. Still more surprised were they, when they heard him say that he had broken an established law of his people in leaving his own dominions, but that his sole object was to persuade Moffat to return with him to his capital.

He remained two days, during which they had

much interesting conversation together; and he referred with great pleasure to Moffat's former visit to his father, wishing he would now pay the same compliment to himself. He had bought himself a horse, and made prize of another belonging to somebody who came to visit him; and had done his best to get a pair of trousers made, but wished Moffat would supply him with a better pattern,—which he did. The whole visit was most cordial, and his parting words were, "Trust me, as you trusted my father." The Barolongs were much impressed by it, and attributed it entirely to Moffat—though he assured them it was none of his doing—that these fierce-looking warriors did not make a clean sweep of all their cattle.

After spending ten weeks with these friendly though dirty people, Moffat returned home, with a heart full of gratitude for all the mercies that had been vouchsafed to him.

Their prospects were now beginning to brighten. Many thousands of natives had settled near them on the opposite side of the valley. Their minds were gradually opening; the attendance at the prayer services and schools increased. Alas! a sudden cloud darkened this fair prospect. News arrived that a desperate band of Bergenaars were advancing against them with murderous intentions. The Moffats were thoroughly weary of flights, which were very expensive and harassing, and decided to

remain where they were. But friends at a distance increased their importunities, insisting on it that their destruction would otherwise be inevitable. The panic having spread round them, they packed up for their flight with indescribable reluctance, and started for Griqua Town, which they reached after five days.

Here the reports were most conflicting; and after much distress and worry, they ended by returning home, all the worse and none the better for the journey: half their cattle and all their cows dead, not a quart of milk to be purchased, and nearly all their people scattered. They were vexed with themselves for having fled, and resolved to renew their labours of love afresh among the few poor who remained on the station, and who were on the increase.

A visit from a good clergyman named Miles was at this time a seasonable comfort. Having acquainted himself with all the affairs of the station, he suggested the desirability of preparing hymns in the native language, which should be introduced into common use among grown people and children. About the same time Moffat received copies of spelling-books which he had sent to the Cape to get printed long ago, but which by mistake had been sent to England. This was the beginning of a new era in the mission. The people readily adopted the hymns, and became fond of them; and the spelling-

books in the Sechuana dialect speedily became great helps. About fifty families had now drawn round the station again. Poverty made them willing to work. One mission-house had been finished; another was raised as high as the beams; and Mr. Hughes's temporary house being unoccupied, was converted into a chapel.

Marauders and outlaws again swept over the country. Moffat received notice that a descent on his cattle was contemplated. A sleepless and watchful night ensued. Next day the marauders pitched their camp in the neighbourhood. Karse, a respectable settler, whose relative, Jan Bloom, was one of the leaders, went to intercede with him; but to no purpose. The marauders then sprang into a kind of natural entrenchment within a few yards of the station, and shook their clubs with savage ferocity. Andries Bloom and his sister took refuge in Moffat's house. It was now nearly noon, and the cattle were lowing to get out to water and pasture. It was difficult to restrain the people from rushing out to repel the enemy, though not more than five could use a gun, while the marauders had forty. As they would not let Moffat go to the invaders, he stood half-way between them and his own house, and endeavoured to parley. At length one of them told him to be gone, or they would shoot him.

At this moment a shot was fired into the centre of the village; a second whizzed over his head.

Moffat slowly walked towards his house, to show that if they did intend to shoot him, he did not think it. A small party of his friends, looking on at a little distance, instantly came up, and by their intrepidity the marauders were drawn from their shelter, while those of them at the other end of the village fled in disorder, and not a man of them would have escaped but for the humanity of those they had come to attack. Five were captured and brought to Moffat's house; not to be secured like prisoners, but fed and spoken to with kindness. Here was another peril passed; and though it could hardly be looked back on without shuddering, it was impossible not to feel thankful for the deliverance.

After this the Batlapi chiefs decided to return to the Kuruman; which they did. These chance comers could not fail to carry away with them impressions, however vague, of the gospel truths that were being constantly inculcated in their hearing; and thus, little by little, the good seed took root downward, and at length bore fruit upward. On Sunday mornings Moffat now catechized the grown-up people and children on the first principles of the gospel, and gradually a rivetted attention became visible in the sable faces around him.

The lull continued for two months, and then another commando from the Orange River was reported. They were not aware of their danger till

it was within eight miles of the station. Next day, which was Sunday, all was confusion, as everybody was expecting an attack. A sleepless night followed. A watch was set; but, from the extreme darkness of the night, nothing could be seen till morning, when it was evident, from the traces of the horses, that the enemy had been very near them indeed. Next morning the commando emerged from behind a rising ground to within half a mile of the station. Moffat reconnoitred through his telescope, and counted about ninety men, forty muskets, and nine horses.

After about an hour's pause, a man stepped forth with a flag—a rag at the end of a rod. To prevent his seeing the weakness of the place, Moffat went out to meet him at a distance. He said that Jantye Goeman, one of the principal men, though not the chief, wanted to speak with him at their camp, and begged the favour of a piece of tobacco. Moffat refused to go to the camp, but engaged to meet him half-way, if he was unarmed. After a long delay Jantye came out, accompanied by two ruffian-like fellows. Moffat, on his part, was accompanied by his friend Aaron Josephs, a peaceable man. He knew Jantye very well, having seen him expelled from church-fellowship at Griqua Town. Jantye approached him with his hat pulled over his eyes, and held out his hand without looking at him.

"Jantye," said Moffat, "let me see your face.

You may well blush that your old friend should find you in so horrible a position—among a people determined on the destruction of a missionary station."

"I am dumb with shame," was his reply; and he then hatched up an excuse for being in such company, declaring he would rather defend Moffat than see him in danger. He said there were many desperate characters among them, but the principal was one Paul, whom Moffat must see if he would come to any understanding. He was not, however, empowered to make any arrangement for a meeting, and said Paul had vowed he would rather die than exchange a word with him, or see his face.

Moffat was perfectly unable to imagine how he had become so odious in his eyes; but made out at length that Paul was one to whom he had preached the gospel, and he had sworn not to see him, lest he should attempt to detach him from his evil courses.

After a great many entreaties that Jantye would induce him to come forth, Paul was at length brought out, slowly and reluctantly, as if attending a friend to execution, or going himself to be slain. His face appeared incapable of a smile. Moffat, taking his hand as that of an old friend, expressed his surprise that he who knew him, and had once heard the message of salvation from his lips, should come with such a force for the express purpose of rooting out the mission. He reminded him of the time when he had, more than once, slept at the door

of Paul's hut, and partaken of his hospitality. Paul replied that his purpose was unalterable, because a body of his men had been attacked by Mothibi's people; and his eyes glared with rage as he added, "I will therefore have their blood, and their cattle too."

Moffat spoke gently, but with great solemnity, concluding by reminding him of his first and only visit to him, when he was living with Africaner, and entreated him to compare what his state of mind had then been with what it was now.

This seems to have been the lever that moved Paul's hard heart: he suddenly turned to his men, and desired them to go and bring the cattle which had been taken from Moffat's people, adding that he would not advance a step further, but would withdraw by the way he came.

Moffat afterwards had an opportunity of asking him why, at the beginning of this scene, he had been so determined not to see him. "I could not forget your kindness to me in Namaqua Land," was his striking answer.

While thus the terrors of the Lord were abroad on the land, the appearances in the station became delightfully encouraging. The little chapel was becoming too small. The readiness with which those who were receiving instruction answered the questions put to them, and their fixed attention to their good minister's preaching, were like the glimmering light

of day-dawn, so long looked for, and filled his heart with joy inexpressible.

Mr. Hamilton, who had been visiting the colony, returned, to the general joy, in August 1828. This venerable missionary was filled with joy at a state of things he had hardly dared to hope for. Tears seem the natural expression of women's sorrow, but men had hitherto prided themselves on possessing hearts as hard as stones. This was now altered, and many a manly heart, softened for the first time by a sense of the wonderful goodness and forbearance of God to such miserable and stubborn sinners, now frequently found vent in silent tears.

Some months before Aaron Josephs, a runaway slave—who, through Mr. George Thompson's kindness, had obtained his manumission for the proceeds of the ivory he had collected—had come to live at the Kuruman Station, for the sake of his children's education, as well as to improve himself in reading and writing. Both he and his wife were steady and industrious, and he soon was a candidate for Christian baptism; which took place at the same time with that of his three little ones, and of Moffat's youngest child. This scene was deeply impressive and exciting. Notwithstanding every endeavour to maintain order and decorum in the crowded place of worship, strong feeling occasioned much weeping and confusion, and a powerful sense of the Divine presence was felt. Thenceforth the predominant

sounds in the village were of singing and praise. Prayer-meetings were held from house to house; they loved to sing hymns together to a late hour, and before dawn would assemble to join in prayer before going to their daily labour.

Aaron and two other men now came forward and offered their gratuitous labour in building a new school-house, which should also serve as a place of worship till a more eligible one could be erected. All they asked for was the plan, and doors and window-panes, which Mr. Hamilton gladly took on himself. The building was opened in May 1829, and in the following month there were six more candidates for baptism. They were accordingly baptized in July, and, as if it were the will of Providence to give additional publicity to the solemnity, a great concourse of spectators assembled from many distant places. The chapel was crowded to excess, and the service was conducted in the Bechuana language. A sermon was preached on John i. 2, 9, a suitable address given to the candidates, one of whom was Aaron's wife, and then they were baptized, as well as five of their children. In the evening the Lord's Supper was celebrated; and it is worthy of mention that only on the previous Friday Mrs. Moffat had received from a kind friend at Sheffield a present of communion vessels and pulpit candlesticks, which had been twelve months on the road to her. The communicants—twelve in number—concluded the

delightful exercises of the day by taking coffee together; and well might Moffat repeat, in the joy of his heart, "He that goeth forth weeping, and bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bearing his sheaves with him."

While this great and good work was progressing in their souls, a marked and highly satisfactory change was observable in the clothing of their bodies. The dirty habits of the natives have already been remarked upon; and they had always been accustomed to maintain that they did not require washing, as white people did, and that their fashions were the prettiest and best; that they would continue to smear themselves with grease and red ochre, which emitted anything but an agreeable odour, as it trickled down in the sun; and mothers would continue to carry their babies in pouches on their backs, leaving their poor little bald pates to frizzle in the sunbeams. But it would be indeed strange, as Moffat drily says, if Christian professors should dilate on the white robes of purification, while they themselves continued to wallow in the mire. Consequently, as Mrs. Moffat was the only European lady in the station, and the only adept in the use of the scissors and bright little needle, she had plenty of applicants for the favour of her good offices, which she was only too happy to grant, as far as her strength would permit. She soon had, therefore, a series of "mothers' meetings," as we

should now call them, to shape their rough materials into something like frocks and gowns. The men, also, would sometimes put in a word for their turn, in the contriving of trousers and jackets. Laughable contrivances were sometimes to be observed, when a jacket with only one sleeve was worn, because the other was not finished; or a garment was sewed upside down, and they brought it to know why it would not fit. Articles that could be bartered were often disposed of for the sake of procuring necessary materials. Chests, chairs, and tables came into use, and candles began to be found highly desirable in the evenings. Meanwhile all were employed, all were in good-humour, all were progressing; and

"How happily the days of Thalaba went by!"

CHAPTER XI.

MOSELEKATSE, THE NAPOLEON OF THE DESERT.

ONE day, towards the end of 1829, Moffat received two very unexpected visitors. They were chiefs from the court of a mighty king in the far east, whose name was Moselekatse. He was quite beyond the range of ordinary travellers; but the rumour of his dark and terrible deeds had extended far beyond the precincts of the countries immediately surrounding his dominions, and he had heard somewhat of the white men, and wanted to know more about them.

These visitors were entirely destitute of clothing, and were surprised to find it considered necessary; but with the good breeding that is a true mark of high birth and real politeness, were immediately willing to adopt whatever was thought seemly for them. They were shown every mark of attention, which they received with a graceful ease that showed they were the nobles of the nation to which they belonged, though they dropped no hint of it

themselves. Everything calculated to interest them was shown to them: the dwellings, the walls of the folds and gardens, the water-ditch, conveying a large stream of water from the river, and the smith's forge, filled them with admiration and astonishment, not of a vulgar, unintelligent kind, but of minds capable of appreciating what was shown and explained to them for the first time. "You are men; we are but children to you," said they. "Moselekatse must be told of all these things."

While standing in the hall of Moffat's house, looking at the strange furniture of a civilized abode, one of them observed a small looking-glass, on which he gazed with surprise and admiration. Mrs. Moffat put into his hand one which was considerably larger. He looked intently at his reflected countenance, and never having seen it before, supposed that it was one of his attendants on the other side, and abruptly put his hand behind it, telling him to be gone. But looking again at the same face, he cautiously turned it, and, seeing nothing, he returned the glass with great gravity to Mrs. Moffat, saying that he could not trust it.

Nothing appeared to strike them so forcibly as the public worship in the chapel. They saw men behaving themselves with the utmost decorum,—mothers stilling their babes, or carrying them out if they cried, and children sitting perfectly still and silent. The order and fervour which pervaded the

services bewildered their minds, and they were surprised that the hymns they heard sung were not war-songs.

These chiefs told Moffat that they were under considerable doubt of being able to return home in safety, as they had heard that the Bechuana tribes were plotting to waylay and destroy them; and they asked his advice. After consultation with Mrs. Moffat and Mr. Hamilton, he offered to accompany them as far as the Bahurutse country, from whence they could proceed without difficulty to their own land and people. The strangers most gratefully accepted this kind offer, their eyes glistening with delight. A waggon was hired for their accommodation, in addition to Moffat's own. The delightful results of Christian fellowship were apparent in the friendliness and generosity of the residents at the station, in offering little gifts as keepsakes to their visitors, whom, in their unconverted state, they could only have cursed in their hearts, and perhaps with their lips.

Having obtained a sufficient number of volunteers to accompany him on what some thought a very hazardous journey, Moffat started with his grateful friends on the 9th of November. Though the road had its perils from wild beasts, there were none from the natives.

Having safely conveyed his companions to the Bahurutsi, he was then about to take leave of them;

but they so earnestly begged him to add to his kindness by accompanying them to their own country, that at length he consented.

The country through which they now travelled was quite different from that which they had left. It was mountainous and wooded, and had numerous streams of excellent water; but the surrounding stillness was often broken by the lion's roar.

Having reached the outposts of Moselekatse's dominions, Moffat was again purposing to return home; but the two chiefs arose, and Umbate, the eldest of them, laid his right hand on his shoulder, and his left on his own breast, and said very earnestly, "My father, you have been our guardian. We are yours; and will you leave us? Yonder dwells the great Moselekatse; and how shall we approach his presence if you are not with us? If you love us still, save us: for when we shall have told our news, he will ask why our conduct gave you pain and induced your return; and before the sun goes down, we shall be ordered for execution, because you are not with us. Look at me and my companion, and tell us, if you can, that you will not go, for we had better die here than in the sight of our people."

He argued, but to no effect.

"Are you afraid?" said the other.

"No," said Moffat.

"Then," pursued Umbate, "it remains with you

to save our lives, and our wives and children from sorrow."

It must be owned that they were adepts in persuasion; and, in short, Moffat yielded, to their great joy as well as to that of his own attendants.

On the surface of the country through which they now travelled lay the ruins of innumerable towns, showing what disastrous wars must have raged to render them now without inhabitant. Heaps of stone and rubbish were mingled with human skulls, which told their ghastly tale. Passing over some hills to the right, they fell in, to their surprise, with Berend Berend and a large hunting-party,—with whom had travelled a Wesleyan missionary named Archbell, who had gone on, three days before, to visit Moselekatse; who, however, had refused to see him.

On approaching the capital, one of the chiefs went forward to appear before the king, and pave the way for his companions. "There," said Umbate, pointing to the town, "dwells the great King Pezoolu (that is, King of Heaven)—the Elephant! the Lion's Paw!" with many other sounding titles.

Moffat, Mr. Archbell, and two others, mounted their horses, and rode direct to the town. On entering the great fold, which was capable of holding ten thousand head of cattle, they were rather taken by surprise to find it lined by eight hundred warriors, besides two hundred who were concealed on each side of the entrance, as if in ambush. They

were beckoned to dismount, which they did, holding the horses' bridles in their hands. The warriors at the gate instantly rushed in with hideous yells, that frightened the horses, and then fell into rank with as much order as if they had been accustomed to European tactics. All was silent as the grave, while the men were motionless as statues; eyes only were seen to move, and there was a rich display of fine white teeth.

After some minutes of profound silence, the war-song burst forth. There was harmony, it is true, but of a terrific kind, especially when they imitated the groans of the dying and the yells and hissings of the conquerors. After another profound silence, during which the missionaries still stood at pause, out marched the monarch from behind the lines, followed by a number of men bearing baskets and bowls of food. He came up to his visitors, and gave each a clumsy but hearty shake of the hand. He then turned to the food, which had been placed at their feet, and politely invited them to partake of it.

By this time the waggons appeared in the distance; and the missionaries having requested him to inform them where they should take up their quarters, he accompanied them, holding Moffat by the arm, though not in the most graceful way, yet with perfect ease and familiarity.

"The land is before you," said he, heartily.

"You are come to your son. You may sleep where you please."

When the "moving houses," as he called the waggons, drew near, he grasped Moffat's arm very tightly, and though himself the terror of thousands, looked on them with fear, as doubtful whether they were not living creatures. When the oxen were unyoked, he approached the waggons with the utmost caution, still holding Moffat with one hand, and laying the other on his mouth, in token of surprise. He examined them intently, especially the wheels, and could not think how the large band of iron surrounding the fellies of the wheel came to be all in one piece. Umbate stepped forward to explain.

"My eyes saw that very hand," said he, pointing to Moffat's, "cut those bars of iron, take a piece off one end, and then join them as you see."

"Did he give medicine to the iron?" asked the king in surprise.

"No," replied Umbate; "he used nothing but fire, a hammer, and a chisel."

Moselekatse then returned to the town, where the warriors, still standing as he had left them, received him with immense bursts of applause.

Moselekatse did not fail to supply his visitors abundantly with meat, milk, and a harmless kind of beer. He seemed desirous to please, and to appear to the best advantage. The following day he

treated them to a grand public ball in their honour; and asked Moffat if he had seen anything to equal it in his own country.

He afterwards said to him, "My father, you have made my heart as white as milk. I cease not to wonder at the love of a stranger. You never saw me before; but you love me more than my own people. You fed me when I was hungry; you clothed me when I was naked; you carried me in your bosom; and,"—taking Moffat's right arm in his hand,—"that arm shielded me from my enemies. You did it to these two men—Umbate is my right hand. You received them, you clothed them, you fed them, you protected them—you did it unto me."

Thus ended the Saturday of this eventful week. The following morning was marked by a melancholy display of the so-called heroism which prefers death to dishonour.

The king gave a great feast. Many oxen had been slaughtered; everybody was merry, except one of his chief officers, called an Entuna. This young man had been guilty of an unpardonable crime, and was sentenced to immediate death, by being thrown from a rock into a river full of crocodiles, which would devour him in an instant. There was not a tear in his bright black eye, but he looked very sad; while Moffat begged his life of the king. The Entuna knelt before him. Moselekatse said, while everybody listened in the deepest silence,—

"You are a dead man. But I shall do to-day what I never did before: I spare your life for the sake of my friend and father"—pointing to Moffat. "I know his heart weeps at the shedding of blood. For his sake, I spare your life. He has travelled from a far country to see me, and he has made my heart white. But he tells me that to take away life is an awful thing, and can never be repaired. I wish him, when he returns to his own home, to return with a heart as white as he has made mine. I spare you for his sake; for I love him, and he has saved the lives of my people. But you must be degraded for life. You must no more associate with the nobles of the land, nor enter into the assemblies of the princes of the people. Go to the poor of the field; and let your companions henceforth be the inhabitants of the deserts."

The sentence passed, the pardoned man was expected to bow in grateful adoration to him whom he was accustomed to look upon and exalt in songs only applicable to One to whom belongs universal dominion. But no! Holding his hands clasped on his bosom, he replied,—

"O king! afflict not my heart. I have merited thy displeasure: let me be slain like the warrior. I cannot live with the poor." And raising his hand to the ring he wore on his brow, he continued: "How can I live among the dogs of the king, and disgrace these badges of honour which I won among

the spears and shields of the mighty? No, I cannot live! Let me die, O Pezoolu!"

His request was granted, and his hands tied erect over his head. Moffat's exertions to save his life were in vain. He disdained the boon on the conditions offered; preferring to die with the honours he had won at the point of the spear, which even the act that condemned him did not tarnish. He was led forth, a man walking on each side, till he reached the top of a precipice, over which he was precipitated into the deep pool of the river beneath, where the crocodiles, accustomed to such meals, were waiting to devour him.

Such was the scene that tarnished the only Sabbath spent by Moffat in the capital of Moselekatse. His sorrow was great; but it seemed to be shared by no one else. They thought much more of the wondrous influence obtained by the white man over their king, who was so little accustomed to forgive, and whose pride was fostered and inflated by incessant adulation; but yet who was not without consideration and kindness, as well as gratitude.

CHAPTER XII.

THE VISIT TO MOSHEU.

AS Moselekatse was very fond of bestowing grand titles on Moffat,—king, among the rest,—he said to him, "I would rather you called me 'teacher' or 'father.'"

"Shall I call you father?" said Moselekatse.

"You must be an obedient son, then," said Moffat; which drew from him a hearty laugh.

Finding Moffat resolved on returning home, the king accompanied him in his waggon a long day's journey. They parted excellent friends; and when Moffat besought him, if he would not incur God's anger, to abandon war henceforth, he said,—"Pray to him to keep me from the power of the Evil One."

After a slow and occasionally rather dangerous journey, Moffat reached home at the end of a two months' absence, and by God's blessing found all had gone well.

Some time before this,—in the year 1834,—a Coranna chief, named Mosheu, had called upon Moffat. He came with two or three attendants, all of them riding on oxen; looked clean, was tolerably well dressed, and had a mild, interesting countenance. Having halted at the door, he asked where he could sleep or put up. On Moffat's asking the object of his visit, he replied that it was to see *him*. As Moffat had at that time a long black beard, he thought that might be one of the objects of attraction, especially as the visitor gazed on it and him very earnestly. Having feasted his eyes on the missionary and his family, the house, and everything pertaining to it, he retired for the night to an outhouse to which he was directed for that purpose. On a person being sent to offer him supper, he replied that he had brought plenty of food with him. This was so unusual a thing in the conduct of visitors, that they were considerably surprised, thought he must be a singular character, and could not help regarding him with considerable interest.

As he could understand the Sechuana language, Moffat spoke to him the following morning of the things that belong to man's peace, and endeavoured to give him a general idea of the scheme of salvation; to which he listened in silence, without any particular appearance of interest. After remaining two days, he left, apparently much pleased with his visit. Holding Moffat's hand in his, he said,—

"I came to see you: my visit has given me pleasure; and now I return home."

Some time after this Mosheu repeated his visit; and this time he brought a considerable retinue, including his brother, their wives, and other relatives. The journey, riding on oxen, had taken five days.

Nothing could exceed Moffat's surprise when he found that this quiet-spoken chief was not far from the kingdom of God, and that he was striving, or rather agonizing, to enter in. All the powers of his soul seemed overwhelmed with the contemplation of the great love of God. He could scarcely open his lips but his tears began to flow. His experience was very simple, his affection ardent. When asked the cause of his sorrow, he said,—

"When first I visited you, I had only one heart; but now I have two. I cannot rest; my eyes will not slumber, because of the greatness of the things you told me on my first visit."

It was evident that a special blessing had been bestowed on those words, though merely giving the outlines of Christian doctrine. It also appeared that during his homeward ride across the lonely plains his mind had become deeply interested in the subject. On his arrival among his own people, he not only began to teach them all he had heard, but desired to affect their hearts. Nor did he labour in vain. His brother, an intelligent man, had evidently derived benefit; while their wives and others

were so far touched as to inquire, with interest,—"What shall I do to be saved?" Their knowledge was scanty, but they believed in God the Father Almighty, and in Jesus Christ his Son, our Lord, who came into the world to save sinners.

The missionary's task to add to this excellent foundation was delightful. Their deportment was serious and devout; their attendance on public and private instruction incessant and unwearied. They prolonged their stay; and when compelled to return, seemed anxious to remain a little longer. The few who could not understand Sechuana had what was said translated for them, by one of those present, into the Coranna language. Thus all were partially instructed, and returned home full of joy.

Before Mosheu left, he entreated Moffat to visit his distant village. This his multiplicity of engagements did not permit him to promise to do soon. Mosheu's affecting persuasions and appeals, however, at last overcame him; for, holding his hand and looking at him earnestly, he said,—

"Just look me in the face, and see if you can refuse me. There are many at home who cannot come so far; and I cannot engage to carry back all I have heard: I shall forget some on the road."

Moffat therefore promised to come as soon as he could. But he was busy at this time translating and printing the Scriptures, besides having other important work; so that he could not keep his en-

gagement so soon as he otherwise would gladly have done. Mosheu, thinking him long in coming, was on his way with his companions to pay him another visit; but hearing at Motito that Moffat had started on a tour which would include his village, he returned to it, and awaited his arrival in great anxiety.

The moment Moffat entered Mosheu's village, the hue and cry was raised, and young and old came running together, as if to see some great sight. He received an affectionate welcome and many a squeeze, while about five hundred people crowded about him, each anxious for a shake of the hand. Some, who scarcely touched it, trembled as if it were the paw of a lion. It was nearly midnight before they would disperse; but their doing so was a great relief to a tired man.

On waking from a short sleep, Moffat was astonished to find a congregation already collected before the waggon; and though he felt much more ready for a cup of coffee than preaching before breakfast, yet, not to neglect the opportunity, he gave out a hymn, read a chapter, and prayed. Then taking for a text, "God so loved the world," &c., he preached for about an hour. Great order and profound silence were maintained. A few strangers with their spears and shields approached; but on being beckoned to, instantly laid their arms down. The dogs could not understand it at all, and now

and then barked, but soon got a stick thrown at their heads. Two milkmaids, who had tied their cows to posts, stood the whole time with their milk-vessels in their hands, as if not to lose a single sentence.

After the service, Moffat walked to an adjoining pool to refresh himself with a wash, hoping to find breakfast ready on his return. By some mistake, the kettle was not boiling, and yet the people were again assembling and wanting him to preach. Finding he wished to breakfast first, the chief's wife hastened home, and quickly returned with a large vessel of sour milk, saying, with a smile,—

"There, drink away; drink much! and then you will be able to preach all the more."

Having cheerfully accepted this hasty African breakfast, Moffat preached again to a still more attentive audience; after which they plied him with questions.

While thus engaged, his attention was arrested by a simple-looking young man at a short distance, dressed in an old pair of trousers, *one* leg of which was still remaining. For a hat, he had part of a zebra's skin with the ears still sticking out of it. He was holding forth to a great number of people; and on Moffat's approaching within earshot, he found, to his great surprise, that he was preaching *his own sermon over again* with wonderful correctness, imitating his gestures as nearly as he could.

When it was over, Moffat congratulated him on his good memory, observing that he was sure *he* could not again preach the same sermon verbatim. The young man did not seem to think anything of it. "When I hear anything great," said he, touching his forehead, "it remains *here*." This young man died in the Christian faith shortly after—early ripe, early gathered.

In the evening, after the cows were milked, the people assembled a *third* time in the hope of a sermon. Moffat made it as interesting as he could by sketches of the lives of various Scripture characters It had been a day of incessant speaking, and after a supper hospitably provided by Mosheu he was thankful to retire early to rest.

The next day being too windy for a service, Moffat employed himself in teaching various detached groups the elements of reading. He hunted up a few spelling-books, and the two or three young men he had with him were speedily encircled each by a separate class of ready pupils. It was now getting late, and dark; but Moffat found a large sheet-alphabet, which he laid on the ground and pointed out the letters with a stick, while all the others knelt round it. After a pretty long lesson, he was about to desist, when some young ones came dancing and skipping towards him, crying,—

"Oh, teach us the A B C with music!"

Denial was out of the question, as one of his lads

had told them it could be done. He pitched on the time-honoured tune of "Should auld acquaintance be forgot?" and every voice soon joined, and every face shone with pleasure, while the strain resounded from one end of the village to the other, till between two and three o'clock in the morning! Moffat, completely tired out, at length obtained of them a little respite, and it is to be supposed that they slept a little too; but when he awoke early in the morning he found them still at it,—the milkmaids singing as they milked their cows, and the boys, tending their calves, chanting the alphabet again.

Before Moffat's departure he collected the people once more, and gave them some general directions how to proceed when left to themselves; recommending them, when they got into difficulties, to come to him in small bodies for counsel, or else resort to the French Protestant Mission at Motito under the conduct of Mr. Lemue. This they actually did; and when Mosheu and his people felt they wanted a little brushing up, forty or fifty of them—men, women, and children—would traverse the hundred and fifty miles, mounted on oxen, and bringing with them a sufficient number of milch-cows, that they might not be too burdensome to their entertainers during a visit of perhaps a couple of months at a time. Their object was to obtain instruction, diligently attending to all the opportunities offered; and Andries, the brother of Mosheu, being the more talented of the

two, was soon appointed schoolmaster, and under his humble and devoted labours they made wonderful progress. Mosheu placed his daughter under Mrs. Moffat's care for education, while Andries committed his son to the care of Mr. Lemue at Motito.

When Andries was one day asked by Moffat how they spent their Sabbath, he replied with simplicity, "We read much in God's Word, and pray, and sing, and read again, and again, and again; and explain what we know to others who do not understand the Sechuana language."

This little Christian band had met one Sunday morning in the centre of the village, for their usual prayer-meeting, when a party of marauders, bent on plunder, burst on them from a distance, ready for attack. Mosheu arose, desiring his people to sit quietly and trust in the Lord, while he addressed the intruders. He then calmly inquired, "What do you want?"

The alarming reply was, "Your cattle; and it is at your peril if you resist."

"There are my cattle," said the chief quietly; and then he retired and resumed his place at the prayer-meeting. A hymn was sung, a chapter read, and then a prayer offered to God, who alone could save them in their hour of danger—all kneeling.

The ruffians were so struck by the sacred and touching sight, that they silently withdrew from

the spot without touching a single article belonging to the people.

A missionary from Motito was afterwards sent to reside in Mosheu's village.

In 1837 and 1838 rich blessings descended on the Kuruman, Griqua Town, and Motito missions. Under the able assistance of Moffat's co-labourer, Mr. Edwards, the number of readers had increased; while the infant-school, under Mrs. Edwards and a native girl, gave the greatest satisfaction. The people made rapid progress in civilization, some of them buying waggons and breaking-in oxen for labours that heretofore they had laid upon their women. The use of clothing had become so general, that the want of a store in the "general line," and a merchant to supply English commodities, was much felt; and it was therefore a public boon when Mr. Hume, in whom they already placed implicit confidence, built himself a house on the station for that purpose. The new place of worship was opened in November 1838. This was a deeply interesting season to all, between eight and nine hundred of whom assembled on the occasion. On the following Sunday a hundred and fifty communicants partook of the Lord's Supper.

After twenty years of unwearied self-devotion to the mission, Moffat prepared to visit his beloved country, accompanied by his family. The increasing wants of the station, and the superintendence re-

quired in London of the passing his translations of the Scriptures through the press, to carry back for the benefit of the converts, rendered this journey to England highly desirable as well as delightful. He could now leave Mr. Edwards as his representative at the Kuruman with perfect confidence. Queen Motito, and two of King Mothibi's sons, had already received baptism; and though Mothibi himself, the chief of twenty thousand Bechuanas, still seemed unimpressed, yet soon after Moffat's return to England he had the inexpressible joy of hearing from Mr. Edwards that Mothibi had at length unreservedly professed his faith in Jesus, and his desire to be the Lord's faithful servant and soldier to his life's end. Truly might Moffat feel, as he looked back on his beloved Africa, that the fields were already white unto harvest.

On Moffat's return to England he was not only welcomed with rapture by old and dear friends and relatives, but, for the time, run after by all who thronged the vast public meetings for religious purposes for which England is celebrated. While proclaiming what God had wrought, on the platform and in the pulpit, he also found time, by the aid of the British and Foreign Bible Society, to pass through the press a translation of the New Testament and of the Psalms in the Sechuana language, some thousands of which were sent out as soon as possible to supply the increasing wants of the many who had

newly acquired the art of reading, without having anything to read. Moreover, he also found time to write his most interesting record of his missionary labours and adventures, of which this little volume is only a mere sketch, though, as far as practicable, in his own vivid words. Its effect on the minds of aspirants to Christian usefulness in the same path that he has ever since pursued must have been immense; while his work has the far inferior merit, but yet not one to be despised, of being as intensely interesting as a romance.

[Since this book was first printed Moffat has passed away. The following additional facts of his life and residence in England are now given, to make the foregoing sketch more complete.—H. L. L.]

The visit of Mr. Moffat to Great Britain in 1840–42 formed an era in the history of modern missions. None who shared the enthusiasm awakened by his thrilling addresses and appeals can forget the scenes then witnessed;—the eager multitudes crowding every place of meeting where he was expected to appear; the dark, striking face and figure of the speaker, then in the prime of life; and the intense, breathless interest with which he was listened to. In spite of what critics would call a very defective manner and elocution, he seemed to exercise a sort of fascination over all

who heard him. "He reigns supreme," wrote the late Dr. John Campbell, a competent judge, "in every audience, whether metropolitan or provincial."

Missionary meetings, no doubt, were different forty years ago from what they generally are now, as to interest and attendance. Ought not Christians to ponder the cause of this change, too often apparent, from enthusiasm to indifference, and, if possible, discover the remedy?

Early in 1843 Mr. and Mrs. Moffat returned to Africa, proceeding at once to Kuruman, accompanied by several new assistants for the mission. Moffat applied himself to the work of translating the Old Testament into Sechuana. It was the labour of many years, and occupied every leisure hour. Even in 1854 he was still engaged in striving to make the version as perfect as possible. He writes at this date:—

"The first volume of the Old Testament is nearly completed. Little more than half of the 2nd Kings remains to be printed; and if the covers arrive by the time the remaining sheets are being printed off, all will be in season, and they will soon be in the hands of the natives. Many are the inquiries made as to when it will be finished, and many wonder why it cannot be done with greater expedition. They know the pen and the press can be made to go pretty fast; but it will be some time before they are convinced that too much time and pains

cannot be taken to insure correctness, in a book which is in Sechuana phraseology 'Molome oa Jehova' (the mouth of Jehovah)."

Still later Moffat wrote to a friend: "A couple of months will finish Ezekiel; a load will then be removed from off my mind—a load with respect to which I have often felt as if it would crush me, yet have as often felt as though my very existence depended upon the prosecution of this work. I have felt, in short, as if I must die if I dropped it; or at least be miserable to the end of my days, did I not enlist all the time, research, and perseverance at my command in its accomplishment. In fine, I have found it to be an awful work to translate the Book of God; and perhaps this has given to my heart the habit of sometimes beating like the strokes of a hammer. After getting the brain refreshed, I shall hasten to a revision of the New Testament—a comparatively easy task."

When at length the long labour of years was finished, and the last verse of the Old Testament rendered into Sechuana, the missionary thus describes his emotion:—"I could hardly believe that I was in the world, so difficult was it for me to realize the fact that my work of so many years was accomplished. Whether it was from weakness or overstrained mental exertion I cannot tell, but a feeling came over me as if I should die, and I felt perfectly resigned. To overcome this I went back

to my manuscript still to be printed, read it over and re-examined it, till at length I got back again to my right mind. This was the most remarkable time of my life, a period I shall never forget. My feelings found vent by my falling upon my knees, and thanking God for his grace and goodness in giving me strength to accomplish my task."

Thus, almost single-handed, Mr. Moffat was permitted to have the honour of giving the Bible, in their own tongue, to the natives of South and Central Africa. Competent authorities assure us of the correctness of his version, and the unspeakable blessing which it will prove to future generations over vast regions of the earth.

The year 1846 was one of marked encouragement to the mission. Nearly fifty new members were added to the church at Kuruman, and a manifest blessing granted to the simple native assistants at out-stations. But the following year brought much trial and anxiety, from long drought causing the crops to fail. The same calamity returned in 1851. "For nine months there was no moisture; and except upon spots watered by artificial means, the country was without harvest, without grass, and without milk."

In 1854 some change and relaxation seemed absolutely necessary to recruit Mr. Moffat's health, which had suffered greatly from over-study and labour. It was desirable, if possible, to have sup-

plies forwarded to Linyanti for Livingstone, then engaged in his memorable journey across Africa. Moffat hoped that Moselekatse would assist in this matter; and leaving Kuruman in charge of his excellent colleague Mr. Ashton, he joined three travellers (hunters and traders) on an expedition to visit the old Matabele chief. They reached his place of residence with much difficulty. Nearly twenty years had passed since the African monarch and the missionary last met. We have an interesting account of the visit in Moffat's own words:—

"When at last we reached Mattokottoko, we found Moselekatse sick.....I saw his condition; and while with one hand he eagerly grasped mine, he appeared deeply affected, and drew his mantle over his face with the other, unwilling, I suppose, that his vassals, who sat in silence at a distance, should see the hero of a hundred battles weep, even though it were for joy. After becoming composed, he gave full expression to the joy he felt on seeing me once more. Pointing to his feet, he said, 'I am very sick; but your God has sent you to heal me.' Though we had passed several of his towns, and had been two weeks conversant with his people, no one dared to whisper, 'Moselekatse is sick.' The fact was too sacred to be pronounced by vulgar lips.....I engaged to prepare for him suitable medicine, provided he would, like myself, drink no beer, and eat only the kind of food I prescribed.

To this he most willingly assented. The means used were, by God's blessing, successful, and in a couple of weeks he was on his feet again, to his great joy and that of his people. There I remained for more than four weeks, having daily intercourse with the great chief, whose kindness was unbounded. But he would not listen to my plan of going to Sekeletue's country in search of Livingstone. He started objections, and raised every bugbear he could think of.....

"During the time already elapsed, although I was not idle, I could not prevail on Moselekatse to allow me to proclaim to him and his people the truths of the gospel. As he could refuse me nothing I thought proper to ask, he would give evasive answers, and endeavour to assure me that he believed the Word of God was good for him, but at the same time hinting that his nobles and warriors might not like it from the principles of peace it inculcated. But I was aware that they were really desirous of hearing those principles, which they knew had had a salutary influence on the mind of their master ever since my last visit, more than twenty years before.....His people, though nearly all youths or children when I last visited him, knew that their yoke had been made lighter in consequence of some influence or charm which I had infused into the heart of their monarch, and hence the general joy my visit imparted to all ranks. It

was difficult to account for his reluctance to allow me to preach to his people, except it was from the impression that the exhibition of the character of the Divine Being, life, death, and immortality, would repress the martial spirit of his warriors, whose highest happiness was to fight for or die for Moselekatse, the son of Machobane. His hand, like that of Ishmael, was against every man, and every man's hand against him; and to his soldiers (and every man of the Matabele is a soldier, ready to grasp the weapon at a moment's notice) he looked for the defence and security of his kingdom. It was natural for me to feel melancholy, situated as I was, surrounded with multitudes of savages who loved me, and yet I could not instruct them.....I cannot now describe the process by which I at last overcame his objections. The incident was unexpected and interesting. He gave full permission for me to preach to him and his warriors the gospel of salvation.

"Daily, at a minute's warning, they were assembled before me, and nearer to him, who sat at my left hand, than they dared to approach on any other occasion. Never in my life did I witness such riveted attention whilst I, amid the stillness of the grave, published to them the Word of God. The people of Moselekatse exhibit characteristics of intelligence far above the neighbouring tribes.....I felt that my prayers had been answered, and that I had obtained my heart's desire."

Finding Moffat determined to go on with the letters and supplies for Livingstone, Moselekatse prepared to accompany rather than separate from him. They set out together; but after proceeding some distance, the difficulties of the journey proved so great that at length the goods were intrusted to a select party of Matabele, who fulfilled their duty faithfully, leaving their charge with the Makololo on an island near the Zambesi Falls, where Livingstone found them safe a year afterwards.

Moffat remained with Moselekatse till the messengers returned and reported the success of their expedition; and then the African chief and his missionary friend sadly parted. Mr. Moffat returned to Kuruman greatly improved in health, and feeling that a blessing had attended his journeyings, as preparing the way for future labourers among the tribes of these distant regions.

In 1856, stimulated by the interest awakened by Livingstone's visit to England, after his memorable exploring journey from Loanda to Quilimané, the London Missionary Society resolved to establish missions among the Makololo and Matabele, and requested Mr. Moffat to revisit Moselekatse, and secure a kind reception for any party sent to his dominions. This task Moffat gladly undertook, and was joyfully welcomed by king and people. The old king was not able to appear much in public, but in his own dwelling had long interviews with

his friend, who explained the great object of this visit, saying that Christians in England wished to send teachers, *not traders*, to instruct his people, and only required some place where they might live in safety and cultivate the ground for themselves. To this proposal a full consent was then given. Before leaving, Moffat, by his influence over Moselekatse, obtained the release of a young prince of another tribe, who had been detained in captivity for sixteen years, and was allowed to take him back to his own people. The impression produced by this incident upon the surrounding tribes was most favourable.

Before returning to Kuruman, Mr. Moffat went to Cape Town, and there had the great pleasure of meeting Dr. Livingstone, whom he had not seen for six years. And in 1858 he welcomed to Africa his own son John, along with other missionaries from England, some of whom were going to found the "University Mission" among the Makololo, others to the Matabele.

The sad story of the Zambesi Mission is well known to most readers. We shall not enter upon it here, nor give any details of the varied experiences, often discouraging, which the other missionary band had to pass through among the Matabele. Mr. Moffat conducted them to their destination, and remained with them for several months; indeed, without his personal influence over the

old king, the mission could not have been established.

The year 1863 was one of much domestic sorrow at Kuruman. News came of the death of Mr. Moffat's eldest daughter, the wife of Dr. Livingstone. Eager to be with her husband once more, she had joined him at Shupanga, in the previous year, at the unhealthy season, and fell a victim to the fatal African climate after a few days' illness. Then the death of their eldest son, and of some valuable native converts, were repeated trials of faith and submission to Mr. and Mrs. Moffat. Mr. Ashton was called to another station—a great loss at Kuruman; but his place was filled, in 1866, by Mr. John Moffat being appointed to assist his father. This young man was able to be most useful in many departments of work: in printing, teaching, preaching, sharing with his now venerable parent the labour of visiting distant villages and holding services there.

We may give some extracts from a letter of his (Mr. John Moffat) to the London directors, in 1868, showing the then state of things on the mission field:—

"The public services (at Kuruman) are a prayer-meeting at sunrise on Sunday; preaching in Sechuana morning, afternoon, and evening; with the Sabbath school twice, and a juvenile afternoon service. The early prayer-meeting is left entirely

to the natives, the three preaching services to the missionaries, and the Sabbath school, with the juvenile service, to my sister. There is also a Wednesday evening service, a monthly missionary prayer-meeting, a church meeting, and a prayer-meeting on Thursday afternoon.....My father and I have the preaching between us. Occasionally one of us rides to two villages to the north-west, holding service at each. On Monday evening I have a young men's Bible-class, to me the most interesting work, as I have much encouragement in it.....The printing office has occupied a large part of my time —three days in every week on an average. There is also an incessant dispensing of medicines; to me most unwelcome, for I have only learned to know how little value there is in the medical practice of any but well-qualified men. It is forced upon me by usage, like many other things, and by the persistent desire of human nature, black or white, to be doing 'something' for disease, even though it be a mere leap in the dark.....Christianity here meets with little opposition.....Yet many I cannot but feel to be Christians but dimly. This can hardly be the result of low mental power alone. The Bechuanas show considerable acuteness where circumstances draw it out. The educational department of the mission has been kept in the background."

This latter subject of education was now much

forced upon the attention of the missionaries, and brought by their letters before the London directors. The results were soon apparent; and without entering into details we need only say that Kuruman is now the seat of a Theological Institution for training native African ministers, of which Moffat's biographer (Rev. W. Walters) writes: "It has long been as a green oasis in the desert, its fountain furnishing unfailing supplies for a large population, and its missionary agencies making it a great centre of life and light. With the large educational establishment now provided there, we may confidently hope that it will exert a still greater power in the progress of the country as years go on."

In 1868 Moselekatse died. Mr. Sykes, one of the missionaries at Inyate, wrote to the London directors: "He died on Sabbath afternoon, September 6th, at a village about fifty miles south from Inyate, called Ingama. For months he had been in a lingering state, yet sometimes it was hoped he would rally for another season. My last visit to him was in June—a sad and painful one. I shall never forget how he looked at me, and how affectionately he said, with a feeble, stammering voice, 'I am very ill.' I endeavoured to comfort him; but the only words which seemed to create interest in his mind were those of a message from Moffat, saying that he was still praying for him and his people. The moment I uttered the name his coun-

tenance beamed; but he said nothing. I told him intelligence had come that the son of Moffat had been appointed to remain at Kuruman to comfort his father in his old age; and with a mien indicating inward disappointment and yet approval, he signified his assent by a gentle nod.....When I was leaving the camp a voice was raised above the rest, 'Remember me to the son of Moffat!' and as if by an echo, the whole camp repeated the request; while individual voices still following, cried out, 'All of us! all of us!'"

The period now drew near when the veteran missionary was compelled, by failing health, to leave the scene of his long and faithful labours. He was in his seventy-fifth year, and fifty-two years had been spent in mission work. Mental exhaustion showed itself in almost total sleeplessness. "Never did it enter my mind," he afterwards wrote, "that I should set my foot on English soil again; but it has been ordered otherwise.....I was a martyr to wakefulness; I was dying by inches. Nothing could induce sleep, no matter what kind of opiates I employed. A week would pass without a moment's sleep; a month, perhaps, with very short intervals. I was a wonder not only to myself but to others. Occasionally I got a little sleep, but that was only the prelude to none at all for a long period. I thought of taking a journey into the interior, but after further consultation I at last

came to the conclusion to go home, and saw my path in that direction clear."

The health of his wife had also given way, and this formed a double reason for both of them accepting the pressing invitation given to return to England, and enjoy much-needed and well-earned repose. But the separation from their beloved Bechuanas and fellow-labourers was on all sides most trying and painful.

The Moffats left Kuruman early in 1870, and after a long, toilsome journey of eight weeks, reached Port Elizabeth. There and at Cape Town they were warmly welcomed by many friends, and by the whole Christian community. After a few days' rest they embarked for England, arriving on July 25th.

Nothing could be more gratifying than the reception of the veteran missionary, alike from the leaders of the London Society and by the Christian Church of all denominations. He was hailed with enthusiasm upon every appearance in public. When he spoke at the next annual meetings in Exeter Hall of the London Missionary and Foreign and British Bible Societies, the audience rose to their feet and greeted him with repeated cheers.

His own health gradually improved; not so that of his aged partner, and he was called to the trial of her death early in 1871. But his declining years were tenderly watched over by affectionate

daughters. While living with them in domestic retirement, he was still ready to answer every call for any service which his strength permitted in the missionary cause. And from all quarters proofs were given that this aged servant of Christ was one whom the whole Church "delighted to honour." In 1871 the degree of D.D. was conferred upon him by the Edinburgh University; and in 1872, at a public breakfast in London, he was presented with a testimonial of £5,800, invested so as to secure a comfortable income. Dr. Binney, on this occasion, expressed a hope that Dr. Moffat would soon be permitted to welcome home his distinguished son-in-law Livingstone. Alas! it was otherwise ordered by Providence. He had only the melancholy gratification of taking part in the ceremonial of receiving the coffin from Africa, and of being present at the great national funeral in Westminster Abbey.

In 1876 the late Dean Stanley invited Dr. Moffat to deliver a lecture in the Abbey, on a day set apart by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York as one of prayer for foreign missions. Of this evening a spectator writes in the *Christian Leader*:—

"A childlike simplicity was the most marked feature in the character of Dr. Moffat; and never did we see this more exemplified than on that evening of St. Andrew's Festival when, at the request of Dean Stanley, he delivered the address on Missions in Westminster Abbey. One might have

fancied, when he stood up at the lectern to address the great congregation, that he had just stepped out of a cottage on some northern moorland; and his words were as Scotch and as homely as his aspect. It was a quiet fireside 'crack' that we enjoyed that night in the Abbey; and it warmed every Scottish heart in the audience. It may be questioned whether the historic edifice had ever witnessed a quainter spectacle; and in the eye of the Dean there was a pleased, half-humorous twinkle, that told how keenly he relished it all."

Dr. Moffat spoke with much interest and deep feeling at the Conference on Foreign Missions in the Mildmay Hall (1878). At the close of the same year he was presented, in the Mansion House, with the freedom and livery of the Turners' Company of London, and acknowledged the compliment by an animated address. The old fire seemed to revive whenever the aged missionary spoke of Africa. Besides speaking in public, he was able to write some interesting papers for various periodicals regarding African Missions. One article for the *Sunday at Home*, on Bechuana hymns and music, we may specially mention.

"One of the latest public recognitions of the work of this honoured servant of God," writes his biographer, "was of an unusual kind. Civic banquets are often given in honour of statesmen and warriors, and merchant princes and men of litera-

ture and science, but it is not often that we hear of one being given to a missionary of the Cross. All honour to the man who had the Christian consistency and courage to make in this matter a new departure. On Saturday, 7th May 1881, the Lord Mayor of London, the Right Hon. Wm. M'Arthur, M.P., gave a banquet to the distinguished South African missionary; and as might have been expected, a most enthusiastic reception was accorded to him by the company, which included the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Earl of Shaftesbury, and the leading representatives of the Christian Churches of the country."

The closing years of Dr. Moffat's life were spent in peaceful retirement at Leigh, near Tunbridge. He was spared lingering illness and distressing infirmities. "He has gone in and out among our churches," writes a friend after his death, "a living embodiment of Christian graces, a visible exemplar of self-consecration, fervour, patience, courage, and humility, in a harmoniously balanced combination seldom surpassed in any age of the Christian Church." The "home-call" came at last rather suddenly, on August 9, 1883. After only a few hours of alarming illness, the "good and faithful servant" entered into the joy of his Lord. He was buried by the side of his beloved wife in Norwood Cemetery, thousands attending the funeral to testify their respect and affection.

In Dr. Moffat's character elements seldom found conjoined were beautifully exemplified. Enthusiasm and dauntless courage were tempered by a remarkable degree of calm good sense and steady perseverance in duty. We may quote some sentences from the funeral address given by Rev. J. Harrison.

"His character was clear and transparent as crystal; he was as artless and sincere as a little child, so that when one came near him you began to trust him at once. Uncivilized men, like children, have a sort of instinct by which they discern when a man really loves them and is seeking to do them good: they felt how true Robert Moffat was, and they yielded to him entirely. Yet he was every inch a man. He possessed a calm courage, which nothing could daunt. The names of Africaner and Moselekatse might cause the bravest to tremble: he approached both without fear. When a Bechuana chief came with twelve spearmen to command him to leave the territory on pain of death, he replied, 'You may shed my blood, you may burn my dwelling, but my decision is made—*I do not leave your country.*'.....A man of doubt is a man of weakness; a man of faith is a man of strength; and it was because Robert Moffat had immovable faith in Christ that he was so strong a man.....With him his work was everything. Yet while devoted to his own field of labour, he had wonderful catholicity: he loved all good men, and rejoiced in all

good and great work.....His faith it was which gave such wonderful beauty and consistency to his whole character, and such peace in his last days, so that although conscious to the last, he knew no fear. We love to contemplate the life of our honoured friend, because his life and work show what the gospel can do. And we love to contemplate such a life, because of the influence it exerts upon others.....From the very depth of our heart we bless God now for Robert Moffat; and multitudes in South Africa would respond with a loud Amen."

"And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them" (Rev. xiv. 13).

David Livingstone

Part Second.—David Livingstone.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOME LIFE AT KOLOBENG.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE was born near Glasgow on March 19, 1813. He tells us that his great-grandfather fell at the battle of Culloden. His grandfather, a small farmer in Ulva, in the Hebrides, finding his means insufficient for the support of his family, removed to the Blantyre Cotton Works, on the Clyde, above Glasgow. Here, at ten years old, little David had to contribute his small share to the family earnings as a "piecer" at the cotton works; and though the day's toil was long—from six in the morning till eight at night, exclusive of meals—yet such was the boy's energy that he read at his loom, and continued his studies afterwards at an evening school. He loved also to listen to his grandfather's stories of old times and old sayings,

none of which sank deeper into him than a speech of an ancestor of his, who called his children round his deathbed and said, "Now, boys, I have searched most carefully through all the accounts I have been able to find of our forefathers, and I have never been able to discover that one of them was dishonest. Dishonesty therefore, does not run in our blood; and I leave you this simple maxim, Be honest." Which only the very poor know the difficulty of.

David read every book that came in his way, except worthless ones. The Bible was his grand guide and favourite. It became his early wish to impart its teachings to heathen nations; and as there are many kinds of knowledge that make a missionary far more useful than he would be without them, even his holiday rambles with his brothers John and Charles were applied to the study of geology; and when he received increased wages at the age of nineteen, he used part of them to enable him to attend evening lectures on medicine and divinity.

At length he presented himself before a Medical Board with an essay on the use of the stethoscope. From this he emerged with honour, and he was admitted as licentiate of the faculty of physicians and surgeons.

He was hoping at this time to be sent out as medical missionary to the Chinese, in which capa-

city Dr. M'Gowan has since done such good service; but at that time the opium war breaking out, closed this opening for him. He offered himself, therefore, as a candidate for service to the London Missionary Society; and as Moffat was then in England, he sought him out for advice, which, we may be sure, was wisely and kindly given. The result was that Livingstone accepted the duties allotted to him by the Society, and embarked for South Africa in 1840, in the twenty-seventh year of his age.

Soon after reaching Cape Town he proceeded to Algoa Bay, and thence started up the country to reach the Kuruman Station, seven hundred miles off, which Moffat had left in the charge of Messrs. Hamilton and Edwards, of both of whom we have seen a little already. The first thing to which he set himself was to learn the Sechuana language, which was spoken by those around him. In order to do this the more thoroughly, as well as to learn something of the manners and customs of the natives, he started with another missionary to the Bakwain country, of which Sechele was chief. Here the people, of course, made their own remarks upon him, as he did on them; and one day he heard one of them say to another, "This white man is not strong —he is quite slim, and only looks stout because he puts his legs into bags [meaning his plaid trousers]; he will soon knock up." However, Livingstone

determined they should have to tell another story about that.

He heard the people talk of an enormous lake called Ngami, a good way off; but none of them seemed ever to have seen it. They also spoke of the great river Zambesi. His discovery of this lake and this river afterwards were what first helped to make him famous, as we shall see.

The first time Livingstone conducted a short religious service among the Bakwains, their chief, Sechele, said to him,—

"It is our custom, when new subjects are presented to us, to ask a few questions. May I do so?"

"Certainly," replied Livingstone.

"Well, then," pursued Sechele, "what is this future judgment you talk about? What do you know of it?"

"We know," answered Livingstone, "that God, who made heaven and earth, sent his only Son among us, that through him all mankind should be saved. And we know that he will judge all after their death; and those who have done well shall be made happy for ever and ever, but the wicked shall be condemned to death everlasting."

"You alarm me!" said Sechele. "You make my very bones to shake! Why did your people never bring us word of this before?"

Ah, that was such a difficult question to answer!

After this Sechele became very thoughtful, and

begged to be taught to read. He learned the alphabet in a single day. In a little while he improved so much that he could read several chapters in the Bible; and from sitting so much over his books, he became quite fat. He was particularly fond of the prophet Isaiah, and would sometimes exclaim, "He was a fine fellow, that Isaiah!"

"Do you suppose," said he one day, "that you will ever convert my people by talking to them? *I* can never do anything with them but by thrashing them! If you and I get some good thick whips of rhinoceros-hide, we shall soon make them believe!"

But this was not the way Mosheu had made *his* people believe.

Sechele added, "Oh, I wish that you had come to us long before!"

He asked Livingstone to begin family prayer for him; after which he conducted it himself in the simplest, most touching, and beautiful manner.

"In former days," he said to his people, "if a chief was fond of hunting, his people professed themselves fond of hunting too; if he was fond of beer, they too would be fond of beer; but I!—*I* love the Word of God, yet none of you will love it too!"

At the end of three years he and his children were baptized; but his people, though they loved him, would not follow his example. Livingstone had the comfort, however, of five times preventing war

from breaking out while he was among them. There was a scarcity of water at the station, and he looked out for a better site for his future home; which at length he found on the river Kolobeng.

At last he returned to Kuruman, and on his way to it he fell among lions. It is well known that when one of a troop of lions is killed, the others take the hint and leave that part of the country. Livingstone desired, therefore, to kill a lion in order to get rid of the rest; and he encouraged the people to go with him.

They found the lions on a small hill, and one of them was seated on a piece of rock. They inclosed him all round, and then one of them, who was a native schoolmaster, named Mebalwe, fired and hit the rock. The lion immediately bit the rock, as a dog does a stick or a stone, and then broke through the circle and escaped. After this Livingstone fired at another lion, which was also sitting on a stone.

The natives exclaimed,—"He is hit! You have shot him!"

"Wait a moment," cried Livingstone, "till I load again;" having done which he looked round, and saw the lion with his tail high up in the air, just going to spring on him! The next moment the lion caught him by the shoulder and growled in his ear. This was a terrible moment; but Livingstone says it had just the same effect on him that a cat has on a mouse. He felt neither pain nor fear, but

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seemed as if in a dream. Meanwhile, the lion, seeing the schoolmaster aiming at him, sprang on *him*, and then on another man, both of whom he bit. Both the bullets, however, took effect, and the lion fell dead on the ground; leaving eleven marks of his teeth on Livingstone's left arm, which was broken close to the shoulder, and the bone crushed into splinters. This arm was never properly set, and, impressively enough, was the means of identifying his remains as those of Livingstone when lately brought to this country.

Moffat and his family returned from England in 1843; and Livingstone quaintly says: "After nearly four years of African life as a bachelor, I screwed up courage to put a question, beneath one of the fruit-trees, which I believe is generally accompanied by a peculiar thrilling sensation in the bosom, and which those who have felt it can no more explain than the blind man did who thought that scarlet must be like the sound of a trumpet; and I became united in marriage to his [Moffat's] daughter Mary in 1844.....Having been born in the country, and being expert in household matters, she was always the best spoke in the wheel at home; and when I took her with me on two occasions to Lake Ngami and far beyond, she actually endured more and went further than some who have written large books of travels. In process of time our solitude was cheered by three boys and a girl, and I think it useful to mention that we never had the least difficulty in

teaching them to speak English. We made it a rule to speak together always in our own tongue, and a law that our children should address us in no other."

Livingstone's first residence with Sechele had been at Chonuane, but he afterwards built his house at Kolobeng, and persuaded the chief to remove thither. The fine river was an attraction, and the Bakwains made a canal and dam for him in exchange for his building a house for their chief. A native smith taught him to weld iron, and having obtained information from Mr. Moffat about smithery, as well as carpentering and gardening, he was now handy at almost every trade; besides doctoring and preaching. Mrs. Livingstone made the butter, bread, and soup. After domestic worship and early breakfast, they kept school for all who liked to come: after an early dinner they treated themselves to an hour's rest, and then Mrs. Livingstone attended to her infant school, which the children were so fond of that she often had a hundred scholars. After that, she milked the cows; and thus the time slipped away usefully as well as happily till sunset, when Livingstone visited the people in their own homes, gave advice and medicine to the sick, and had a kind and pleasant word for all.

Sometimes travellers from England found their way to this simple home. Occasionally they were of first-rate quality,—such as Mr. Oswell, Mr. Murray, and Mr. Webb; at other times, it was rather a

penalty to have to entertain them. Of this Livingstone gives an amusing example, in a letter to Mr. James Gordon Bennett, recently published, though written in April 1872. He says a young Englishman, who had been left £2000 by his mother, bought a waggon and oxen at the Cape of Good Hope, and an outfit composed chiefly of papier-maché snuff-boxes, each of which had a looking-glass outside and another inside the lid; which he thought he should find the key to the hearts of the natives.

"He made his way," says Livingstone, "to my mission-station, more than a thousand miles inland; and then he found that snuff-boxes would not even buy food! On my asking his reason for investing in that trash, he replied, that in reading a book of travels, he saw that the natives were fond of peering into looking-glasses, and liked snuff; and he thought that he might obtain ivory in abundance for these luxuries. I gathered from his conversation that he had even speculated on being made a chief. He said he knew a young man who had so speculated, and I took it to be himself. We entertained him for about a couple of months, but our stores were fast drawing to a close. We were then recently married, and the young housekeeper could not bear to appear inhospitable to a fellow-countryman. I relieved her by feeling an inward call to visit another tribe. 'Oh,' said our dependant, 'I shall go too.'

'You had better not,' was the reply, and no reason assigned. He civilly left some scores of snuff-boxes, but I could never use them either. He frequently reiterated, 'People think these blacks stupid and ignorant, but they would sell any Englishman!'" We can fancy how relieved poor Mrs. Livingstone would be when they got rid of him.

Livingstone says: "I never can be sufficiently thankful for not having been born in a land of slaves. No one can understand the effect of the unutterable meanness of the slave-system on the minds of those who, but for the strange obliquity which prevents them from feeling the degradation of not being gentlemen enough to pay for services rendered, would be equal in virtue to ourselves. Fraud becomes as natural to them as 'paying one's way' is to the rest of mankind."

The mission had a terribly adverse influence to contend with in the near neighbourhood of the Boers of the Cashan Mountains, otherwise called Magaliesberg. These are not to be confounded with the Cape farmers, also called by that name. The word "boer" simply means "farmer"; and those of the Cape are a sober, industrious, and most hospitable body of men. But the vagrant Boers, who have mostly fled from the law, and been joined by English deserters and other disreputable characters, are particularly aggrieved that the English law owns no distinction between black men and white. They think them-

selves of the superior race, though their conduct is so much the reverse of superior, and maintain that the blacks should be subjected to "proper treatment," —namely, compulsory labour, without being paid for it. The Caffres are too high-spirited to submit to this, but the more timid Bechuanas are easier victims to their imperious masters.

Nothing more disturbed the Boers than that the Bakwains should possess guns; and they seriously wanted Livingstone to be a spy upon them, and report how many they had. He altogether declined to do this. They then questioned him about Lord Rosse's famous telescope, and asked, "What right has your Government to set up that large glass at the Cape to look after us behind the Cashan Mountains?" He probably assured them that it had not the property of looking round the corner.

CHAPTER XIV.

LAKE NGAMI.

IN trying to benefit the tribes living under the Boers of the Cashan Mountains, Livingstone twice performed a journey of about three hundred miles to the eastward of Kolobeng. Sechele had become so obnoxious to the Boers, that, though desirous to accompany his kind friend, he dared not trust himself among them. His independence and love of the English were the only faults they could lay to his charge. Knowing how they cross-questioned his people, in the hope of entangling him, he said to Livingstone anxiously, "How ought we to answer them?"

"Speak the truth," said Livingstone stoutly, almost in the words of Hotspur. As the Boers concluded the Bakwains would tell lies, they believed just the contrary of what they were told.

It was during the last of these journeys that Livingstone first thought of crossing the Kalahari Desert to Lake Ngami. At his wish, Sechele sent

men to Sekomi, chief of the Bamangwato, asking leave for him to pass along his path, accompanying the request with the present of an ox. Sekomi's mother, who possessed great influence over him, refused permission, because she had not had a present too; so another messenger was sent with another ox for her, renewing the request. This too was refused, with the excuse that the Matabele, the mortal enemies of the Bechuanas, were in the direction of the lake, and should they kill the white man great blame would be incurred by their nation.

It was clear then that Livingstone's only hope of reaching the lake was by going round instead of through the desert. He communicated his project to his friend Colonel Steele, who made it known to two other friends and great travellers, Major Vardon and Mr. Oswell. The latter was so enamoured of adventure and exploration, that he sought to join the expedition at great pecuniary sacrifice. Before Livingstone knew of his coming, he had arranged that the payment to Sechele for guides should be the loan of his waggon to bring back whatever ivory he might obtain from the chief at the lake. But when Mr. Oswell came, accompanied by Mr. Murray, he undertook to pay the entire expenses of the guides.

Sechele himself would willingly have gone with them, but Livingstone, fearing that the threatened attack of the Boers might take place in his absence,

dissuaded him from it. Mr. Oswell and Mr. Murray arrived at the end of May 1849, and they all made a fair start—Mrs. Livingstone and her children accompanying the party—on the 1st of June, proceeding northwards over some wooded hills to Shokuane. Just before they set out, a party of men from the lake came from Lechulatebe, the chief of the country bordering on it, inviting them to visit him. They gave such glowing accounts of the quantities of ivory to be obtained there, that the Bakwain guides were quite as eager to start as any of the party. These men had come by a way across the desert which was impassable for waggons.

After some days' travelling, seventeen of their draught oxen ran away straight to Sekomi; which they were sorry for, as they knew he was unfriendly to their journey. He sent back their oxen, with a message, again dissuading them from attempting the desert. "You will be killed by the sun and thirst." They sent him a handsome present, and promised to repeat it on their return.

There was much game in the desert—which was not destitute of tufts of grass, but the heat made it crumble at the touch—and there was great scarcity of water. The mirage was wonderful over the salt plains, and it was difficult not to think they were actually looking on water. On the 4th of July, they went forward on horseback to what they supposed to be the lake, and again and again found themselves

disappointed; but at length they did actually come to the water of the River Zouga, and were told by the friendly people on its banks that it came out of the Ngami. This gladdened their hearts, for they thought that by following it they should at last reach the lake.

Next day they were joined by two men, whom Sekomi had sent before them on pretence of clearing the way for them. "You have reached the river now," cried they; and Livingstone and his friends were in too high good-humour to feel any coolness towards them. They found afterwards that these men spread a report before them that they were coming to plunder all the tribes on the river and lake; but their principal man was taken ill by the way and died, which had a good effect, as the villagers thought it a judgment on him for his backbiting.

After going about ninety-six miles up this beautiful river, they left all the waggons but Mr. Oswell's, and made a push for the lake. Twelve days afterwards, they came to its north-east corner; and on the 1st of August 1849 they went down together to the broad part, and were the first Europeans to behold this fine-looking sheet of water. They could detect no horizon where they stood, nor could they form any accurate idea of its extent from the inhabitants; but as they professed to go round it in three days, they made it, on rough calculation, rather under seventy miles round.

Livingstone's chief object in undertaking this journey was to make acquaintance with Sebituane, the famous chief of the Makololo, whom he calls a generous-hearted and truly great character. He was reported to live two hundred miles further on. First, they came to the dominions of Lechulatebe, who, as we have seen, had already sent them a civil invitation. He proved, however, not a very agreeable person to deal with. His more sensible uncle advised him to treat the travellers handsomely; but he only sent them a goat. They wished to purchase some goats or oxen, but he only offered them elephants' tusks.

"We cannot eat these," said Livingstone.

"Neither can I," said Lechulatebe. "But I hear that you white men are all very fond of these bones, so I offer them. I want to put the goats into my own stomach."

They did not offer to pay him with looking-glass snuff-boxes.

Next day, Livingstone applied to him for guides to Sebituane. He objected to this, as he was afraid lest other white men should find their way to him also, and supply him with guns; whereas if traders came to him only, the possession of firearms would give him such a superiority, that Sebituane would be afraid of him. Livingstone vainly tried to promote a better feeling, by reminding him that Sebituane had been as a father to him, and was as anxious to see Livingstone as Lechulatebe had been. He had not

a mind wide enough to take this in, nor a heart to receive it; therefore, as he persisted in his senseless and selfish objections, and the season was now far advanced, Livingstone, after a vain attempt to use a raft, contented himself with returning home again—Mr. Oswell, with his wonted generosity, volunteering to go down to the Cape and bring up a boat, to be used next time.

Returning down the Zouga, they had leisure to admire the beautiful banks, which reminded Livingstone of the Clyde. There were elephants in prodigious numbers on the southern bank. The canoes used by the natives for fishing were simply bundles of reeds tied together.

Thus ended exploration the first to Ngami; which sufficed till the following April—1850—when Livingstone started again, with his wife, three children, and the good chief Sechele, who now had a waggon of his own. They intended to cross the Zouga at its lower end, go up the north bank till they reached the river Tamunakle, and then ascend it to visit Sebituane. Sekomi had ordered all the wells to be filled up which they had so carefully dug last time, and yet asked Livingstone why he had avoided him in his former journey. He replied,—

"I knew you did not wish me to go to the lake, and I did not want to quarrel with you."

"Well," said he, "you beat me then. and I am content."

Parting with Sechele at the ford, as he wished to see Lechulatebe, they went along the woody northern bank with great labour, having to cut down many trees to allow the waggons to pass. On approaching the Tamunakle, they learned that the venomous tsetse fly abounded on its banks. This was an unexpected barrier, and they were reluctantly obliged to recross the Zouga.

They next learned that a party of Englishmen, who had come to the lake in search of ivory, were all laid low by fever; so they hastily travelled sixty miles to afford them all the assistance in their power. Mr. Alfred Rider, an enterprising young artist who had come to make sketches of the lake immediately on its discovery, had died of fever before their arrival; but, by the aid of medicines and (Mrs. Livingstone's ?) kind nursing, the others quickly recovered. The unfinished drawing of Lake Ngami, made by Mr. Rider just before his death, was kindly lent by his mother to Dr. Livingstone for his book at a subsequent time.

Sechele used all his eloquence to persuade Lechulatebe to let Livingstone visit Sebituane on oxback, while Mrs. Livingstone and the children remained at Lake Ngami; and prevailed at last. As he also promised he would supply Mrs. Livingstone with meat during her husband's absence, he presented the chief with a gun which he very much coveted. All being ready for the departure, Livingstone took his

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wife about six miles from the town, that she might see the lake at its broadest part.

Man proposes, but God disposes. Next morning they found their little boy and girl were seized with fever. On the next day, all their servants were seized with the same complaint. As nothing is better in such cases than change of place, Livingstone was forced to give up the idea of seeing Sebituane this year, and started with his suffering family for the pure air of the desert.

Some mistake had been made in the arrangement with Mr. Oswell, for they met him on the Zouga as they returned; and he spent the rest of the season in hunting elephants. He sometimes killed four large ones in a day, the value of which would be a hundred guineas. In 1852, when the Livingstones went to the Cape (which is forestalling), and the doctor's black coat was eleven years out of fashion, and he had not a penny of salary to draw, they found that Mr. Oswell had generously ordered an outfit for the children, which cost £200, saying he thought Mrs. Livingstone had a right to the game of her own preserves.

Foiled in this second attempt to visit Sebituane, they returned to Kolobeng, where they were soon followed by a number of messengers from that chief himself. Having heard of their ineffectual attempts to reach him, he sent men with thirteen brown cows to propitiate Lechulatebe, thirteen white ones to

Sekomi, and thirteen black ones to Sechele, requesting each of them to assist the white men to come to him.

Before beginning their third journey to Sebituane, it was necessary to visit Kuruman; and Sekomi, more than usually gracious, furnished them with a guide: but no one knew the path beyond Nchokotsa, which they intended to follow. At that point, one of the men most opportunely broke the mainspring of his gun. Livingstone never undertook to mend a gun with greater zest than this; for, under a promise of his guidance, they went to the north instead of west.

They quickly passed over a hard country, with many salt-pans, and inhabited by many families of Bushmen—tall strapping fellows, of dark complexion. One of these, named Shobo, consented to guide them over the waste between these springs and the country of Sebituane; however, he wandered from the path, and proved unreliable. The oxen were terribly fatigued and thirsty; and on the fourth morning, on being unyoked they rushed away to find water for themselves. The remaining supply of water was insufficient for the children. "A bitterly anxious night succeeded; and next morning, the less there was left of water, the more thirsty the little rogues became. The idea of their perishing before our eyes," says Livingstone, "was terrible. It would almost have been a relief to me

to have been reproached with being the entire cause of the catastrophe; but not one syllable of upbraiding was uttered by their mother, though the tearful eye told the agony within. On the afternoon of the fifth day, to our inexpressible relief, some of the men returned with a supply of that fluid of which we had never before felt the true value."

The cattle, in rushing to the water, probably had crossed a small patch of trees containing tsetse, an insect that they were shortly to find a perfect pest. Shobo reappeared when they came up to the river at the head of a party; and as he wished to show his importance before his friends, he walked up boldly and commanded the whole cavalcade to stop, and to bring forth fire and tobacco, while he coolly sat down and smoked his pipe. It was such an inimitably natural way of showing off, that they all stopped to admire the acting; and though he had recently left them so abominably in the lurch, they could not find it in their hearts not to like Shobo.

The Makololo whom they met on the Chobe were delighted to see them; and as their chief, Sebituane, was about twenty miles down the river, Livingstone and Mr. Oswell proceeded in canoes to his temporary residence. He had come more than a hundred miles to welcome them to his country.

CHAPTER XV.

THE VISIT TO SEBITUANE.

SEBITUANE was on an island with all his principal men around him, engaged in singing, when his visitors arrived. It was more like church-music than the sing-song of the Bechuanas; and they continued it for some seconds after Livingstone and Mr. Oswell approached. The meeting was friendly and hearty; they told him of the difficulties they had met with, and how glad they were to see him at last. He expressed his own joy, and added,—

"Your oxen are all bitten by the tsetse, and will certainly die: but never mind; I will give you as many as you need."

He then presented them with an ox and a jar of honey as food, and handed them over to the care of one of his attendants who had visited them at Kolobeng. Prepared skins of oxen, as soft as cloth, were given to cover them during the night, which became the perquisite of their attendant.

Long before it was day, Sebituane came, and sitting down by the fire which was lighted for their benefit behind the hedge where they lay, he related the difficulties which he himself had experienced, when a young man, in crossing that same desert which they had mastered long afterwards.

Sebituane was about forty-five years of age, tall and wiry, of an olive or coffee-and-milk complexion, and slightly bald; in manner cool and collected, and more frank in his answers than any chief Livingstone ever knew. He was the greatest warrior ever known beyond the Colony; for, unlike Moselekatse and others, he always led his men into battle himself. When he saw the enemy, he felt the edge of his battle-axe, and said, "Aha, it is sharp! and whoever turns his back on the enemy will feel its edge." So fleet of foot was he, that all his people knew there was no escape for the coward, as any such would be cut down without mercy.

He was not the son of a chief, though closely related to the reigning family of the Basuto; and was one in that immense horde of savages driven back from the Kuruman by the Griquas in 1824. He then fled with a few men and cattle to the north. At Melita, the Bangwaketse collected the Bakwains and Bahurutse to "eat them up." Placing his men in front, and the women behind the cattle, he routed the whole of his enemies at one blow. Having thus conquered Makaba, chief of the Bangwaketse, he

took immediate possession of his town and all his goods.

A great variety of fortune attended him in the northern part of the Bechuana country. Twice he lost all his cattle to the Matabele, but always kept his people together, and retook more than he lost. He then crossed the desert by nearly the same route that Livingstone did. Conquering all round the lake, he heard of white men living on the west coast; and haunted by what seems to have been the dream of his whole life,—a desire to have intercourse with the white man,—he progressed to the south-west, into the parts recently opened by Messrs. Galton and Andersson. There, suffering intensely from thirst, he and his party came to a small well. He decided that the men, not the cattle, should drink it, the former being of more value. In the morning, they found the cattle had escaped to provide for themselves.

Returning poorer than he came, he pursued his course to the Zambesi, where the Bakota lived on large islands, and often lured wanderers to their destruction by ferrying them across, and then murdering them for the sake of their goods. When Sebituane and his men appeared in the neighbourhood of the falls, these treacherous deceivers swarmed round them to make spoil of their skulls; but he was too sharp for them, and captured so many of their cattle, that sheep and goats were compara-

tively of no account. He overran all the neighbouring highlands, and settled in what is called a pastoral country, of which the Makololo became so fond that they have never lost their attachment to it.

But the Zoolus under Moselekatse crossed the Zambesi, and attacking Sebituane in this choice spot, captured his cattle and women. Rallying his men, he followed and recaptured the whole. Sebituane had a fancy for going further down the Zambesi till he should come to some white men, and thought that if he could but get a cannon, he should thenceforth be let alone. Though his had been a life of war, he was always desiring peace. He had made himself dreaded by Moselekatse, but could never put faith in him.

Sebituane was much pleased at the proof of Livingstone's confidence shown in bringing his wife and children with him; and he promised to take him to see his country, that he might choose for himself a spot on which to settle. The plan they talked over together was, that Livingstone should continue in pursuit of his objects as a missionary, while Mr. Oswell explored the Zambesi to the east.

Poor Sebituane! Just as he had settled all this in his mind so pleasantly, he fell ill of inflammation of the lungs, brought on by an old wound. Livingstone longed to prescribe his own treatment, but felt it a delicate and dangerous matter; and Sebituane's own doctor thought it so too, and said,

"Your fear is prudent and wise: the people would blame you."

He died on the following Sunday afternoon.

After the usual religious service, Livingstone called to see him, accompanied by his little son Robert.

"Come near me," said Sebituane, "and see if I am any longer a man. I am done for."

Livingstone endeavoured to improve this opening, and said feelingly, "There is hope after death."

"Why do you speak of death?" interposed one of the attendant doctors. "Sebituane will never die."

After sitting with him some time, and commending him to the mercy of God, Livingstone rose to depart; when the dying chief, raising himself up a little, called a servant, and said,—

"Take Robert to Maunka" (one of his wives), "and tell her to give him some milk."

These were poor Sebituane's last words.

They did not hear of his death till the next day. When a Bechuana chief dies, he is buried in his cattle-pen, and the cattle are then driven into it, and every vestige of it soon obliterated.

Livingstone and Mr. Oswell went and spoke to the people, advising them to keep together and support the heir. They took this kindly, and in return told them not to be alarmed, for they would never think of ascribing their chief's death to them: Sebituane had gone the way of his fathers, and had

left children; and they hoped the white men would continue to be friendly to them, as they would be in return. Livingstone felt he had never been so sorry for the loss of a black man before. Sebituane was decidedly the best specimen of a native chief he had ever met.

The chieftainship devolved on Sebituane's daughter Ma-mochisane, who was living twelve days' journey to the north. Livingstone sent to her, and in due course received her answer,—that he and his friend were at perfect liberty to visit any part of the country they chose. They therefore proceeded a hundred and thirty miles to Sesheke; and were rewarded, in June 1851, by the discovery of the Zambesi, in the centre of the continent of Africa, where it was not previously known to exist—the Portuguese maps being incorrect. Mr. Oswell said he had never seen such a fine river, even in India.

The healthy districts were defenceless, and the others so unwholesome that they would plainly not do to settle in. As there was no hope that the Boers would allow the peaceable instruction of the natives at Kolobeng, Livingstone at once resolved to send his family from this unhealthy region to England, and, after starting them from the Cape, to return alone and continue his explorations in search of a suitable locality. This led him down to Cape Town in April 1852; and having placed

his family on board a homeward-bound ship, and encouraged them to expect him to join them in two years (though it proved to be five), he took leave of them with fond affection.

Livingstone started on his return up-country in June 1852. He travelled in one of the usual Cape waggons, drawn by ten oxen, and was accompanied by two Christian Bechuanas from Kuruman, two Bakwain men, and two young girls who had come as nurses to the children to the Cape, and were returning to their home at Kolobeng. For travellers who were not too fastidious, the waggon-journey was rather like a succession of picnics.

On reaching Kuruman,—which always seemed to him like a return to civilized life,—he waited to mend his waggon. Mr. Moffat was at this time busily engaged in carrying through the press, with which his station was now furnished, the Bible, which he had been at such pains to translate into the Sechuana language. Sechele, who had meanwhile found that his children could no longer be educated by the Livingstones at Kolobeng, had sent five of them and their attendants to Kuruman, where they were hospitably received and entertained.

The waggon-wheel accident providentially detained Livingstone at Kuruman just when the Boers attacked Sechele's settlement, and destroyed the missionary station, its books and furniture. The melancholy news was brought to Moffat about this

time by Sechele's wife, who had hidden herself in a cleft of a rock over which the Boers were firing. Her infant began to cry; and terrified lest it should attract the attention of the Boers, she took off her armlets as playthings to quiet the child. Sechele sent Moffat a letter by her, which began thus:—

"Friend of my heart's love and of all my confidence, I am Sechele. I am undone by the Boers, who attacked me though I had no guilt against them. They demanded that I should be in their kingdom, and I refused. They demanded that I should prevent the English and Griquas from passing through; and I said, 'They are my friends, and I cannot.' They came on Saturday, and I begged them not to fight on Sunday, and they consented. They began on Monday morning before dawn, and fired with all their might, burned the town, and scattered us. They killed sixty of my people, and captured women and children. They took all the cattle and goods of the Backwains, and they plundered Livingstone's house, and took away all his goods. They had eighty-five waggons and a cannon; and after they had stolen my waggon and that of Macabe, the number of their waggons (counting the cannon) was eighty-eight. All the goods of the English hunters were burned in the town; and of the Boers were killed twenty-eight. Yes, my friend.

My wife now goes to see the children, and Kobus Hae will convey her to you.—I am,

"SECHELE, the son of Mochvasele."

Poor Sechele! The only defence the Boers had to make for their outrage was, "Sechele was getting too saucy." Livingstone observes: "Very soon after Pretorius (their chief) had sent this marauding party against Kolobeng, he was called away to the tribunal of Infinite Justice."

The report of this outrage produced such a panic in the country, that Livingstone could not engage a single servant to accompany him to the north. At last he got three men willing to venture; and a coloured servant, named George Fleming, who had been assisted by a gentleman to establish a trade with the Makololo, also managed to get a similar number. Accordingly they all left Kuruman on November 20, and proceeded on their journey. The servants proved the worst specimens of their class; but there was no help for it.

When they reached Motito, forty miles off, they met Sechele, on his way, as he said, "to the Queen of England." Two of his children and their mother were among the captives carried off by the Boers; and having a very strong belief in England's justice and generosity, he was persuaded that if he could but tell all about his wrongs to Queen Victoria, she would be sure to see him righted. Alas! he did

not get beyond the Cape, where his resources were all exhausted; and, depressed and disappointed, he returned to his home, a thousand miles off, where he devoted himself to a more feasible work, and became the Christian missionary of his people.

Sechele was tall, very dark, and with large eyes, had great intelligence, read well, and was a fluent speaker. Great numbers of the tribes formerly living under the Boers changed their bad masters for a very good one, by coming to live under Sechele, who gradually and deservedly became greater in power than he was before the mischievous attack on Kolobeng.

Having parted with Sechele, Livingstone skirted the Kalahari Desert, giving the Boers a wide berth, and had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Macabe (mentioned in Sechele's letter) returning from Lake Ngami. His English companion had been shot accidentally by the Boers in their late attack. Two other English travellers crossed the desert about the same time—one of them a Captain Shelley.

On the 31st of December they reached Sechele's town, Litubaraba, which is near a cave called Lepelole. Livingstone had never seen any Backwains looking so haggard and lean as these poor people. Sechele had enjoined them to commit no act of revenge or violence during his visit to the Queen of England; but some of the young men ventured to go out to meet a party of Boers returning from

hunting, and as the Boers became terrified, and ran off, they made prize of their waggon. The frightened Boers sent back four of their number to ask for peace. "Sechele's children must be returned to them." Livingstone never saw four men so completely and involuntarily in a trap of their own making. Sechele's children had been appropriated by their commandant to be his own domestic slaves. However, they had to be given up. Livingstone was present when one of the little boys returned to his mother. The child had been allowed to roll into the fire; and there were three large unbound open sores in different parts of his body. His mother received him with a flood of silent tears.

The Bechuanas are universally much attached to children. A little child toddling near a party of men eating, is sure to get a portion of their food.

CHAPTER XVI.

LIVINGSTONE IS LOST: WHO SHALL FIND HIM?

DAVING remained five days with the wretched Bakwains, Livingstone departed on the 15th of January 1853. His object was to proceed to Linyanti, where Sebituane's successor now reigned.

At Maila they spent a Sunday with a head-man named Kaisa, who had fled from our old acquaintance Moselekatse. Livingstone gave him charge of a packet of letters which he wished to be forwarded, when opportunity offered, to England. Kaisa rather feared they might come to grief, so Livingstone had to bid adieu to the only hope of writing to his family till he reached the west coast of Africa, which was his object after Linyanti.

As he proceeded, the country became very lovely. Many new trees appeared; their branches were festooned with vines; the grass was green, and often higher than the waggons. Next came watercourses, often resembling small rivers, which grew broader

and deeper the further they went: they were full of great holes, made by the elephants wading in them. In these the cattle floundered desperately, so that at last the waggon-pole broke, and Livingstone had to wade to the breast in water for three hours; but, happily, felt no harm. Yet we know that too much of the same sort of thing eventually cost him his life.

At length they reached the broad part of the river Chobe, studded with islands, and bordered with tall, thick grass and reeds, through which they toiled till the perspiration flowed off their bodies. The reeds cut like a razor, and tore Livingstone's clothes so, that he tore his pocket-handkerchief in two to tie over his knees. There were all sorts of strange, unearthly sounds made by unknown creatures among these reeds, especially towards dark—creatures that went "splash, guggle, jupp!" as if rare fun were going on among them. When he sprang into clean water at last, it reached up to his neck.

After several days' toil and the loss of ten fine oxen, they reached Linyanti at last, escorted by a party of Makololo men sent to meet them. They arrived there on the 23rd of May.

Though Sebituane had meant his daughter to succeed him, she had soon found herself so unequal to her situation, that with tears she said to her brother Sekeletu,—"I am only a chief because my father

wished it. Do you rule in my stead;"—which he was very ready to do.

He was only eighteen years of age, about five feet seven in height, of a coffee-and-milk colour—which the Makolo are proud of, because it distinguishes them from perfect blacks. There is nothing people will not be proud of, if they have nothing better. Sekeletu was neither so good-looking nor so clever as his father, but he was equally fond of the English.

The whole population of Linyanti — about six or seven thousand—turned out to welcome the traveller. An old man, who was the court herald, thus roared out,—

"Ha! don't I see the white man? Don't I see the comrade of Sebituane? Don't I see the father of Sekeletu?" &c.

A pretender to the throne had vowed to kill Sekeletu the first time they met, and Livingstone unwittingly preserved him by being between them at the time; but Sekeletu avenged the intended treason by causing the offender himself to be slain at daybreak the next morning, which was done so quietly that Livingstone heard nothing of it, though he was close by. The traitor, seeing a man using snuff, asked for a pinch; and as he was offering it him, he caught him by the hand, while a colleague caught him by the other; and thus they led him forth quite quietly about a mile, and speared him

without a word, for it seems a point of honour not to speak on such occasions.

Soon after Livingstone's arrival Sekeletu pressed him to name those things he liked best, in order that he might give them to him. Livingstone replied that his object was to elevate him and his people to be Christians, but Sekeletu rejoined that he did not wish to learn to read the Book, lest it should change his heart and make him stint himself, like Sechele, to one wife. Livingstone conducted his own religious services as usual, and the Makololo women who were present at them always behaved with decorum, except at the conclusion of the prayer. When all knelt down, several of them bent over their little ones; and the children, not seeing the good of it, set up a cry, which caused a suppressed titter; and this, as soon as Amen was pronounced, spread into a hearty laugh. Livingstone thought that the sooner a stated house of prayer could be resorted to the better, for the sake of general decency and order.

He offered to teach the Makololo to read, which at first Sekeletu declined. After some weeks, however, his father-in-law and a few chiefs determined to brave the mysterious Book. To all who have not learned, the knowledge of letters is unfathomable: no amount of explanation can enlighten them till they begin actually to read.

However, the father-in-law having cautiously made

his way through the alphabet, assured Sekeletu it was "all right—all safe;" and the young chief and his companions came forward, though rather timidly, to test it themselves.

Perhaps, if the gentleman with the looking-glass snuff-boxes had travelled as far north as Linyanti, he might have found some willing customers after all. The Makololo women were extremely fond of surveying themselves in Livingstone's shaving-glass, and would make such remarks as these: "Is that me?"—"What a big mouth I have!"—"My ears are as big as pumpkin-leaves!"—"I have no chin at all!"—"I should have been pretty, but am spoiled by these high cheek-bones!" They readily perceive any defect in each other, and give nicknames accordingly. One day, when Livingstone was supposed to be asleep, a man stole in to have a quiet look at himself, as he thought, unnoticed, and thus softly gave himself his own opinion, after twisting his mouth about in various directions: "People say I am ugly; and how very ugly I am indeed!"

Livingstone had reached Linyanti on May 23, and on the 30th he was seized with fever, and thought he should like to try how the natives would set about curing him of it. After stewing him in their vapour-baths, and smoking him like a red herring, they convinced him that he knew more about it than they did. Even with his own doctoring, he settled it that "there is a good deal in not

'*giving in*' to a disease. He who is low-spirited, and apt to despond at every attack. will die sooner than a man who is not of a melancholic disposition."

Anyhow, he was not able to travel again till he had been at Linyanti a month; and then Sekeletu thought he should like to travel with him, accompanied by a hundred and sixty attendants—most of his young men, in fact, and a good many chiefs besides. It was pleasant to look back on the long meandering line of the train, the ostrich feathers in their heads waving in the wind. Some wore red tunics or coloured European prints; the common men carried burdens; the gentlemen walked with a small club of rhinoceros-horn in their hands, while their servants carried their shields; the battle-axe men carried their own, and were expected to be ready to be sent a hundred miles off on an errand at a moment's notice, and to run all the way.

Sekeletu rode Livingstone's old horse, and his young men, wishing to imitate him on half-broken oxen, got many a tumble, which occasioned much merriment. At meal-times they crowded round him and partook of the same dish. When they arrived at any village, the women all turned out to "lulliloo" their chief. Their shrill voices reiterated "Great lion!" "Great chief!" "Sleep, my lord," &c. He received it with perfect indifference. The head-man of the village always brought with him a good many

large pots of beer. At night, Livingstone and Sekeletu had each a little gipsy-tent in which to sleep. They were perfectly clean. In due time they reached the famous Zambesi, otherwise called the Leeambye, which signifies "the great river." And such indeed it was. The country is covered with beautiful trees, opening into many glades, and abounds with game.

Now, while Livingstone was making this royal progress, it must be remembered that his family and friends had not the least idea where he was. The letters he intrusted to the chief Kaisa, who feared they would very likely come to grief, seem never to have reached them. *For two years* they did not know what had become of him! Of course, their trouble must have been extreme. Not only Mrs. Livingstone in far-off England had no tidings, but her dear father, the good and brave Moffat, who was so much nearer at hand, was equally in suspense, and at length became uneasy. Something must be done: who should do it? Who so likely to do it well as Moffat?

At any rate he determined to try, and try his best. He did not like to think of the anxious heart of his daughter in England. He set off to find the lost traveller, and first of all went to Sechele.

But Sechele was in trouble of his own, and begged Moffat to go first of all to the famous Moselekatse and intercede for the release of a captive.

Moffat had not seen the redoubted chief for twenty years; and though his heart was always responsive to the voice of human woe, he would sooner have attended to his own mission first. However, he went, though the undertaking was certainly dangerous; but he was not the man to mind that.

Moselekatse was ill when he reached him, and when he saw his dear old friend he cried like a child. Then we may be sure that Moffat talked to him as only a good and wise man could; and his healing words and medicine had such effect, that in a fortnight the great chief was "his own man again," and, after a little persuasion, let Moffat preach to his people. He sat quite close to him, so that he might hear every word he said; and when he found Moffat was going in search of Livingstone, he himself went with him, till they came to a part of the country which was liable to fever and the cattle-fly. Then said Moselekatse: "We cannot go on any further, but I will send your letters on to Livingstone by trusty messengers."

This he did—making a random sort of guess, we may suppose, that Livingstone would be exploring the Zambesi, which luckily was right—and the messengers carried the letters as far as they could, and then left them in charge of some Makolo, who left them on a little island, with a hut built over them, that they might not get wet: though how Livingstone was to know they were there, even if

he came that way, unless he were a conjuror, it is impossible to say. The most wonderful part of the story is, that he *did* get them, after all!

Moffat having spent seven months with Moselekatse, returned home, well supplied by the grateful chief with provisions for his journey.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHAT HAD BECOME OF LIVINGSTONE?

NOW, what had become of Livingstone? He had been exploring unknown places, and found what are now called the Victoria Falls. In other words, he had been making himself famous.

Having at last procured a sufficient number of canoes, they began to ascend the river. Livingstone had six canoes, and Sekeletu ten: with those of the attendants, there were thirty-three in all. It was beautiful to see them skimming along so quickly, and keeping time so well. They proceeded rapidly up the Leeambye, and Livingstone felt the pleasure of looking on lands that had never been seen by a European before. The river was often more than a mile broad, and adorned by islands of from three to five miles long. The country near the river abounded with elephants. A great many villages skirted the banks. Their inhabitants turned out to offer Sekeletu food and skins as their tribute.

SCENE ON THE LEEAMBYE.

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The Barotse are strongly attached to this valley. They say, "Here hunger is not known." It does not produce a tithe of what it might do. There are no large towns; only villages, and large herds of cattle. This was the first visit paid them by Sekeletu since his attainment of the chieftainship.

Two adherents of the late traitor were put to death very summarily; but at Livingstone's earnest intercession the rest were pardoned.

They visited Naliele, the capital of the Barotse, which Livingstone could not ascertain to have been ever visited by white men. Here Livingstone parted from Sekeletu, in order to go higher up the river. His further explorations failed to discover to him any healthy spot where a Makololo settlement would be allowed to live in peace. He returned therefore to Naliele, but found that Sekeletu had meanwhile quitted it to visit his mother, leaving him an ox for his use, and a request that he would follow him. Livingstone did so, and Sekeletu received him with his usual kindliness and liberality, in which he was imitated by his mother. This being Sekeletu's first visit, it was a season of great festivity. Old men as well as young joined in very violent dancing and singing.

"What do you think of it?" said the chief's father-in-law.

"It is very hard work," said Livingstone, "and brings but little profit."

"That is true," he answered; "but still it is very nice; and Sekeletu will give us an ox for dancing for him."

As Sekeletu had been waiting here for his friend, they now resumed their journey back to Linyanti. The kindness shown to Livingstone during this nine weeks' tour was extreme; but he was heartily glad when it was over, and was more out of love with heathenism than ever.

He now wished to resume and extend his researches for a healthy site for a settlement, free from the fatal cattle-fly, and after some trouble decided to start with twenty-seven men, whom he says he might as well call Zambesians; for there were only two Makololo—the rest were of various tribes. He was still weak from the effects of the fever; and when he was asked, "If you die, will not the white people blame us for having allowed you to go away into an unhealthy, unknown country of enemies?" he replied,—"No; for I shall leave a book with your chief, to be sent to Mr. Moffat, in case I do not return; and that will explain to him all that has happened to me since I last saw him."

He meant his journal, which, however, was lost by the trader to whom Sekeletu delivered it, and was never recovered. The prospect of passing away from this fair and beautiful world thus came before him in a pretty plain matter-of-fact form, and it did seem a serious thing, he says, to leave wife and

children, and all connection with earth, to enter on an untried state of existence. He wondered whether an angel would soothe the fluttering soul, sadly flurried as it must be on entering the spirit world, and hoped that Jesus might speak a word of peace, that would establish an everlasting calm. But as he had always believed that if we serve God at all, it ought to be in a manly way, he wrote to his brother, commending his little girl to his care, as he was "determined to succeed or perish" in the attempt to open up this part of Africa.

"The Boers," he says, "by taking possession of all my goods, had saved me the trouble of making a will. And considering the light heart now left in my bosom, and endeavouring to perform the duty of Christian forgiveness, I felt it was better to be the plundered party than the plunderer." He had three muskets for his people, and two rifles for himself, with which he hoped they should supply themselves with game. Besides these, he only took a few pounds of tea, sugar, and coffee, some biscuits, and a small tin canister filled with spare shirting, trousers, and shoes, to be used when they reached civilized life; a Bible, nautical almanac, Thomson's Logarithms, a magic-lantern (for which he found much use), sextant, artificial horizon, telescope, thermometer, and compasses; about twenty pounds of beads, gipsy tent, sheepskin mantle as a blanket, and a horse-rug as a bed.

Sekeletu saw him off on the 11th of November

1853. He lent him his own canoe. The point of embarkation was the island where he had first met Sebituane, singing what seemed like church-music with his men. First, there were five branches of the Chobe to cross; but when these all reunited, it became a broad river, much frequented by hippopotami. From thence they got into the Leeambye, though it was difficult to see where the two united.

The people certainly had their superstitions about the moon: they had no stated day of rest except that on which the new moon rose. They eagerly watched for the first glimpse of it, and then vociferated certain prayers; such as, "Let our journey with the white man be prosperous!" "Let our enemies perish!" "Let us have plenty of meat on this journey!" &c.

Livingstone gave many religious addresses to the people of Sesheke under a spreading tree; and it was pleasant to see them winding in a long train towards him, each party under its own head-man. There were often between five and six hundred of them, and the exertion of voice required of him brought back his old irritation of the uvula. Now and then a chief man would hurl his staff at the head of some young fellow who was not listening. Sometimes they asked very sensible questions; at other times quite the reverse. Some began to pray to Jesus very early, and no doubt were heard by Him who, like a father, pitieth his children. Others, waking in the night, recollected what they had

heard about a future world so clearly, that they told next day how it had alarmed them, and how they did not mean to listen again.

Their progress up the river was rather slow, because their Makololo man, Pitsane, knowing Sekeletu's generous intentions, was determined not to let them be a dead letter.

Livingstone soon taught the men to wash his shirts, though he had never been taught himself. They generally rose a little before five; while he was dressing, his coffee was made, and after he had had enough, the remainder in the pannikin was made over to his companions. The next two hours were the most pleasant of the day's sail. About eleven they landed, and ate any meat that remained from their evening's meal, or had a biscuit with honey, and a draught of water. After an hour's rest, they again embarked, and cowered under an umbrella. The heat then became oppressive, and sometimes they landed for the night two hours before sunset; for Livingstone was still weak from the effects of his fever. Coffee again, and a biscuit, or maize-cake, unless they had been fortunate enough to kill some game. The scenery was the loveliest he had ever seen. In December, he returned Sekeletu's canoe, and got the loan of others from Mpololo.

Sometimes more meat, butter, milk, and meal were given them than they could stow away. These presents were always given gracefully. If a man gave

an ox, he said, "Here is a little bit of bread for you." The Bechuanas had been accustomed to present a miserable goat, with the pompous exclamation, "Behold an ox!"

Livingstone next reached the confluence of the Leeambye and Leeba, and began to ascend the Leeba. In January 1854 the rainy season fairly set in. They visited some female chiefs, one of whom was sister to Shinte, the great Balonda chief, and was anxious that her people should escort him to her brother. He replied that he preferred water-carriage. However, Manenko (the chieftainess), who was very self-willed, determined to have her way, and accompanied him, together with her husband and a drummer, who thumped most vigorously till told to be quiet. Livingstone, who rode an ox, complimented her on her powers of walking.

At night they slept in villages, and Livingstone observed idols in all of them. Two days they were detained by heavy rain. Messengers were meanwhile sent forward to Shinte to notify their approach; and he returned answer that they would be welcome, and said he should be highly honoured in having three white men with him at once. Who could the other two be? Livingstone felt almost cured of his fever.

"Are they of the same colour as I am?"

"Yes, exactly so."

"Is their hair like mine?"

"Do you call that hair? We had thought it was a wig!"

They turned out to be two Portuguese traders.

Shinte gave Livingstone a grand reception on January 17th. He sat on a sort of throne, covered with a leopard-skin, under a banyan-tree, and wore a checked jacket and a kilt of scarlet baize, edged with green, with armlets and bracelets, and a helmet of feathers. The assembly around clapped their hands and assumed warlike attitudes. The chief spokesman then told Shinte how the white man had restored to their families some captives (which he had), and wished to open the country to peaceful trade, and introduce the knowledge of the Bible. Then followed musical performances, consisting of three drummers and four players on a piano.

Nine orators made speeches in turn, Shinte bearing himself with great dignity, but keeping his eyes on Livingstone all the while. The sun was by this time very hot, and they separated.

Livingstone was afterwards so ill with fever as to be unable to see as much of Shinte as he wished; but greatly regretted to find the slave-trade prevailing here. Shinte was most anxious to see the magic-lantern. The first slide represented Abraham about to slay Isaac; which created a great sensation, and the people rushed out. Shinte, however, sat it out bravely, and afterwards examined the magic-lantern with interest.

As a last proof of friendship, Shinte came to Livingstone's tent, looked with interest at his hair-brush, comb, watch, looking-glass, books, &c., and then, after carefully closing the tent door, drew out from under his dress a string of beads attached to a great conical shell, which in that region is thought as much of as if it were the Lord Mayor's gold chain. He hung this round Livingstone's neck, and then said,—

"There! now you *have* a proof of my friendship!"

He gave him a liberal supply of food to start with, and they parted with mutual good wishes. At a distance they saw Cazembe's village. They had an invitation to visit another chief named Katoma, whose father-in-law Livingstone calls "a fine old man," and with whom he talked very earnestly of the mission and death of the Saviour of mankind. He always found that if this will not move men, nothing will.

In the month of February, Livingstone found to his surprise that the almost level plain they had passed formed the great watershed between the northern and southern rivers, and that whereas all the rivers they had hitherto crossed ran southwards, those they now came to flowed northwards.

He now set his face constantly towards the Portuguese settlement of Loanda, on the western coast, much weakened still by fever, and meeting with

some unfriendly tribes by the way. His men behaved admirably, though once they became rather out of sorts, and talked of forsaking him. He said if they did, he should still go forward; and he went into his little tent and committed his cause to Him who hears the sighing of the heart. After this, his chief man came to him, and said in an altered tone,—

"We will never leave you. Do not be disheartened. Wherever you lead, we will follow." And the others said the same, and were true to their word.

To make a long story short, in April they approached the abodes of civilization; that is to say, of the Portuguese. Most of those they met could read and write; some of them had Roman Catholic books, and, of course, images of saints. These friendly Portuguese could not at first make out what Livingstone was. "Are you a government agent? or a doctor? or an officer in the army? Surely you must be more than a missionary, since you can calculate the longitude!"

This was at the village of Cassangé, where there were from thirty to forty Portuguese traders, all of them militia officers, and all of them well-bred, well-disposed men. They had houses and kitchen-gardens, and the excellence of the market astonished Livingstone's men. They travelled through a populous and productive country; and as they approached the sea,

which they had never yet seen, they became very serious, and asked if they should be able to keep one another in view at Loanda.

"Suppose one went a little way, would the others see that he was not kidnapped?"

"I am as ignorant of Loanda as you are," replied Livingstone; "but nothing will happen to you but what happens to myself. We have stood by each other hitherto, and will do so to the last."

This reassured them. On coming in sight of the sea, they regarded it with awe. One of them afterwards said,—

"We marched along with our father, believing that what the aged people had always told us was true, that the world had no end; but, all at once, the world said to us, 'I am finished; there is no more of me!'"

Livingstone was very ill, and much depressed. He had been told that among twelve thousand souls there was only one English gentleman, and he wondered whether he were of a friendly disposition or the reverse.

He need not have been afraid. Mr. Gabriel, the English commissioner for the suppression of the slave-trade, was kindness itself, and had already sent Livingstone an invitation, which had unfortunately missed him. When they entered his porch, he was delighted to see a number of flowers carefully cultivated, and soon found his host to be one of the right

sort. Seeing Livingstone to be ill, he made him go into his own bed, where, having lain for six months on the ground, he was shortly sound asleep.

The Bishop of Angola (who was also governor) called on Livingstone soon after his arrival, and kindly offered to send him the government physician. The officers of some of Her Majesty's cruisers also called, and sent him their surgeon—whose services he preferred. As soon as he was well enough, he returned the call of the bishop, accompanied by his men, whom Mr. Gabriel had presented with striped cotton dresses and red cotton caps. They were extremely pleased with the bishop's kindness.

Every one remarked their serious deportment. A house with two stories appeared to them a wonderful thing. They said, "It is not a hut; it is a mountain with several caves in it."

Two English officers invited them to visit their vessels, which most of them did. When on board, Livingstone said to them,—

"Now, all these are my countrymen, sent by our Queen to put down the trade of those who buy and sell black men."

They exclaimed, "Truly, they are just like you!" and went forward amongst the men without hesitation. The jolly tars handed them a share of the bread and beef they were having for dinner. The commander allowed them to fire off a cannon; and having the most exalted ideas of its power, they

were greatly pleased to be told, "That is what they put down the slave-trade with."

These men had behaved extremely well on the long journey from Linyanti; and when they saw the consideration with which Livingstone was treated by his own countrymen, it increased their confidence in him, and they ever afterwards treated him with the greatest deference. They easily got employ in collecting and selling firewood, and in coaling the cruisers at sixpence a day, which they did for a month; and great was their astonishment at the quantity a ship could hold. With their earnings they bought clothes, beads, &c.; always choosing calicoes of good quality. The bishop and merchants were pleased with Livingstone's views on lawful trade in place of the slave trade, and gave him letters to the Portuguese authorities in East Africa, when he should have completely crossed the mighty continent. He left Loanda on the return journey, on the 20th of September 1854.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE VICTORIA FALLS.

LIVINGSTONE could easily have had a passage to England from Loanda if he had wished it; but he would not forsake his humble companions, whom he had promised to see safe home again. He therefore contented himself with sending letters and a journal to his family by an English commander; and when he learned that they were unfortunately lost at sea, he rejoiced that the captain and crew were saved, though the papers were lost, and did his best to write them over again for a safer opportunity.

They pursued their slow land-journey with occasional halts, and deviations from the former track; and in June, Livingstone mentions that he had his *twenty-seventh* attack of fever. How patiently borne! His old friend Shinte was very glad to see him again, and made him stay some days. At many towns they were received with rejoicings, and bountifully supplied with food. Livingstone felt

deeply grateful for their kindness, and tried to benefit them in the only way he could—by imparting a knowledge of the Saviour.

In August they reached Naliele, where the chief was in affliction at the loss of his daughter. Long before they came to Sesheke, they were informed that a party of Matabele men from Moselekatse had brought some packages of goods for Livingstone to the south bank of the river, near the Victoria Falls; and though they declared they had been sent by Mr. Moffat, the Makololo refused to believe it, saying, "We know better than that. How could he tell Moffat to send things for him here, when he has gone to the north?"

The Matabele replied: "Well, here are the goods: we place them now before you; and if you leave them here to perish, the guilt will be yours."

When they had gone, the Makololo thought better of it, and carried the packages carefully to a little island in the river, where, after building a hut over them, they left them. And here Livingstone found them, where they had remained unhurt from September 1854 to September 1855. His pleasure may be imagined. The letters from England were indeed very stale, but very welcome. They included one from Sir Roderick Murchison,—who had actually divined the peculiar form of the continent, while Livingstone was verifying it.

After waiting a few days at Sesheke, Livingstone

proceeded to Linyanti, where he found his waggon, and everything he had left there in November 1853, perfectly safe. A grand meeting of all the people was called to receive his report and the presents which had been sent by the governor and merchants of Loanda, in token of their friendly feelings and readiness to enter into commercial relations with them. He then desired his men to tell *their* story, which they did in glowing terms.

One old man said,—"Then you reached Ma Robert?" (Mrs. Livingstone.) They were obliged to say they had not.

The presents gave great delight; and on Sunday, when Sekeletu appeared in the uniform that had been sent him, it withdrew general attention a good deal from the sermon.

The Makololo expressed satisfaction at the new route that had been opened up to them, and discussed the question of removal towards it, but the old men raised objections. At length Sekeletu stood up, and said,—"I see the advantages of what you have proposed; but with whom am I to live there? If *you* were coming with us, I would remove to-morrow. But now you are going to the white man's country to bring Ma Robert; and when you return, you will find me near the spot on which you wish to dwell."

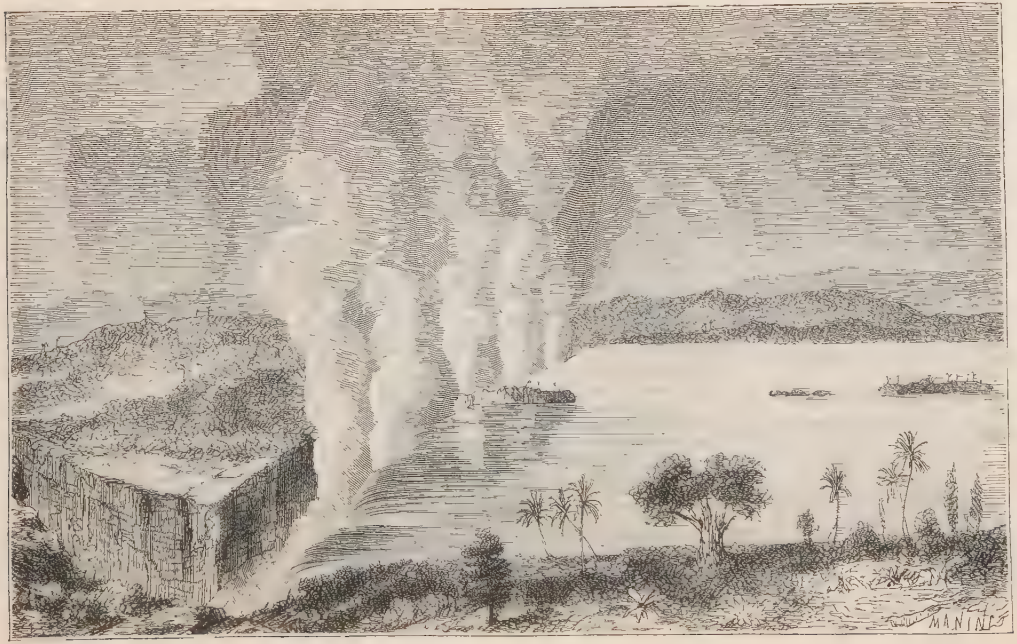
Having failed to find a carriage-path to the west, it became a question to which part of the east coast

Livingstone should direct his steps The Arabs had come from Zanzibar through a peaceful country. The Makololo knew all the country eastward as far as the confluence of the Kafue with the Zambesi; and they all advised this way in preference to the other. They said the only difficulty was that in the Falls of Victoria. Livingstone could not help wishing he had Mr. Oswell to decide the question. The first was the easier, because all the natives were friendly; but water-carriage was so much the more convenient, that he decided on going down the north bank of the Zambesi.

They started on the 3rd of November, accompanied by Sekeletu and about two hundred followers. They all fed at his expense; and his provisions for the travellers' wants were most liberal. Livingstone was deeply grateful for this, for he had quite exhausted his own resources. At night, when Livingstone suffered from cold, Sekeletu covered him with his own blanket, and lay uncovered himself. What a kind heart he had!

Sebituane had formerly asked, "Have you *smoke that sounds* in your country?"—meaning, Have you water that makes a rushing noise, a deafening roar, as it falls? They were now approaching such an immense body of water.

Having descended about ten miles, Livingstone determined to visit the falls next morning. Sekeletu would have liked to accompany him; but only



THE VICTORIA FALLS, ZAMBESI.

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one canoe, instead of the two he had ordered, having come, he resigned it to his friend. After twenty minutes' sail from Kalai, Livingstone came in sight, for the first time, of the columns of vapour aptly called by the natives "smoke," rising five or six miles off, exactly as when large tracts of dry grass are burned.

Five columns now arose, as if against a low ridge covered with trees. They were white below and dark above, exactly like smoke. Their appearance was extremely beautiful; their tops seemed to reach the clouds. Probably the scene had never before been witnessed by European eyes. The only want felt was of mountains in the background.

About half a mile from the falls, Livingstone left the canoe for a lighter one, with men in it acquainted with the falls. They took him down the centre of the stream, where there was much danger of their being swept down the abyss; but the river was then at its lowest. Though they reached a little island in the middle, within a few yards of the fissure, no one could see exactly where the vast body of water immediately before them went. The crack right across the broad Zambesi was so narrow and so deep, that the stream of a thousand yards broad leaped down a hundred feet, and then became suddenly compressed into a space of fifteen or twenty yards. It was very wonderful, and very beautiful. Livingstone crept with awe to

the nearest verge, and then peered down into the great rent where the angry waters were raging and roaring far, far below!

In looking down into the fissure on the right of the island, nothing could be seen but a dense white cloud and two bright rainbows on it (the sun being then in the meridian). From this cloud rushed up a great jet of vapour exactly like steam, two or three hundred feet high. Then, condensing, it changed its hue to that of dark smoke, and came back in a constant shower which soon wetted them to the skin. This shower chiefly fell on the opposite *lip* of the fissure; and a few yards back stood a hedge of evergreen trees, whose leaves were always wet. From their roots many little rills run back into the gulf; but, as they flow down the steep rock, the column of vapour licks them up, and they never reach the bottom.

When Livingstone told Sekeletu that he had nothing equal to these falls in his kingdom, he became very desirous to see them the next day. When he returned, he acknowledged having felt a little nervous at the probability of being sucked into the abyss. Livingstone sowed about a hundred apricot and peach stones on the island, and also some coffee seeds. He likewise cut his initials on a tree, and the date 1855. Hereafter, perhaps, it will be hunted for. They then returned to Kalai.

On their way they saw the hut on the island

where his packages had lain so long in safety. On November 20th, Sekeletu and his party, having accompanied him thus far, and furnished him with a company of one hundred and fourteen men (the head-man of whom was Sekwebo, a man of good birth) to carry ivory, &c., to the coast, he bade adieu to the generous and friendly chief of the Makololo, and proceeded towards the Lekone. This river flowed in an opposite direction from the main stream they had left, and it was plain that they were ascending, the further they went eastward.

The men supplied by Sekeletu were of different tribes, and took their rations in separate messes. Each knew his own place in the nightly encampment; and as this was always so placed as that their backs should be to the east, they lost little time in setting up their sheds.

Through many unknown places with unknown names, and generally friendly but ignorant people, they steadily made their way, Livingstone sometimes walking, sometimes riding an ox,—always observing new plants, animals, customs, courses of rivers, and whatever was worthy of notice. They were supplied with food abundantly, and he was often asked for medicine. The chiefs and people eagerly caught up the idea of living in peace as the probable effect of the gospel. They did not need to be told of the existence of a God; and they seemed to have a predisposition for worship.

As they approached the Zambesi, the country became thickly covered with bushes, and the abundance of water-fowl told them that they were near a great river. When they reached it, the cloudiness of the weather prevented observations being made. The hospitality of the inhabitants still continued; and Livingstone says, "In few other countries would one hundred and fourteen sturdy vagabonds be supported by the generosity of the head-men and villagers, and whatever they gave be presented with politeness."

A chief named Mpende, however, and his people, showed symptoms of hostility. Had he struck the first blow, he would have found it the greatest mistake in his life. Two old men came from him to prove Livingstone with questions.

"Who are you?"

"I am a Lekoa" (Englishman).

"We don't know that tribe. Most likely you are a Mazunga (Portuguese) of the tribe with which we have been fighting."

Livingstone made them look at his skin, and asked them if it were the colour of a Portuguese.

"No, we never saw a skin so white as that. Ah, you must be one of that tribe that has a heart for the black man!" and thenceforth their fears vanished.

Livingstone, learning the turn affairs were taking, sent a courteous message to Mpende, requesting the

loan of a canoe to cross the river in, as one of his men was ill.

"This white man," remarked Mpende, "is truly one of our friends. See how he lets me know his afflictions."

"Ah!" said Sebweko, Livingstone's messenger, "if you only knew him as well as we do, who have lived with him, you would understand that he highly values your friendship; and as he is a stranger, he trusts in you to assist him."

"Truly, I wish you had come to tell me about him before," said Mpende; "but you shall cross."

And he ordered some of his people to ferry them. Livingstone was sincerely thankful to find himself on the south bank of the Zambesi; and having nothing better to offer, he sent Mpende two spoons and a shirt. He always gave useful and acceptable things when he could. He says: "How some men can offer three buttons, or something equally contemptible, when they have abundance in their possession, is to me unaccountable. They surely do not remember that they are compromising the dignity of an Englishman. The people receive the offerings with shame; and the ladies hand them quickly to their attendants, and afterwards laugh till the tears come into their eyes, and say, 'Is that a white man? Then there are niggards among them too!' A white trader, having presented a chief with *an old gun*, it became a standing joke that 'the white

man made a present of a gun that was new when his grandfather was a baby in the arms of his great-grandmother!'"

Every day had its occurrences, but if we tried to recount them all here, it would make this little book swell as if aspiring to the size of Livingstone's. A walnut-shell will not hold a cocoa-nut.

They were now approaching Tette, the Portuguese settlement, and the men had for some days subsisted only on roots and honey; but Livingstone felt too tired to go on, and sent forward to the commandant his letters of recommendation from the Bishop of Angola. About two o'clock in the morning, he was roused by the arrival of two officers and a company of soldiers, who had been sent with the materials for a civilized breakfast. Livingstone never enjoyed a good breakfast more thoroughly; and soon felt quite able to take the eight miles' walk to the commandant's house, though the path was so rough that one of the officers remarked, "This is enough to tear a man's heart out."

Livingstone was most kindly received by Major Sicard, the commandant, who not only made him his guest, but lodged and fed his men. As it was necessary to leave most of these behind him while he proceeded to England, Major Sicard gave them a portion of land on which to cultivate their own food, generously supplying them with corn in the meantime. He also said they might hunt elephants in

company with his own servants, and purchase goods with their share of ivory and dried meats, to take with them on their return to Sekeletu. They were highly pleased, and killed four elephants within the next two months.

All the gentlemen of the place called on Livingstone during his stay. None of them knew anything about the source of the Zambesi. Livingstone proceeded from Tette to the coast on April 22. A few miles beyond the river Shire, they sailed between extensive flats. At Mayaro the Zambesi is a magnificent river, more than a mile and a half wide, and without islands. Here Livingstone was seized with a severe tertian fever, but continued his journey. His pulse seemed to thump against the crown of his head.

On reaching the east coast, his joy was sadly embittered on finding that Commander Maclune, Lieutenant Woodruffe, and five men of H.M. brigantine *Dart*, had lost their lives on the bar, in trying to meet him. He says, "I never felt more poignant sorrow. It seemed as if it would have been easier for me to die for them, than they should all be cut off from the joys of life in generously attempting to render me a service."

Again he received the kindest attentions, and felt that "there are vast numbers of good people in the world," whom it pleased God to incline to show him every kindness.

Eight of his men had begged to come as far as

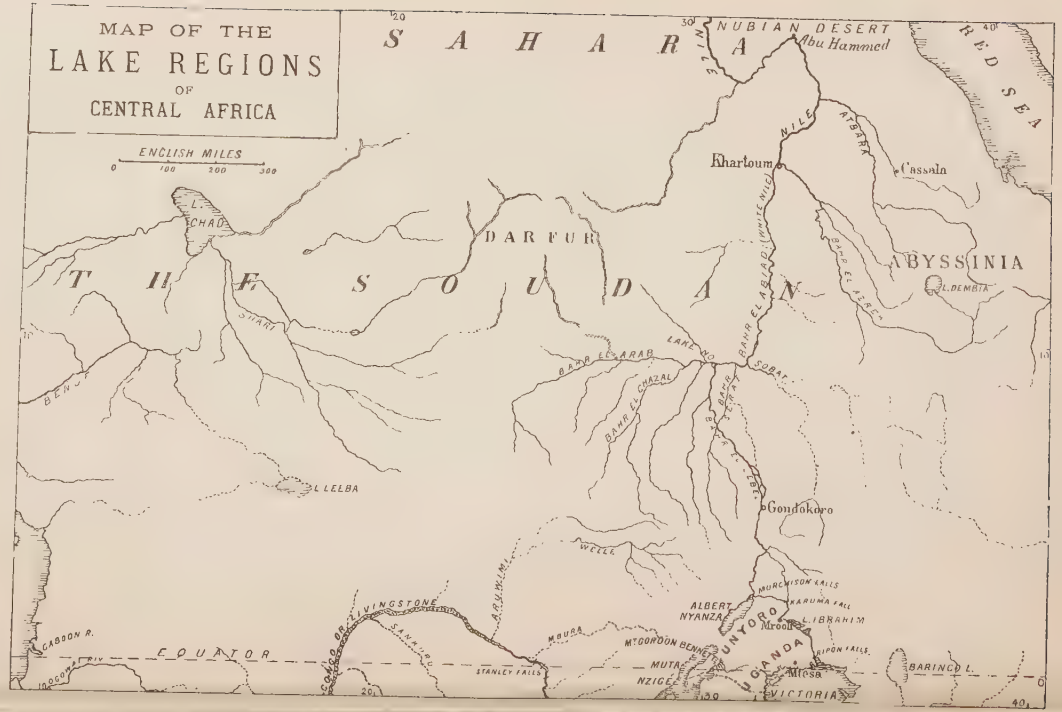
Kilimane with him; and thinking they would see the sea, he consented, though they were short of provisions. From thence he advised their returning to their companions; and as they had twenty tusks still left, he deposited them with Colonel Nunes, that in the event of anything happening to prevent his return to Africa, the impression might not exist that he had made away with Sekeletu's ivory. He explained to his men that he meant, if his life were spared, to buy for Sekeletu the goods he wanted in England with his own money, and repay himself on his return to Africa out of the price of the ivory.

They said heartily,—"Nay, father, you will not die; you will return and take us back to Sekeletu."

They promised to wait for him; and he assured them that nothing but death should prevent his coming back to them.

He felt he had effected something among the heathen, and that when one path was closed another had been sure to open up; so that, while Sechele had unexpectedly undertaken his office as home missionary to the Bakwains, he himself had been left at liberty to explore a vast area of country to the western and afterwards to the eastern coast, completely across Africa, besides tracing large rivers, discovering a mighty waterfall, and entering into friendly intercourse with numerous unknown and kindly disposed natives.

Sekwebo, who was a gentleman in his own coun-


MAP OF THE
LAKE REGIONS
OF
CENTRAL AFRICA
ENGLISH MILES
0 100 200 300
SAHARA
NUBIAN DESERT
Abu Hammed
RED SEA
NILE
ATBARA
Khartoum
Cassala
L. CHAD
DARFUR
ABYSSINIA
L. DEMBIA
BAHR EL ABIAD (WHITE NILE)
BAHR EL AZRAK
BAHR EL GHAZAL
SOBAT
SHARI
BENUE
L. LEELBA
Gondokoro
WELLE
ALBERT NYANZA
MURCHISON FALLS
KARUMA FALL
L. IBRAHIM
Mrooli
RIPON FALLS
Mtesa
UNYORO
UGANDA
MUTA NZIGE
VICTORIA
L. KIVU
LUALABA
CONGO OR ZAIRE
LIVINGSTONE
LAKE L.
STANLEY FALLS
MOUSA
Mt GORDON BENNETT
EQUATOR
GABOON R.
BARINGO L.

ATLANTIC OCEAN
INDIAN OCEAN
ANGOLA
MOZAMBIQUE
URUA
MANYUEMA
UJIJI
Unyanyembe
ZANZIBAR
UGOGO
USAGARA
Buganda
Bunyoro
KILIMANJARO
Mt. Gordon Bennett
Mt. Stanley
ALKANDRA NYANZA
LAIVUNI
RUSIZI R.
Nyangwe
LOMAMI
LUALABA
LINCOLN
LIVINGSTONE FALLS
MOUTH OF THE CONGO
Loanda
Benguela
Mossamedes
Bailunda
Bihe
Katumbella
Shinté
Kilemba
HASSALI
KAMOLONDO
LOVALE
CASEMBE
LOMAMI
LUALABA
LUAPULA
MOERO
L. BANGWEOLO
CHAMBESI
ILALA
Chitambo
Quilloa
ROVUMA
Livingstone
L. SHIRWA
Mt. ZOMBA
MURCHISON FALLS
MANGANJA
MORUMBAIA
Sena
Quilimane
MOUTHS OF THE ZAMBESI
Zumbo
KAFUE
CABOMBA RAPIDS
Tete
Sofala
Shesheke
CONYEMA FALLS
Linyanti
VICTORIA FALLS
ZAMBESI
CUBANGO
CUNENE
C. FRIO
OVAMBO R.
L. NGAMI
MACARICARI
MATABELE
KALIHARI DESERT
LIVINGSTONE'S ROUTE
STANLEY'S
10
20
30
40

try, intelligent and amiable, was now the only one who remained, and he much wished to accompany Livingstone to England. He replied, "You will die if you go to such a cold country as mine." "That is nothing," he rejoined; "let me die at your feet." Livingstone consented he should go. This was the first time Sekwebo saw the sea. The waves were very rough, and as they broke over them he said in much alarm, "Is this the way you go?" Livingstone smiled and said, "Yes; don't you see it is?" and tried to encourage him. When they reached the ship *Frolic*, they were hoisted up in a chair, like ladies. Sekwebo seemed a good deal bewildered, but soon picked up a little English, and said several times, "Your countrymen are very agreeable." "What a strange country this is! all water together!"

When they reached the Mauritius, a steamer came out to tow them into the harbour. The constant strain on his untutored mind now seemed to reach its climax, for during the night he became delirious. He descended into a boat, and when Livingstone attempted to follow him and bring him back into the ship, he ran to the stern and cried,—"No, no! It is enough that I die alone. You must not perish. If you come, I shall throw myself into the water."

Livingstone, perceiving his mind was affected, said soothingly,—"Now, Sekwebo, we are going to see Ma Robert."

This struck a chord in his bosom, and he said,—"Oh yes! where is she? and where is Robert?" and seemed recovering.

The officers proposed putting him in chains, but Livingstone would not allow this, and tried to manage him by gentleness. In vain, however. He became violent the next evening, and at length leaped overboard. They never found the body of poor Sekwebo.

He had been captured when a little boy by some of the Matebele, had travelled along both banks of the Zambesi several times, and was well acquainted with the dialects spoken there. He was remarkable for his prudence and sound judgment; and his loss was the source of sincere regret.

Livingstone safely arrived in dear old England on the 12th of December.

CHAPTER XIX.

LIVINGSTONE'S SECOND EXPEDITION.

IN England, after sixteen years' absence, Livingstone had the happiness of revisiting his family (though his good father was dead), and the pleasure of receiving the thanks and praises of all the English best worth knowing. He is spoken of in the newspapers of the day as "rather a short man, with a pleasing and serious countenance, which betokens the most determined resolution. He continues to wear the cap which he wore while performing his wonderful travels. He travelled in the twofold character of missionary and physician, having obtained a medical diploma. On shipboard he was remarkable for his modesty and unassuming manners."

From Sir Roderick Murchison, President of the Royal Geographical Society, he received a large gold medal. At the Mansion House an enthusiastic meeting was held to open a "Livingstone Testimonial Fund," which eventually reached a thousand guineas.

In Scotland, the land of his birth, another fund of a thousand guineas was raised for him. The rich, the noble, and the great, all delighted to honour him.

After two years of delightful rest among his own people, and publishing his first book of travels, Livingstone started on his second expedition on the 10th of March 1858. On this occasion he went under Government commission to explore the Zambesi yet more thoroughly, and extend his explorations into the interior of the country, with the purpose of opening it to commerce. This time he was accompanied by his brother Charles as assistant, Mr. Francis Skead, R.N., as surveyor, Dr. John Kirk as botanist, Mr. Thornton as geologist, Mr. Barnes as artist, and Commander Bedingfield, R.N., as navigator. And among the equipments he took out was a small steam-paddle launch, in three sections, which were to be screwed together on reaching Africa. And thus the *Pearl* set sail.

But disasters and failures beset a well-organized expedition as well as a solitary, energetic Englishman with only a few untutored native helpers; and thus with the present one, which extended over five years.

The little steamer, which was called the *Ma Robert*, —after Mrs. Livingstone,—was duly screwed together on reaching the mouth of the Zambesi, which was in May 1858; and the work of exploration began in it. But its defective construction soon became

apparent, while the furnaces were so ill-contrived as to consume wood as fast as it could be cut.

For about twenty miles the banks were clothed with thick jungle, beyond which was a plain covered with enormously tall grass, through which it was almost impossible to travel. Villages appeared here and there, in little clearings planted with potatoes, cabbages, onions, &c.; and the inhabitants were willing to barter. At Mazaro the people were at war, but they welcomed the voyagers. Beyond this place there was no trade whatever on the Zambesi.

After eighty days' voyage they anchored off the Portuguese settlement of Tette, on September 8, 1858. Here the Makololo men, who had been waiting patiently for Livingstone's return from England all this while, rushed down to the water's edge in transports of joy, and would have caught him in their arms, only that they feared soiling his new clothes. Livingstone was glad to see the honest, faithful-hearted fellows again.

After exploring the river northward of the settlement, they began to descend the Zambesi; and Livingstone took an early opportunity of writing home to Government to state the defective construction and condition of the *Ma Robert*, and beg that a suitable vessel might be sent out for his use. While waiting for this he conducted his companions up the Shire, which no Europeans had ever ascended before. This was in January 1859.

About thirty miles up the river they came to a chief named Tingane, with a body of natives, who called on them to halt. Livingstone complied, and explained to him the peaceable and beneficial aims of the English Government; with which Tingane and his subjects were well satisfied.

After proceeding about a hundred miles up the river, they reached some magnificent cataracts, on which Livingstone bestowed the name of the Murchison Falls, in honour of his kind friend Sir Roderick. Then, after friendly intercourse with the neighbouring chiefs, the *Ma Robert* returned to Tette.

A second trip up the Shire was made in March 1859, and the natives proved most friendly. They made acquaintance with a chief named Chibisa, who lived ten miles below the Murchison Falls.

Leaving their vessel opposite his village, Livingstone, with one of his own party and a number of his Makololo men, who doubtless were quite glad to get hold of him again, started off on foot in good spirits to find Lake Shirwa. They at length discovered it, and found it was from sixty to eighty miles long by twenty miles broad, at the height of 1800 feet above the sea. This discovery alone would have won him renown, had he not possessed so much already.

The explorers returned to the Shire, and then retraced their way to Kongone to get provisions, and repair the little steamer, if possible.

But the *Ma Robert*, which was of steel, was in a

wretched condition, full of holes, cracks, and leaks that defied attempts to mend.

No matter. Next they began to hunt for the Lake Nyassa, which as yet was but a dream to them. They began by reascending the River Shire, and on their way saw the wonderful sight of a herd of eight hundred elephants. Leaving the steamer on August 28, Livingstone started with four white men, thirty-six Makololo, and two guns. Crossing a hilly country, from which were to be seen scores of peaceful villages, they reached a plateau three thousand feet above the sea, and sloping down to the Shirwa Lake, discovered already. The scenery beheld from this plateau was splendid. Thence they got down into the Upper Shire Valley, along the river above the Murchison Falls. At a village which was, in fact, only a day's march from Lake Nyassa, a chief whom they questioned had never heard of it! He told them he did not believe it existed!

At this Livingstone and the Makololo looked very blank; and one of the men said, "Let us go back to the ship: it is no use trying to find the lake."

But another said, "There *is* a lake, however they may deny it, for it is set down in a book."

And, to their great joy, the lake was discovered on the 16th of September.

It may be said that

"Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile,"

there seems nothing for the heart to wish, amid such wonderfully beautiful scenes, but that the curse of slavery should be abolished and every man left to dwell in peace. But the horrid slave-traffic was raging around them, for they were in the haunts of the Zanzibar slave-traders. Scores of Arabs came there yearly to purchase wretched people that had been kidnapped, made prisoners of war, or even sold by their own relatives for a few beads, yards of calico, or pieces of wire. Livingstone's discoveries in the region of Lake Nyassa were of inestimable importance in exposing the lengths to which this infamous traffic had reached. It made his heart cry aloud, and he told of it.

Forty days' tramp brought them back to the Shire, from whence they steamed back to Tette, which they reached on the 25th of April 1860.

Livingstone now called to mind his promise to his friend Sekeletu, to take back the Makololo men and revisit him at Linyanti.

Poor Sekeletu and his subjects had had many misfortunes and troubles. A severe drought had destroyed their crops and pasture-grass. A large body of his subjects had defied his authority; and Sekeletu himself, who was now at Sesheke, had been attacked by a kind of leprosy, which he attributed to witchcraft, and which made him seclude himself from the sight of all but an old woman who was his doctress. He lived entirely in his waggon,

and was much in need of his kind friend's advice and sympathy. We may imagine, therefore, how gladly he welcomed him on the 18th of August 1860.

Livingstone did not like interfering with native advice, but he alleviated his sufferings as much as he could. Sekeletu's face was only slightly disfigured. He had the quiet, unassuming manners of his father Sebituane; spoke distinctly in a low, pleasant voice; and had the manner of a sensible man.

It was a time of great hunger and scarcity; but he treated his visitors most hospitably, giving them tea, preserved fruits, and excellent American biscuit, at every visit. He was much pleased at the various articles Livingstone had brought for him, and asked if a ship could not bring the sugar-mill he had ordered. On being told it might perhaps be brought as far as the Victoria Falls, he asked whether a well-aimed cannon might not blow the falls away altogether, so as to allow the vessel to come up to Sesheke.

A constant stream of visitors rolled in on Livingstone during his stay, all of them in very low spirits. Sekeletu's health and spirits greatly improved during his stay, though he could not be induced to come out of his waggon. He expressed his great desire for English people to come and settle near him, including a physician.

Livingstone, hearing that some letters from Kuruman awaited him at Linyanti, went on Sekeletu's horse to look after them himself. He found the waggon, medicine-chest, tools, books, &c., he had left there eight years before, still untouched; and Sekeletu's two wives cooked him plenty of food, and reproached him gently for not bringing Ma Robert. They repeated some of the prattle of her children in Sechuana, and added, "Are we never to know anything of them but their names?"

Livingstone remained with Sekeletu till the 17th of September, and then parted from him for the last time; for the young chief died in 1864—and his people scattered and dispersed.

Livingstone returned to Tette, where he remained till December 3, and then started with his friends on a new exploration. But they soon found the *Ma Robert* in such unseaworthy plight that it was difficult to keep her afloat. An English sailor's opinion of her was, "She can't be worse than she is, sir."

On the morning of the 21st she grounded and filled, and little was seen of her but six feet of her two masts. The crew and explorers had escaped to an island, and proceeded to a Portuguese friend at Lenna in canoes.

Livingstone's new vessel, the *Pioneer*, arrived—not before it was wanted—on January 31, 1861, and anchored outside the bar. At the same time the

Oxford and Cambridge Mission, in charge of the amiable Bishop Mackenzie, arrived at the mouth of the Zambesi, for the purpose of preaching the gospel to the natives near the Shire and Lake Nyassa. While the others remained behind, the bishop proceeded with Livingstone to explore the Rovuma; but they found the river too shallow for them to ascend above thirty miles, so, picking up their companions, they steamed for the Zambesi.

The *Pioneer*, though excellently fitted for a deep sea, soon proved quite unfit for shallow rivers. Once they were kept a fortnight on the top of a sand-bank. The bishop, and his reverend and willing friends, Mr. Horace Waller and Mr. Scudamore, pulled with a will, as heartily as any.

At Mbame's village they heard, to their great concern, that a slave party would shortly pass; and soon a long file of fettered captives appeared marching along under black drivers,—who, however, no sooner caught sight of the English than they took to their heels, except one, who was caught and detained by a Makololo. On asking this man how he came by his slaves, he boldly said he had bought them; but the slaves themselves denied this, and said they were taken prisoners in war. The slave-driver, watching his opportunity, fled after his brethren into the woods; and the explorers, finding themselves masters of the situation, cut the bonds of the eighty-four captives left in their hands, com-

prising men, women, and children, who were in the utmost surprise and delight at their release. One little child artlessly exclaimed,—

"The others tied and starved us; *you* cut the ropes, and tell us to eat. What sort of people are you? where do you come from?"

Two women had been shot the day before for trying to untie the thongs; one woman's infant had had its brains knocked out because she could not carry it at the same time with her burden; and a man was cut down with an axe because he had sunk from sheer fatigue. Well might the conscience-stricken drivers run off.

A day or two afterwards, the explorers released fifty more slaves, though the experiment was somewhat hazardous.

Livingstone, perceiving that much good would not be done with the *Pioneer*, sent an order to England for a light steamer, in three sections, that should not draw more than three feet of water, at his own cost; and yet he was far from being a rich man. But he thought that such a steamer, well-manned, on Lake Nyassa, might eventually put down the slave-trade, which he detested more and more. Meanwhile, he resolved to have a light four-oared gig carried to the lake; which was done in a month, and carried forty miles on men's shoulders. Livingstone and his companions sailed in it in September.

Returning to their ship, they started down the

river for the Zambesi, in which the *Pioneer* arrived in January 1862. Nineteen days afterwards, Livingstone was surprised and excited by the appearance of H.M.S. *Gorgon*, towing a brig—which proved to contain his brave, devoted wife, and some ladies of the missionary party, besides the steamer he had ordered for Lake Nyassa, at the cost of £6000. Mrs. Livingstone and the other ladies were naturally anxious to hasten to those whom their strong affection had urged them to come so far to meet, and Captain Wilson of the *Gorgon* had most kindly offered to take them up the river in the man-of-war's gig; but when they reached Chibisa's village, on the Shire, they were distressed to learn from the Makololo that good Bishop Mackenzie and Mr. Barrup were dead, and the two ladies who had come out to join them returned to the mouth of the Zambesi almost broken-hearted.

Soon after, two more of the Universities' Mission party fell victims to the deadly climate,—Mr. Dickinson and Mr. Scudamore. And last and saddest of all, at least to Livingstone, his dear Ma Robert, his faithful, excellent wife, who had come out without his expecting her, to consult him, as she told Mr. Monk, on some domestic anxieties and on his own future, died at Shupanga House, on the Shire, on the 27th of April. With a bleeding heart her husband wrote thus of her, two days afterwards, to his valued friend, Sir Roderick Murchison :—

"SHUPANGA, RIVER ZAMBESI, *April 29, 1862.*

"MY DEAR SIR RODERICK MURCHISON,—With a sore, sore heart I write to tell you of the loss of my much-loved wife, whose form was laid in the grave yesterday morning. She died in Shupanga House on the evening of the 27th, after about seven days' illness. I must confess that this heavy stroke quite takes the heart out of me. Everything else that has happened only made me more determined to overcome; but with this sad stroke I feel crushed and void of strength. Only three short months of her society, after four years' separation! I married her from love; and the longer I lived with her, I loved her the more. A good wife, and a good, kind, brave-hearted mother was she, and deserved all the praises you bestowed on her at our parting dinner, for teaching her own and the native children too, at Kolobeng.

"I try to bend to the blow as from our Heavenly Father, who orders all things for us. Some may afford to be stoical, but I should not be natural if I did not shed many tears over one who so deserved them. I never contemplated exposing her in the lowlands. I proposed that the Nyassa steamer should sail out, and, on reaching Kongone, cut wood and steam up the river. This involved but a few days in the lowlands; but another plan was preferred. She—that is, the steamer—came to pieces in the brig. Gladly accepting the kind offer of Captain Wilson,

of H.M.S. *Gorgon*, to help us up to the Murchison Cataracts, we found, by a month's trial, that the state in which the engines were precluded from ascending the Shire with the pieces on board the *Pioneer*. We were forced to put her together at Shupanga; and we have been three months instead of three or four days down here. Had my plan been adhered to,—but why express useless regrets? All had been done with the best intentions. But you must remember how I hastened the first party away from the Delta, and, though I saved them, got abused for breaking the Sabbath. Then I prevented Bishop Mackenzie's party from landing at all till these same unhealthy months were past; and no one perished, till the bishop came down to the unhealthy lowlands and died.

"I shall do my duty still; but it is with a darkened horizon that I set about it.—Ever affectionately yours, DAVID LIVINGSTONE."

Though Livingstone was not a man to say nearly as much as he felt, he knew a brave man's best remedy for heavy afflictions was by nobly struggling on, to do good to others, and thus converting them into what Milton called "victorious agonies."

After his last bitter tear on Ma Robert's grave, he continued to explore the great rivers. His friend Mr. Thornton, the geologist, died in his absence; and Mr. Charles Livingstone and Dr. Kirk, after

suffering severely from the climate, returned home. Two months later, just as Livingstone was going to make use of his own steamer, the *Lady Nyassa*, which had cost him £6000, he was recalled from Africa by Earl Russell. So he took the longest way round, which is said to be the shortest way home, and *navigated his steamer himself* from Zanzibar to Bombay, a distance of more than two thousand five hundred miles. Here he disposed of the *Lady Nyassa* for only a third of what she had cost him, and placed the money in the hands of a banker, who afterwards failed. Losses try some people more than crosses; but the more rubs finely-veined wood gets, the more its beauty is brought out.

CHAPTER XX.

LIVINGSTONE'S THIRD EXPEDITION.

"On, Stanley, on!"—Sir W. Scott.

LIVINGSTONE returned to England, and the account of what he had seen, felt, and thought during his late expedition so excited and warmed Sir Roderick Murchison, that he urged him to explore the unknown country between northern Nyassa and southern Tanganika. Livingstone hesitated. He was now no longer young, had become acquainted with grief, had lost almost all he had, and wished to provide for his family. Sir Roderick said heartily, "Leave that to me; I will look after that!"

And so he would have done, no doubt, but he died before Livingstone did! However, his cheering assurance heartened Livingstone for new toils and adventures; for he thoroughly trusted his good friend,—and besides, he liked the work itself.

There is a race of men—of Englishmen—distinguished beyond almost all the world besides.—men

of education, position, courage, good-fellowship, high-mindedness; quick of sight, sure of aim, ready in resources, rich in health, of indomitable courage,—who brave and seek danger because they like it, and like turning it to the benefit of mankind.

Who would not be one of them? Of this sort are those who scale Alps, hunt for north-west passages, head forlorn hopes, explore unknown wilds, deliver captives. Of this sort were some of those who came across Livingstone in Africa, such as Mr. Oswell and Mr. Webb of Newstead Abbey.

On Livingstone's second return to England, Mr. Webb warmly pressed him to visit him, so he gratefully went to Newstead; and in that charming place, replete with every beauty and comfort, with quiet when he liked it, and with delightful intercourse when he liked it, he wrote his second volume of travels, "The Zambesi and its Tributaries," between August 1864 and April 1865. The room he occupied at the time now goes by the name of "Livingstone's Room." To every visitor of any worth, it will henceforth be regarded with deep interest and reverence.

When Livingstone had ended his book,—and it was a very serious matter to him to write one; in fact, he said it was more troublesome than exploration,—he began to prepare for his third, and, as it proved, last expedition. A thousand pounds was given towards its expenses by his generous friend,

Mr. James Young of Kelley, playfully called by Livingstone "Sir Paraffine Young," because of his well-known discovery of paraffine. He will surely value the designation henceforth more than any other order of merit.

How easy it is to learn to love one's friends' friends, when they have distinguished themselves by any good and fine deed! The names of these benefactors of Livingstone will henceforth be remembered and honoured by all England, so to say; that is, by all English, and foreigners too, capable of appreciating them.

The British Government also subscribed five hundred pounds, and the Geographical Society a like sum, towards the enterprise; and Earl Russell sent to inquire what remuneration Livingstone would wish for himself. He nobly replied,—

"I need nothing for myself; but shall be amply rewarded if you stop the Portuguese slave-trade."

Livingstone started from England on the 14th of August 1865, taking his daughter Agnes as far as Paris, and then proceeding by himself to Bombay. There he received friendly assistance from the Government, and also obtained from the Nassick School the services of some young liberated slaves, who had been educated there by the Rev. Mr. Price. Their names were Jacob Wainwright, Chuma, Wekotomi, Edward Gardner, Simon Price, &c.; with some of whom, especially the first I have named, we

have recently become well acquainted. Besides these boys, Livingstone was supplied with several men from the island of Johanna, a Sepoy havildar, a few enlisted Sepoys, and some Wasawaheli.

On March 28, 1866, they crossed from Zanzibar to the mainland of Africa, and at once started for the interior by way of the River Rovuma. Friends at a distance were on the tenter-hooks of expectation for news of him, which never came, till, after enduring suspense for months, they were startled and shocked by the appearance of one of the Johanna men, named Musa, at Zanzibar, who reported that Livingstone had been murdered on the shores of Lake Nyassa by a party of the Mazitu tribe. He said that the Sepoys had previously been discharged and sent home ill, and that the little remaining band of followers had been unable to protect their master, and were chiefly either dispersed or slain.

Sir Roderick Murchison and many others refused to believe the truth of this tale; and entreated our Government to equip a boat expedition to Lake Nyassa to search into the facts.

This expedition was put in command of Mr. G. D. Young, warrant-officer, R.N., and Lieutenant Faulkner, 17th Lancers, and started from England for the Zambesi on June 11th. They put together a steel boat, made in sections, which they carried overland from Chibisa's village to the Upper Shire, up which they sailed for the Nyassa. None of the

LIVINGSTONE EMBARKING AT ZANZIBAR IN 1866.

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natives knew anything of Livingstone's death; they said he had gone forward in good health. The Sepoys had returned invalided from the effects of the climate—the havildar had died. The Johanna men appeared to have told lies for the sake of obtaining their pay from the consul.

The painful suspense occasioned in England by these false reports was relieved, though not till 1868, by letters received from Livingstone himself, which had been written as far back as February 1867, in which he said that he had been unable to send letters before, owing to the absence of caravans in the regions he was visiting. These letters must have been a great comfort to his affectionate and troubled family.

In July 1868 he wrote again, from the neighbourhood of Lake Bangweolo, and spoke of some wonderful explorations he had made south and south-west of Lake Tanganika.

On May 30, 1869, he wrote a third time, from Ujiji, which contained the last news from him received up to July 1872.

What harassing suspense! So many rumours were afloat of his death in one way or another, that none knew what to believe, to hope, or to fear.

Sir Roderick Murchison having stated that it was not the intention of the Royal Geographical Society to send out another expedition, the Americans very benevolently took it up; and Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the young manager of the *New York Herald*,

by what may be almost called a stroke of genius, and a brilliant one too, conceived the idea of sending out just the right man for the task, in the person of Mr. Henry M. Stanley.

This gentleman, who had the true spirit of adventure in him, was then in Spain, acting as Mr. Bennett's travelling correspondent; and the way in which the business was first brought to pass is so well told in his own words, that it would be a pity to use any other, except in the way of abridgment.

On the 16th of October 1869 he was at Madrid, fresh from the carnage of Valentia, when he received a telegram containing these words:

"Come to Paris on important business."

"Down came my pictures from the walls of my apartments on the second floor; into my trunks went my books and souvenirs; my clothes were hastily collected, some half-washed, some from the clothes-line half-dry: and after a couple of hours of hasty work, my portmanteaus were strapped up and labelled 'Paris.'

"At three P.M. I was on my way, and did not arrive in Paris till the following night. I went straight to the Grand Hotel, and knocked at the door of Mr. Bennett's room.

"'Come in,' I heard a voice say.

"Entering, I found Mr. Bennett in bed.

"'Who are you?' he asked.

"'My name is Stanley,' I replied.

"'Ah, yes! sit down. I have important business in hand for you.....Where do you think Livingstone is?'

"'I really do not know, sir!'

"'Well, I think he is alive, and that he can be found; and I am going to send you to find him.'

"'What!' said I, 'do you really think I can find Dr. Livingstone? Do you mean me to go to Central Africa?'

"'Yes; I mean that you should find him wherever he is, and get what news you can of him. And perhaps,' speaking thoughtfully and deliberately, 'the old man may be in want. [These young Americans thought him old at fifty-three.] Take enough with you to help him, should he require it. Of course you will act according to your own plans. Do what you think best; BUT—*find Livingstone!*'"

Expense seemed no object to this liberal young publisher: and the upshot was that Stanley was directed first to see the opening of the Suez Canal; visit Jerusalem, Constantinople, Persepolis, Bagdad, India; and a few other small matters, by which time Livingstone would probably have worked his way up to Zanzibar. "'That is all. Good-night, and God be with you!'"

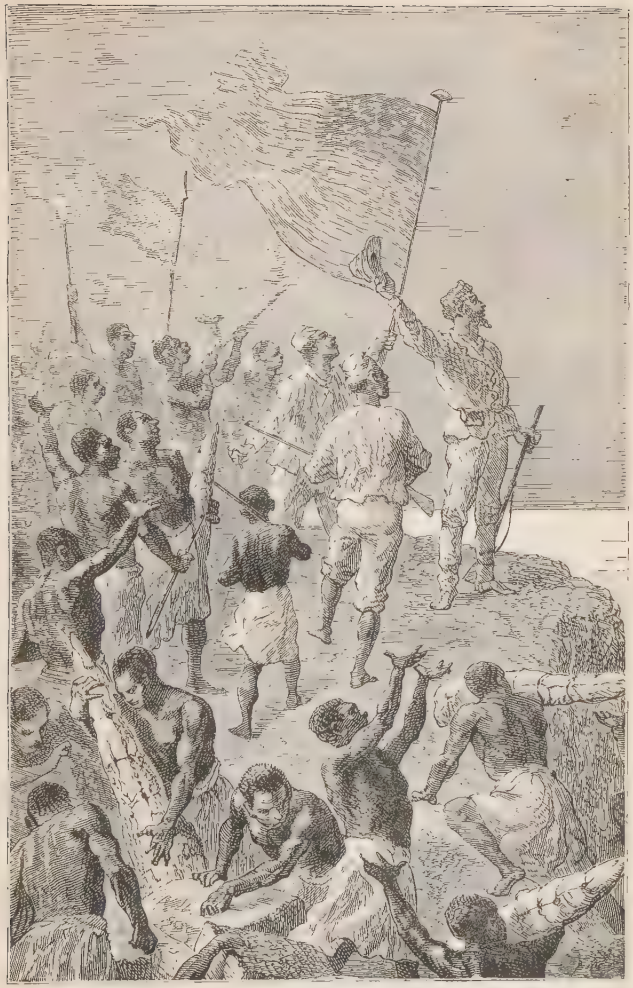
"'Good-night, sir. What it is in the power of human nature to do, I will do; and on such an errand as I go upon, God *will* be with me.'"

And so this energetic, spirited young man set out on his mission, in due time to accomplish it. With great modesty, Mr. Stanley states at the very outset that he was only Mr. James Gordon Bennett's salaried correspondent. He engaged a clever mate, named Farquhar, on the voyage, and an Arab boy from Jerusalem as interpreter, and arrived at Zanzibar in January 1871.

He supplied himself with stores of whatever he thought he should want, and hired a discharged mate named Shaw, and five men who had served under Captain Speke, and were known as Speke's "Faithfuls." One of these was called Bombay, another Mabruki. Bombay was made captain of the escort of native soldiers.

Stanley procured a large boat capable of carrying twenty men, and a smaller one that could comfortably hold six, with stores. But we have no intention of giving even a summary of this very interesting journey, full as it is of adventure; and we must, therefore, go directly to the point—that is to say, to Ujiji—as fast as our pen can carry us, though the indefatigable Stanley did not reach it till November 1871, on the two hundred and thirty-sixth day after the departure from Bagamoyo, near Zanzibar.

The first tidings had been unexpectedly received on November 2, from a caravan of travellers from the south-west of Lake Tanganika. Stanley asked



STANLEY'S FIRST SIGHT OF LAKE TANGANIKA.

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the news, and thrilled on hearing that a white man had just arrived at Ujiji from Manyuema.

"A white man?"

"Yes, a white man."

"How is he dressed?"

"Like you."

"Is he young or old?"

"Old. He has white hair on his face and is sick."

"Where does he come from?"

"From a very far country."

"Was he ever here before?"

"Yes; he went away a long time ago."

"Hurrah!" thought Stanley to himself; "this is Livingstone! He *must* be Livingstone! We must march on quickly, lest he should go away."

A few days' delay yet occurred, and he could hardly control his impatience. Meanwhile, he caught sight of a silvery gleam of the beautiful LAKE TANGANIKA. They pressed forward rapidly. "On, Stanley, on!" The looked-for hour was at hand.

"Unfurl your flags and load your guns!" he cried.

"We will, master! we will!"

"One, two, three—fire!"

A volley from nearly fifty guns roared like a salute from a battery of artillery. It awakened Ujiji to the knowledge that a caravan was approaching; but the American flag, held aloft by the gigantic Asmani,

whose face this day was one broad smile, puzzled them at first. A crowd speedily collected. Suddenly a voice cried to Stanley,—

"Good-morning, sir!"

"Who are you?" cried he, startled.

"I am Susi, Dr. Livingstone's servant," he replied, showing a gleaming row of white teeth as he smiled.

"What! is Dr. Livingstone here?"

"Sure, sure, sir. Why, I leave him just now."

"Good-morning, sir," said another voice.

"Hallo! is this another?"

"Yes, sir; my name is Chumah, sir."

"What! are you Chumah, the friend of Wekotomi?"

"Yes, sir."

"Run, Susi, and tell the doctor I am coming."

Away darted Susi like a madman.

Every minute the crowd was getting denser. Soon Susi came running back, to ask Stanley's name, and then off again. The doctor could scarcely understand it all. Selim said excitedly to Stanley, "I see the doctor now, sir. Oh, what an old man! He has a white beard." And Stanley would gladly have stolen out of the men's sight for a little, to give vent to his feelings. His heart beat fast; but he controlled himself, and walked down an avenue of living people to the man with the gray hair. He had found Livingstone!

He perceived that he looked wearied and worn, had gray whiskers and moustache, wore a blue cloth cap with a faded gold band round it, a red-sleeved waistcoat, and a pair of gray tweed trousers.

Stanley could have run to him and embraced him, but *mauvaise honte* prevailed, in the presence of so many strangers; so he took off his hat and said,—

"DR. LIVINGSTONE, I PRESUME?"

"Yes," said he, with a kind, cordial smile, lifting his hat. He knew nothing of what Stanley had gone through to find him.

They grasped each other's hands. Stanley said,—

"I thank God, doctor, I have been permitted to see you!"

He replied,—"I am thankful that I am here to welcome you."

Then they both turned towards his house; the Arabs looking on, greatly interested and wondering. He pointed to his own seat under the simple verandah, or rather shed; and when they were seated side by side, words flowed fast and faster.

"How did you come here? Where *have* you been all this long time? The world believed you were dead!" And all the while, Stanley was gazing earnestly and eagerly on that wonderful figure and face—every hair of his head and beard, every wrinkle on his skin, and the slightly wearied look he wore, were all imparting more and more know-

ledge of him—the knowledge he had been craving for ever since he heard those stirring words,—

"Take what you want, but find Livingstone!"

The Arabs rose up with a delicacy he approved, and left them to themselves.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE OLD AND THE YOUNG TRAVELLER.

THERE was so much to recall and recapitulate of the last four or five years' events, that they hardly knew where to begin or leave off. Stanley remembered that one of the Arabs who had just withdrawn was the father of a gallant young man who had fought beside him and afterwards fallen; therefore he sent his man Bombay to talk to him. He also gave orders for his men's rations, and sent for the bearer of the famous letter-bag marked "Nov. 1, 1870," which was now delivered into Livingstone's hands three hundred and sixty-five days after it left Zanzibar! He kept it on his knee a little while, but soon opened it, and his face lighted up as he saw his children's letters.

Then he asked for news. "No, doctor," said Stanley; "read your letters first, which I am sure you must be impatient to do."

"Ah," said he, "I have waited for them for

years, and have been taught patience. I surely may wait a little longer. No; tell me the general news. How is the world getting along?"

What strange things Stanley had to tell him! The Pacific Railroad completed—the election of President Grant — the Spanish Revolution — the Danish War—the war between Germany and France —Napoleon prisoner at Wilhelmshöhe—his dynasty extinguished by Bismarck and Von Moltke! What man could have exaggerated these facts?

Meanwhile, soon after the Arabs had departed, tokens of their good-will appeared, in a dish of hot hashed-meat cakes and a curried chicken from one of them, and a dish of stewed goat-meat and rice from another. This reminded Stanley of a bottle of Sillery champagne which he had brought all the way in the hope of this very occasion; and sending his boy Selim for it and for two small silver goblets, he drank a small quantity of it himself, after handing a goblet brimful to the doctor, saying, "Dr. Livingstone, to your very good health, sir!" "And to yours," Livingstone returned smilingly. And then they continued talking and talking, and eating whatever was brought them, and talking again, through the rest of the afternoon; while now and then Halimah the cook popped her head in, to be sure that her master was doing justice to her merits, because, till this other white man had dropped in, he could hardly eat anything. They could hear

her tongue rolling off a tremendous quantity of chatter to the curious crowds who were looking in on her; and Livingstone told of her faithful services amid his difficulties and distresses. When he reached Ujiji, he had been told that all his goods had been sold!—and he was reduced to poverty. He had had a weakening attack of illness, also, and his condition was most deplorable. But the cheering events of this day had already made him stronger and better, and his appetite had returned to him.

While the dark shades of night stole over the grove of palms in the distance, and they listened, with hearts full of gratitude to the great Giver of good and Dispenser of all happiness, to the sonorous thunder of the surf of Lake Tanganika, their minds were yet busy upon the remarkable events of the day, when Stanley remembered that Livingstone had not yet read his letters, and said he would not keep him up any longer.

"Well," said he, "it is getting late, and I will see what my friends say—good-night."

Stanley went to bed supremely happy. Next morning he woke up with a start, and could not think, at first, where he was; but soon remembered, and went out into the verandah.

"Hallo, doctor! you up already? I hope you have slept well."

"Good-morning, Mr. Stanley. I am glad to see

you. I sat up late reading my letters—they brought me good and bad news. Sit down."

He made room for him by his side.

"Yes, many of my friends are dead. My eldest son has met with a bad accident—that is, my boy Tom. My second son Oswell is at college, studying medicine, and is doing well, I am told. Agnes, my eldest daughter, has been enjoying herself in a yacht. Sir Roderick also is well, and hopes soon to see me. You have brought me quite a budget."

"I daresay you wonder," said Stanley presently, "why I came here?"

"It is true," he replied. "At first I thought you an emissary of the French Government, in place of Lieutenant Le Saint, who died near Gondokoro. I really believed you were some French officer, till I saw the American flag: and, to tell you the truth, I was rather glad it was so, because I could not have talked to him in French; and if he did not know English, we should have been a pretty pair of white men in Ujiji. I did not like to ask you yesterday, because I thought it was none of my business."

"Well," said Stanley laughing, "for your sake I am glad I am an American, and not a Frenchman, and that we can understand each other perfectly. But, seriously, don't be frightened when I tell you that I have come—after *you*."

"After me?"

"Yes. You have heard of the *New York Herald?*"

"Oh, who has not heard of that newspaper?"

Mr. Stanley then explained to him how he had been commissioned to hunt for him by the son of the proprietor; and Livingstone expressed his hearty thanks for the seasonable assistance, adding,—

"You have just come at the proper time; for I was beginning to think I should have to beg from the Arabs. That fellow Sherif has robbed me of all. I wish I could embody my thanks to Mr. Bennett in suitable words; and if I fail to do so, do not, I beg of you, believe me the less grateful."

"And now, doctor, having disposed of this little affair, Ferajji shall bring breakfast, if you have no objection."

"You have given me an appetite," said he. "Halimah is my cook, but she never can tell the difference between tea and coffee."

Ferajji (Stanley's cook) was, as usual, ready with excellent tea, and a dish of smoking hot tea-cakes —"dampers," as Dr. Livingstone called them.

When Stanley heard from Livingstone's own lips the tale of all his trials, he thought he had never before been called on to record so moving a history. He could not help recognizing the hand of Providence in guiding him elsewhere at first; since, had he started immediately on the search mission, he probably would have missed Livingstone.

The days came and went peacefully and happily under the palms of Ujiji. Livingstone improved in health and spirits daily. His enthusiasm was restored, and compelled him to wish to be up and doing. But what was he to do, with only five men and fifteen or twenty cloths?

"Have you yet seen the northern head of the Tanganika?" said Stanley one day to him.

"No; I did try to go there, but the Wajiji were doing their best to fleece me; and I had not much cloth. I have not the least doubt, myself, that this lake is the Upper Tanganika, and that the Albert Nyanza of Baker is the Lower Tanganika, connected with it by a river flowing from the upper to the lower."

"Well, if I were you, doctor, I should explore it before leaving Ujiji, and settle the doubts on the subject. The Royal Geographical Society attach much importance to it, and think you are the only man who can settle it. If I can be of any use, command me. Though I did not come out as an explorer, I have a good deal of curiosity on the subject, and should be willing to accompany you. I have about twenty men who understand rowing; plenty of guns, cloth, and beads; and if we can get a canoe from the Arabs, we can manage the thing perfectly."

"Oh, we can get a canoe from Sayd bin Majid. He has been very kind to me; and if ever there was an Arab gentleman, he is one."

"It is settled then, is it, that we go?"

"I am ready whenever you are."

Stanley was learning to know and love Livingstone more and more every day. Now that he was restored to health, he did not look older than fifty. His eyes were hazel, and bright as a hawk's. His hair had a brownish colour yet, though streaked with gray; and he shaved his chin daily. His whiskers and moustache were gray. He had a firm but heavy tread, like that of a tired man. In dress, he was scrupulously clean. He had a fund of quiet humour; and in temper was as near an angel as any man he ever knew. His laugh was infectious in its merriment. His face lighted up with fun.

Another remarkable thing was his retentive memory. He could recite long passages and detached poems from Byron, Burns, Tennyson, Longfellow, and others. His religion was not surface; it was a constant, earnest, sincere principle of action. It exhibited in him its loveliest features; and governed his conduct, not only towards his servants, but the natives, the bigoted Mohammedans—all who came near him. It made him the most compassionable of men and indulgent of masters.

His gentleness never forsook him; his hopefulness never deserted him. No harassing anxieties, no long separation from those he loved, could make him complain. Stanley observed that universal respect was paid to him. Even the Mohammedans never passed

his house without looking in to pay their respects to him, and to say, "The blessing of God be upon you."

Every Sunday morning he gathered his little flock about him, and prayed and read a chapter of the Bible in a natural and sincere tone, and afterwards delivered to them a short address in the Kisawahali language about the subject read to them, which they heard with interest and attention.

Stanley asked Livingstone if he did not feel a desire sometimes to revisit his country and take a little rest after his six years' explorations. He replied,—

"I should very much like to go home and see my children, but I cannot bring my heart to abandon the task I have undertaken when it is so nearly completed. It only requires six or seven months more to trace the true source that I have discovered. .....Why should I go home before my task is ended, when I can very well do it now?"

Sayd bin Majid having very kindly lent his canoe, they started on the cruise in about a week. Livingstone had hired two Wajiji guides, and his intention was to visit the head of the lake and ascertain whether the Rusizi River flowed *into* or *out of* it; then, after their return, to accompany Stanley to Unyanyembi, receive his goods lying there, and wait there while Stanley hurried back to the coast, organized a new expedition of faithful men, well-armed, and sent them to him with whatever he wanted.

Their cruise was diversified by illness. First, Livingstone was out of order, but soon in serviceable condition again ; and they had friendly treatment from the first natives they met on shore. Afterwards they fell in with some who had never before seen a white man, and were distrustful of them. They first heard that the Rusizi flowed *out* of the lake, and then were told just the reverse. They must see for themselves.

Then Stanley was struck down by fever ; and in the intervals between agony and unconsciousness, found that Livingstone was attending him like a father.

When they were able to resume their cruise, they proceeded. The head of Tanganika was indented with seven broad bays : the third of these formed the western side of the fourth bay, at the head of which was the delta of the Rusizi. Towards its principal mouth the water was six feet deep. The current was very sluggish, not more than half a mile an hour. Though two pairs of eyes were on the look-out, they could not see the main channel till they were within two hundred yards of it ; and then only by watching by what outlet the fishing canoes came out. Inviting one of these to precede them, a small flotilla of others joined them from sheer curiosity. In a few minutes they were ascending the stream, which was very rapid, about two yards wide, and not more than two feet deep.

They ascended it about half a mile, the current being very strong; quite enough to observe the nature of the stream at its mouth. It widened, and spread into a multitude of channels, and had the appearance of a swamp. They had now examined each of its three mouths, and settled all doubts as to whether the Rusizi flowed out or in. "The question," says Stanley, "was answered for ever."

Livingstone still thought the Tanganika Lake must have an outlet of its own *somewhere;* but that it was *not* the Rusizi.

Their task was now done; but dangers threatened their return. They resumed their voyage on December 9, and thought some people on the opposite shore seemed watching them, but did not suspect them of hostile intentions. In the morning, while Stanley was sleeping, one of his men cried out, —

"Master, master! get up, quick! Here is a fight going to begin!"

Stanley started up and seized his revolver: a noisy dispute was going on between his people and a vindictive-looking set of natives. Livingstone was nowhere to be seen.

"Where is the doctor?"

"He has gone over that hill."

"Anybody with him?"

"Susi and Chumah."

"Send off two men to warn him."

But just at that moment Livingstone appeared on

the brow of the hill, looking down on the disturbance in a serio-comic manner. In fact, it was a drunken freak of a neighbouring chief and his son, that had nearly led to bloodshed, but which Livingstone, in his gentle, good-tempered way, contrived soon to appease.

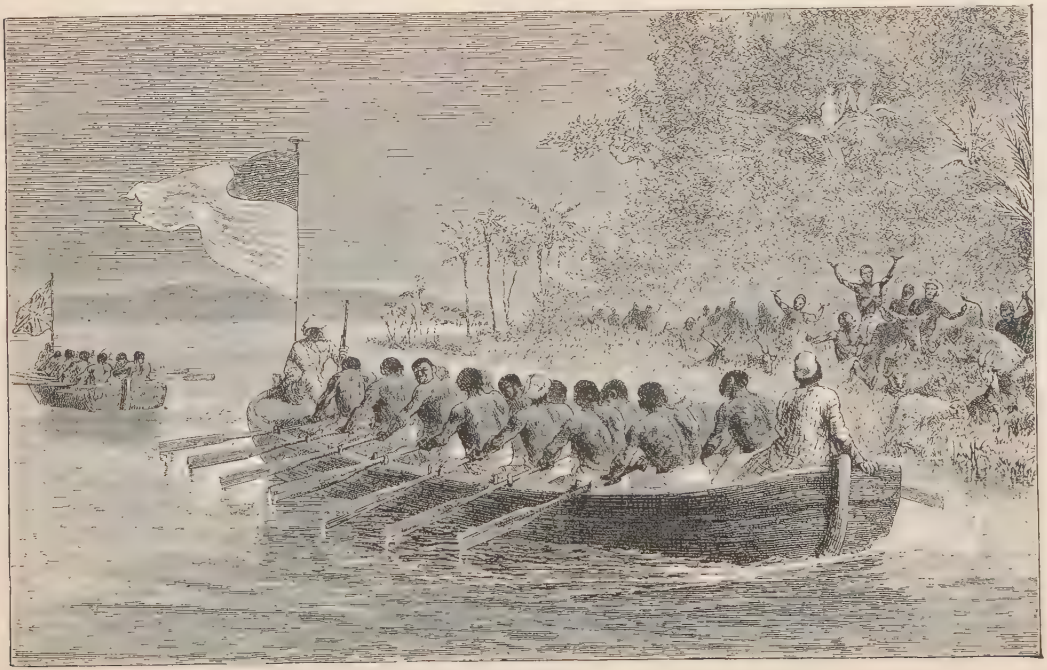
When the troublesome visitors were got rid of, the party re-embarked, and after seven hours' pull Ujiji was before them. They had traversed three hundred miles of water in twenty-eight days, and accomplished their object. They felt quite at home when they sat down again on Stanley's black bear-skin and Persian carpet, resting their backs against the wall and sipping their coffee, after what Livingstone called their "picnic." The old mud-walls and bare rafters were endeared to Stanley, by their having been the scene of his acquaintance with the friend for whom his admiration and attachment were constantly increasing. Soon Livingstone began writing to his numerous friends, and continuing his entries in his enormous Letts's Diary.

Again Stanley was attacked with fever; but recovered just in time for Christmas-day, on which honoured festival he made it his business and delight to superintend the feast prepared by Ferajji. Fat sheep, goats, fish, sweet potatoes, cream, eggs, &c., were ready to his hand, though the roast meat came to grief, and the custard was burned. Good fellowship was the best sauce!

On December 27, Stanley bade farewell to Ujiji, and with Livingstone began to descend the lake on their way to Unyanyembe. Livingstone led the way in Sayd's boat, with the British flag on a bamboo; while Stanley sailed under the American stars and stripes. Livingstone's journey seems to have been taken greatly out of kindness to see Stanley thus far in safety; and the young man was again attacked by fever on the road.

One evening Livingstone told him the sad story of his eldest son Robert—from whom Mrs. Livingstone had derived her pet name of Ma Robert. When accompanying his mother to England, he had been put under charge of a tutor; but when about eighteen years of age he became restless, left Scotland, and sailed for Natal, hoping to reach his father. Disappointed in this, he went to New York and entered the Northern Army—changing his name to Rupert Vincent—and died of wounds bravely received in the cause of liberty before Richmond.

Arriving at Unyanyembe, Stanley learned with regret that his man Shaw had died there. They found many packets of interesting letters awaiting them, besides newspapers, *Punch*, &c. Here Stanley had seventy-four loads of goods, which were to be handed over to Livingstone. There seems to have been a good deal of robbery and spoliation; but still Livingstone received four years' supplies for barter, and many useful things. He gave Stanley a list of



THE SAIL DOWN THE LAKE.

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the only things he now wished for: a few tins of American flour, soda crackers, preserves, sardines, salmon, tea, needles and thread, envelopes, almanacs, a blank journal, &c. Stanley was also to engage for him fifty free men armed with gun and hatchet, to be under his orders, and go wherever he chose; also bullets, flints, and gunpowder.

They had many last words. March 13th was the last of Stanley's stay. It cost him many a pang. At breakfast he could not eat. At last came the inevitable order,—

"Lift the flag, and—MARCH!"

They walked side by side. The men raised a song. Stanley cast long, earnest looks at Livingstone.

"Now, my dear doctor—the best of friends must part."

"Well, I will say this,—you have done for me what few men could do. I am grateful for it. God guide you home safe, and bless you, my friend!"

"And may God bring *you* safe back to us all, my dear friend! Farewell."

"Farewell."

They wrung each other's hands. Stanley was overcome, and turned away. He cried quickly to his men—

"MARCH! Why do you stop? GO ON!"

CHAPTER XXII.

STANLEY'S RETURN AFTER FULFILLING HIS MISSION.

THERE cannot be a doubt that intercourse with a young, fresh, sympathizing mind like Stanley's—sent, too, on such an errand of benevolence!—for more than four months, had the most salutary effect on the worn traveller, and refitted him more than almost anything else could have done for what still lay before him.

About the very time that Stanley found Livingstone—which was in November 1871—Sir Roderick Murchison died of paralysis. But Livingstone was spared the pain of ever knowing that; and as soon as he had taken leave of his young champion, he began a letter to his old friend and patron, which, though he was never to receive it, has quite recently reached England, and in part been given to the public. It is dated March 13, 1872,—and tells of "the worry, thwarting, and baffling" he had endured in trying to prosecute his researches; how ill some

of the men had behaved, and how shamefully his goods had been plundered. He says: "I had to wait in misery, till Mr. Stanley came and proved the good Samaritan."

The loss of letters is also spoken of with great regret by him. He afterwards adds: "Now I am all right. I have abundant supplies of all I need to finish my work. I feel quite exhilarated by the prospect of starting back as soon as Mr. Stanley can send me fifty free men from the coast. When Zanzibar failed me so miserably, I only sat down at Ujiji till I should become strong, and then work my way down to Mteza. I am now strong and well, and thankful, and only wish to be let alone, and finish by the rediscovery of the ancient fountains. In ——'s letter, he talks hazily about Tanganika, and my going home from being tired, and the work being finished by another. You will remember that I recommended him for the task, and that he would not accept it from you without a good salary, and something to fall upon afterwards. I went unsalaried; the sole hope I had was the statement of yours, of March 13, 1866: 'Do your work, and leave pecuniary matters to Young and me.' I have been tired often, and begun again. I have done it all on foot, except in eight days' illness with pneumonia, and the trip down Tanganika.....

"I earnestly hope you will be so far recovered when this reaches you as to live in comfort, though

not in the untiring activity of earlier years. The news of our dear Lady Murchison's departure filled me with sincere sorrow. Had I known that she kindly remembered me in her prayers, it would have been a source of great encouragement. I often thought that Admiral Washington and Admiral Beaufort looked down from their abodes of bliss, to which she has gone, with approbation. Sir Francis's words to the Arctic explorers, that 'they were going on discovery, and not on survey,' have been a guide to me; and I am in hopes that, in addition to discovery, my disclosures may lead to the suppression of the east coast slave-trade by Banian British subjects. If the good Lord of all grants me this, I shall never grudge the time and trouble I have endured. I pray that his blessing may descend on you according to your need, and am, &c.,

"DAVID LIVINGSTONE."

"*P.S.*—Mr. Stanley will be at the Langham Place Hotel when this reaches you; attentions to him and to James Gordon Bennett will gratify me. Agnes will keep my London box and my Journal, which I send home sealed, by Mr. Stanley. D. L."

After having travelled seven hundred and fifty miles in company with Livingstone during his short but memorable visit to him, Stanley pursued his journey to the coast as expeditiously as circum-

stances permitted, and reached Zanzibar on May 7, 1872. After their parting, Livingstone remained behind with the five faithful followers who had served him so well for the last six years,—namely, Susi, his confidential servant; Chumah and Edward Gardner, both from Nassick School; Hamoydah, released from slavery on the Zambesi; and Halimah, the cook, who was Hamoydah's wife.

Meanwhile, in January 1872, the Royal Geographical Society—knowing nothing, of course, of the American Relief Expedition—invited public subscriptions to one of their own, that his own countrymen might go forth and find Livingstone; which was very readily and generously responded to. On the strength of this fund, amounting to between £5000 and £6000, an expedition was equipped, and despatched as soon as possible,—that is, on the 7th of February, under the command of Lieutenant Dawson, Lieutenant Henn, and Mr. Oswell Livingstone, son of the great traveller.

Accordingly, this excellently thought of expedition, though a little too late, arrived at Zanzibar, just before Stanley returned to it, after having achieved the very object it was designed for. Arriving at Bagamoyo, under his tattered but honoured banner of the stars and stripes, with the pleasing knowledge of having accomplished his object, he beheld, on the steps of a large white house, a white man in white flannels and helmet similar to his own.

As he walked up towards him, the other came forward to meet him and greet him most cordially, with much hand shaking, and invited him in, impetuously exclaiming,—"I congratulate you on your splendid success!" Who should this be but Lieutenant Henn, who had gallantly come out from England as one of the new relief expedition! Of course, they were friends in an instant, though it required all Lieutenant Henn's good humour—of which he possessed plenty—to own cheerfully that the wind had been taken out of his own sails by a readier and more fortunate man. The first chief, Lieutenant Dawson, had resigned as soon as he found that Stanley had found Livingstone, so that only Lieutenant Henn and Mr. Oswell Livingstone remained.

"Is Mr. Oswell Livingstone here?" cried Stanley, in considerable surprise.

"Yes; he will be here directly."

"What are you going to do now?"

"I don't think it worth my while to go now. Since you have relieved him, I do not see the use of my going. Do you?"

"Well, that depends. You know your own orders best. If you have simply come to find and relieve him, I can tell you truly he is found and relieved, and that he wants nothing more than a few canned meats, and some other little things, which I daresay you have not got. I have his list in his

own handwriting with me. But his son must go anyhow, and I can get men easily enough for him."

At this time, in walked a slight young gentleman, with fair complexion, light hair, and dark lustrous eyes, who was Mr. Oswell Livingstone. He was very like his father, and had a quiet resolution about him that spoke well for his character.

"I was telling Lieutenant Henn," said Stanley, after the first cordial greetings, "that whether he goes or not, you must go to your father, Mr. Livingstone."

"Oh, I mean to go."

"Yes; that's right. I will furnish you with men, and what stores your father needs. My men will take you to Unyanyembe without any further difficulty. They know the road, and that is a great advantage. They know how to deal with the negro chiefs, and you will have no need to trouble your head about them, but march. The great thing that is required is speed. Your father will be waiting for the things."

"I will march fast enough, if that is all."

"Oh, they will be going up light, and they can easily make long marches."

Stanley enjoyed a good night in a comfortable bed, with a great feeling of relief that his mission was ended.

Next day, the passage-boat came into harbour

which was to take him and his men across to Zanzibar, and warm were the greetings awaiting them. The consul's reception of Stanley was most friendly; and Lieutenant Dawson called on him, to explain how he came to resign. Next day he had friendly visits from Dr. Kirk and Bishop Tozer. Every one told him he was much changed in appearance; he was emaciated, and his hair had turned gray.

He now busied himself in settling with his men, and engaging twenty of them to return to Dr. Livingstone. The morning after his arrival, Lieutenant Henn had formally resigned, and the expedition was from this time in the hands of Mr. Oswell Livingstone, who thought it best to sell all the stores but those that would be useful to his father. What was wanted to make up the full complement were purchased by Stanley out of the money advanced by Mr. Oswell Livingstone. The fifty guns required were furnished out of the stores of the English expedition, as well as the ammunition, cloth, &c. Mr. Oswell Livingstone exerted himself strenuously in the interests of his father, and handed over, to be packed for him, the writing materials, almanacs, &c.

After all, he thought it best not to take charge of the expedition; and Stanley therefore did the best in his power to supply his place by engaging a young Arab who seemed honest and able. He

also obtained, through the American consul's assistance, the services of Johari, the chief dragoman of the American consulate, whom he charged with the conduct of the party across the inundated plain of the Kingana, and who was enjoined on no account to return till the expedition was started thence on its onward march.

The men he had now engaged for Dr. Livingstone's service were fifty-seven in all; and he addressed those of them who had been his late companions, saying,— "You are now about to return to Unyanyembe to the 'great master.' You know him; you know he is a good man, and has a kind heart. He is different from me; he will not beat you, as I have done. But you know I have rewarded you all; how, when you behaved yourselves well, I was your friend. I gave you plenty to eat, and plenty to wear. When you were sick, I looked after you. If I was so good to you, the 'great master' will be much more so. He has a pleasant voice, and speaks kindly. When did you ever see him lift his hand against an offender? When you were wicked, he did not speak to you in anger; he spoke to you in tones of sorrow. Now, will you promise me you will follow him, do what he tells you, obey him in all things, and not desert him?"

They all cried fervently, "We will, we will, my master!"

"Let me shake hands with you all before you go,

and we part for ever." And a vigorous shake was exchanged with each man.

In a short time he marched them out into the street, and to the beach; saw them all on board,—and the vessel sped on her way to Bagamoyo. He felt strangely lonely as his late comrades disappeared. His next object was to prepare for his own voyage to England. At Marseilles he learned from an American friend how highly his countrymen at home regarded the conduct and results of his relief expedition; but it was not till he arrived in England that he realized it.

Doubtless the sympathy and praise of his own countrymen were dearer to him than any other; but Americans set due value on any well-earned recognition of their bravery and benevolence by the mother country. And as Stanley is quick-feeling, and as prompt to enjoy and acknowledge true kindness as to resent the reverse, we may be sure the way he was welcomed and cheered here by the general voice was pleasant and acceptable to him, still more when it was endorsed by our beloved Queen's grateful and gracious expression of her thanks and the reward of merit she bestowed on him.

Lord Granville's letter, conveying Her Majesty's message, commending "the prudence and zeal he had displayed in opening a communication with Dr. Livingstone, and relieving her from the anxiety

which, in common with her subjects, she had felt in regard to that distinguished traveller,"—accompanied by a beautiful and valuable gold snuff-box set with brilliants,—will ever be treasured by him, he says, as among the pleasantest results of his undertaking.*

* "How I Found Livingstone," concluding chapter.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

THE tale now runs downhill to its end. Stanley had sent fifty-seven men and boys to Livingstone on 7th May 1872, among whom were Chowperah, Mabruki, and Khamisi; and the Nassick boys Majwara, Jacob Wainwright, and his brother John Wainwright. These all arrived safely at Unyanyembe about the middle of July, having conducted themselves remarkably well by the way. Livingstone was patiently waiting for them, and started a few days afterwards—namely, on August 2nd—with his party, now numbering eighty with himself and home-servants, and with stores intended to last for three years. He left Unyanyembe for Lunda in a south-westerly direction.

After reaching Mpoka, the way would be all new ground to European travellers. From thence he is at present supposed to have passed through Ufipa, Wemba, Liemba, Mamuga, and so to Lunda and Lake

Bangweolo. Beyond this, at present, we know nothing. But even while I write, Susi and Chumah have arrived in England, and perhaps have already cleared up much we want to know about.

Meanwhile, another relief expedition, under the command of Lieutenant Cameron, R.N., Lieutenant Murphy, R.A., and Dr. Dillon, R.N., to whom was shortly added young Mr. Robert Moffat, nephew of Dr. Livingstone, arrived at Zanzibar, under the auspices of Sir Bartle Frere, on the 9th of February 1873. They were fully equipped with supplies, and their advance caravan started early in April from Bagamoyo for the interior. But in May the melancholy news was received of the death of young Robert Moffat near a place called Simbo.

The remaining members of the expedition reached Unyanyembe about the middle of September, only to receive the sad, sad news of the heroic Livingstone's death from the lips of his faithful Chumah, who had been sent forward in advance to catch the first caravan to Zanzibar.

It appears that, during the interval of which we have no complete narrative, Livingstone wrote several letters full of cheerfulness and graphic details, passages of which have recently been published, and bring him very vividly before us. Warmly grateful to Mr. James Gordon Bennett for the aid so opportunely afforded, he rightly thought he could not do better than make the only return in his power

by writing fresh accounts of the scenes with which he was making acquaintance. First we have these passages tc Mr. Stanley from Lake Bangweolo, saying :—

"My dear Stanley,—I wrote hurriedly to you when on the eve of starting from Unyanyembe ; and the mind being occupied by all the little worries incidental to the starting of the caravan, I felt, and still feel, that I had not expressed half the gratitude that wells up in my heart for all the kind services you have rendered to me. I am also devoutly thankful to the loving Father above for helping you through all your *masika** toils, and bringing you safely to Zanzibar with your energies unimpaired, and with a desire to exert yourself to the utmost in securing all the men and goods for this my concluding trip.

"I am perpetually reminded that I owe a great deal to you for the men you sent. With one exception, the party is working like a machine. I give my orders to Manwa Sera" (the dragoman), "and never need to repeat them. I parted with the Arab sent without any disagreement. I therefore let him go, and made Manwa Sera, Chowpera, and Susi, heads of departments, at twenty dollars, if they gave satisfaction. Majwara has behaved perfectly—but slow ! slow !—and keeps your fine silver

* Rainy season.

teapot, spoons, and knives as bright as if he were an English butler; gets a cup of coffee at 5 A.M., or sooner, if I don't advise him to lie down again; walks at the head of the caravan as drummer—this instrument being the African sign of peace, as well as of war. He objected at first to the office, because the drum had not been bought by either you or me. Some reasons are profound; this may be one of them.

"The fruits, fish, pork, biscuits, fowl, were selected far better than I could have done it. No golden syrup could be found, or you would have sent it. The tea very nicely secured. Your wish for joy of the plum-pudding was fulfilled, though it would have been better had we been nearer Chambezi, where we spent Christmas, to enjoy it."

This seems to show the date of the letter to be *after* Christmas 1872. After some more details about the stores, he observes:—

"The Chambezi was crossed long ago by the Portuguese, who have thus the merit of its discovery in modern times. The similarity of names led to its being put down in maps as Zambesi (eastern branch), and I rather stupidly took this as authority. Hence, my first crossing it was as fruitless as that of the Portuguese.

"The Cazembe who was lately killed was the first who gave me a hint that Chambezi was one of a chain of rivers and lakes that probably forms the

Nile; but he did it in rather a bantering style, that led me to go back to the head-waters again and see that it was not the mere 'chaff' of a mighty potentate." The continuation of this letter may be found in the *Times* of April 7, of this present year, 1874.

To Mr. J. G. Bennett he wrote an entertaining account of Chitimbwa's village, which is now additionally interesting to us from having been near the spot where he breathed his last. The following extract will serve as a sample :—

"At a spot some eighty miles south-west of the south end of Tanganika stands the stockaded village of the chief Chitimbwa. A war had commenced between a party of Arabs, numbering six hundred guns, and the chief of the district west of Chitimbwa, when I was at the south end of the lake. The Arabs, hearing that an Englishman was in the country, naturally inquired who he was; and the natives, fearing that mischief was intended, positively denied that they had ever seen him. They then strongly advised me to take refuge on an isolated island; but not explaining their reasons, I am sorry to think that I suspected them of a design to make me a prisoner, which they could easily have done by removing the canoes. They afterwards told me how they had cheated the Arabs and saved me from harm.

"The end of the lake is in a deep, cup-like cavity, with sides running sheer down at some places two thousand feet into the water. The rocks, of red clay schist, crop out among the sylvan vegetation; and here and there pretty cascades leap down the precipices, forming a landscape of surpassing beauty. Herds of elephants, buffaloes, and antelopes enliven the scene, and, with the stockaded villages embowered in palms along the shores of the peaceful waters, realize the idea of Xenophon's Paradise.

"When about to leave the village of Pambetti down there, the chief's wife came forward and said to her husband—the crowd looking on at us packing up our things,—'Why do you allow this man to go away? He will certainly fall into the hands of the Mazitu; and yet you know it, and are silent.' On inquiry, it appeared certain that these marauders were then actually plundering the villages up above the precipices at the foot of which we sat. We waited six days, and the villagers kept watch all the time, looking out for the enemy. When we did at last ascend, we saw the well-known lines of march of the Mazitu, straight as arrows through the country, without any regard to the native paths; and in the details of their plundering—for in this case there was no bloodshed—we found that the really benevolent lady possessed accurate information."

Three times, he says, he was so "pigheaded" as to suspect kind and faithful natives wrongfully,

and thinks it may have been owing to the irritation produced in him by fever; and that the same cause may have prevented other travellers, sometimes, from being able to say a civil word about the natives. Or if they are not always free from blame, are *we* so? The tone which we commonly affect is that of infinite superiority, and it is nauseous to see it continually cropping out.

Travelling sixty miles forward, they heard of an Arab camp twenty miles yet further, where they went for news; and their reception was extremely kind—quite of a better stamp. Chitimbwa, the chief, had a stockaded village, which Livingstone visited several times. He was an elderly man, and had several wives, who were well-behaved and industrious. He describes their domestic economy, farming operations, &c., and says they manage many things with more common sense and cleverness than is generally supposed. The following is a pretty glimpse of their rural life:—

"The mother works away vigorously with her hoe, often adding new patches of virgin land to that already under cultivation. The children help by removing weeds and grass, which she has uprooted into heaps to be dried and burned. They seem to know and watch every plant in the field. It is all their own; no one is stinted as to the land they may cultivate. The more they plant, the more they have to eat and to spare.

"In some parts of Africa, the labour falls almost exclusively on the women. It was not so here, nor is it generally in Central Africa; indeed, the women have often the upper hand. The clearances, by law and custom, were the work of the men; the weeding was the work of the whole family, and so was the reaping. The little girls were nursing baby under the shade of a watch-house, perched on the tops of a number of stakes, about twelve or fourteen feet high; and to this the family adjourns when the doura is in ear, to scare away the birds by day and antelopes by night. About eleven A.M., the sun becomes too hot for comfortable work, and all come under the shade of the lofty watch-tower, or a tree left for the purpose. Mamma serves out the pottage, now thoroughly cooked, by placing a portion into each pair of hands. It is bad manners here to receive any gift in but one hand. They eat it with keen appetites, and with so much relish, that for ever afterwards they think that to eat with one hand is far nicer than with a spoon.

"Mamma takes and nurses baby while she eats her own share. Baby seems a general favourite, and is not exhibited till he is quite a little ball of fat. Every one then takes off beads to ornament him."

What a pleasing picture this is! And when we think that scenes like these were liable to sudden and violent destruction, by the bursting in on them

of a brutal gang of slave-dealers,—like those who took to their heels at the first glimpse of Livingstone and Mackenzie's party on the Zambesi,—we can well understand his intense abhorrence of the wicked traffic, and why he told Sir Roderick Murchison, that if the disclosure of what he had witnessed should lead to the suppression of the east coast slave-trade, he should never regret the hardships and privations he had endured. Noble-hearted man! Will not England's sons persevere till his soul's desire is accomplished?

The following facts were addressed to Sir Bartle Frere by Mr. F. Holmwood, of Her Majesty's Consulate at Zanzibar, after examining Majwara, a boy of sixteen, of whom we have already read Dr. Livingstone's opinion, and who faithfully served him, and was his constant attendant to the last:—

The party sent by Stanley had left Unyanyembe with the doctor in August 1872, and marched straight to the south of Lake Tanganika through Ufipa, crossing the Bungwa River, where there were some boiling-water springs, bubbling up high above the ground. On reaching the Chambezi River, they crossed it about a week's journey from Lake Bemba (that is, Bangweolo), also crossing a large feeder; but, by Susi's advice, Livingstone again turned northward, and recrossed the Chambezi, or Luapula, as he then called it, just before it entered the lake. He could not, however, keep close to the north

LIVINGSTONE'S LAST JOURNEY.

shore of Lake Bemba, owing to the numerous creeks and streams which were hidden in forests of high grass and rushes. After making a *détour*, he again struck the lake at a village, where he got canoes across to an island in the centre called Matija. Here the shores on either hand were not visible ; and the doctor was put to great straits by the natives declining to lend him canoes to cross to the opposite shore. He therefore seized seven canoes ; and when the natives made a show of resistance, fired a pistol over their heads, after which they ceased to obstruct him. Crossing the lake diagonally, he arrived in a long valley ; and the rains having now set in fully, the caravan had to *wade* rather than walk, constantly crossing blind streams, and, owing to the long grass and rushes, hardly able to distinguish the land from the lake.

Livingstone had been weak and ailing since leaving Unyanyembe, and when passing the south-west end of the lake, had told his boy Majwara* that he felt unable to go on with his work, but should try to cross the hills to Katanda, and there rest, endeavouring to buy ivory, and returning to Ujiji through Manguema to recruit ; but as he approached the northern part of Bisa, arriving in the province of Ilala, he first had to take to riding on a donkey, and then to suffer himself to be carried on a *kitanda*, or native bedstead,—which went much

* Since in Mr. Holmwood's service

against the grain. During the time, he never allowed the boy Majwara to leave him; and he then told that faithful and honest fellow that he should never cross the high hills to Katanda.

He called for Susi, and asked how far it was to the Luapula; and on his answering "Three days," he remarked that he should "never see his river again." On arriving at Ilala, the capital of the district, where Kitambo (Chitimbwa) the sultan lived, the party were refused permission to stay, and they carried Livingstone three hours' march back towards Kabende.

Here they erected for him a rude hut and fence; and he would not allow any one to approach him for the remaining days of his life but Majwara and Susi, except that every morning they were all desired to come to the door and say, "Good-morning, sir."

We may here quote what Dr. Blaikie writes of the closing scene in his "Personal Life of Livingstone:"—

"On the 27th April he was apparently at the lowest ebb, and wrote in his Journal the last words he ever penned—'Knocked up quite, and remain= recover, sent to buy milch goats. We are on the banks of the R. Molilamo.'

"The word 'recover' seems to show that he had no presentiment of death, but cherished the hope of recovery; and Mr. Waller has pointed out, from his

DEATH OF LIVINGSTONE.

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own sad observation of numerous cases in connection with the Universities Mission, that malarial poisoning is usually unattended with the apprehension of death; and that in none of these instances, any more than in the case of Livingstone, were there any such messages, or expressions of trust or hope as are usual on the part of Christian men when death is near.

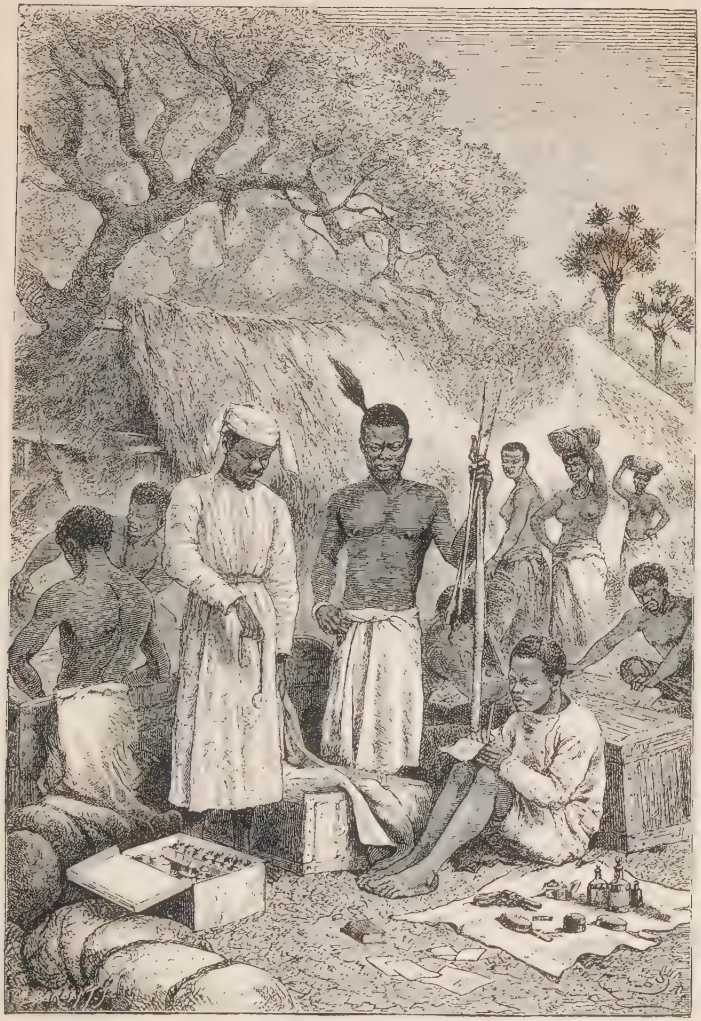
"The 29th April was the last day of his travels. .....At last they got him to Chitambo's village, in Ilala.....

"His people knew that the end could not be far off. Nothing occurred to attract notice during the early part of the night; but at four in the morning, the boy who lay at his door called in alarm for Susi, fearing that their master was dead. By the candle still burning they saw him, not in bed, but kneeling at the bedside, with his head buried in his hands upon the pillow. The sad yet not unexpected truth soon became evident: he had passed away on the farthest of all his journeys, and without an attendant. But he had died in the act of prayer—prayer offered in that reverential attitude about which he was always so particular; doubtless commending his own spirit, with all his dear ones, as was his wont, into the hands of his Saviour; and commending Africa—his own dear Africa—with all her woes and sins and wrongs, to the Avenger of the oppressed and the Redeemer of the lost."

The affection his attendants felt for him is beyond praise. It was the grateful result of his goodness to them. He always stayed his march when any one of them fell sick, but would never allow them to be in any way hindered by his own ill-health.

Susi, hearing that he was dead, told Jacob Wainwright to make a note in the doctor's diary of the things found by him. Wainwright was not quite certain as to the day of the month, and as Susi told him that the doctor had last written the day before, and he found this entry to be dated April the 27th, he wrote April the 28th; but on comparing his own diary on arriving at Unyanyembe, he found it to be the 4th of May; and this is confirmed by Majwara, who says Livingstone was (un?)able to write for the last four or five days of his life. It is thought that the spot where Livingstone died is about 11.25 degrees south, and 27 degrees east; but, of course, the whole of this is subject to correction.

The sagacity and skill with which these affectionate servants preserved their loved master's remains for the long, long journey, is something extraordinary. When everything was at length ready for their funeral progress of fifteen hundred miles, from the centre of Africa to the coast, the caravan started on the sad journey, always looking out towards evening for "a strong place" for the night. Chumah was sent about three weeks in advance,



THE INVENTORY AFTER LIVINGSTONE'S DEATH.

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and met the last relief party, which had already lost poor young Robert Moffat. Struck with sorrow for the loss of Livingstone, Lieutenant Cameron decided to pursue his way to Ujiji, to secure a box of papers which Livingstone had deposited there; and soon after the return march of the others had begun, Dr. Dillon, rendered delirious by his sufferings from fever, and afflicted with blindness, committed suicide.

The arrival of the funeral party at the coast excited profound and painful sensation. The British Consul at Zanzibar immediately transmitted news of it to England; and Livingstone's remains were sent over to England, in charge of Mr. Arthur Laing and Jacob Wainwright, by the Peninsular and Oriental steam-ship *Malwa.*

CHAPTER XXIV.

A HERO'S OBSEQUIES.

LONG before the *Malwa* sighted England, it was decided that her greatest and best discoverer should be interred in her hall of heroes, Westminster Abbey, with every public honour that his Queen and country could bestow.

Many illustrious and attached friends flocked to Southampton a few days beforehand, to welcome all that this earth now held of him. Among them were his honoured father-in-law, the Rev. Robert Moffat; Mr. Oswell Livingstone, his youngest son; Mr. Henry M. Stanley, who "found Livingstone" (which ought to be the motto of his arms); Colonel Grant, the associate of Captain Speke; Mr. Webb of Newstead Abbey, his guest, host, and fellow-traveller; Mr. James Young, jun., of Kelley; the Rev. Horace Waller; and the Rev. Mr. Price.

The *Malwa* encountered very stormy weather nearly all the way home, and was two days after her time.

She was signalled off Hurst Castle on Wednesday, April 22, six A.M., and shortly after those who had anxiously awaited the opportunity of boarding her went out to her in a steam-tender.

"Reflectively watching the arrival of each gentleman on deck" (says the *Daily News*), "stood a short negro lad, dressed in a blue serge pea-jacket, French cap, and tweed trousers, with field-glass slung across his shoulders, and collar glistening almost snow-white against his sable skin. His eyes sparkled as the Rev. Mr. Price shook hands in kindly greeting with his old pupil, and Livingstone's faithful servant, JACOB WAINWRIGHT. Somehow every one seemed moved by one impulse to watch carefully the meeting between Mr. Stanley and the young African, who last saw him in the solitudes of the continent whose interests Livingstone had so much at heart. Though the negro's eyes never left Mr. Stanley for a moment, he made no motion. The tall European hat and cloth overcoat were so unlike the tropical helmet, short frock, and high boots in which Mr. Stanley presented himself before Livingstone's hut door, that the lad, unprepared, was, as might be expected, puzzled. But Mr. Stanley slightly lifted his hat from his forehead, and Wainwright's eyes sparkled: when Mr. Stanley smiled and spoke, the recognition was instantaneous and full. The boy—for though he is one and twenty, he seems but a boy—respectfully and gracefully doffed his cap, and shook hands most

heartily with his former acquaintance. The circumstances under which this meeting took place imparted wonderful interest to the picture. Wainwright speaks good English, uses apt expressions, and thinks and speaks with remarkable intelligence. Many others had something to say to him, and various were the scraps of information elicited. Mr. Stanley had known Wainwright's brother, and he now announced his death. Of the boys and soldiers sent by Stanley to Livingstone from the coast, ten had died.

They now prepared, at the invitation of Admiral Hall, to descend into the compartment where the remains rested; the party being now increased by Mr. Thomas Livingstone, who had sailed home in the *Malwa*, and who had been much affected on meeting his younger brother Oswell.

The *Malwa* steamed into dock; and the *Queen* steamboat, which had brought the civic deputation from the pier, came alongside to receive the coffin. But there was more than the usual lingering. Mr. Stanley, Jacob Wainwright, the venerable Dr. Moffat, and Livingstone's sons, must first be seen, if not spoken with. At last the pulley was brought over the mail-room, and the block was lowered into it. Hats were removed, and all faces were turned towards the spot where the coffin would soon appear.

Then followed the impressive public reception at Southampton; and then the funeral cortége, with its precious freight, was speedily conveyed by rail to

London. There several mourning coaches were in waiting to receive the party, and the body was at once taken to the house of the Royal Geographical Society in Saville Row.

Soon afterwards an examination of the remains was made by Sir William Fergusson, in the presence of Dr. Moffat, Dr. Kirk, Dr. Loudon of Hamilton, the Rev. Horace Waller, and Mr. Webb of Newstead Abbey. The important fact was then ascertained that the condition of the left arm bone, in which there had been an un-united fracture from the bite of a lion over thirty years ago, was so clear that the identification of the body was placed beyond doubt.

The public funeral at Westminster Abbey was fixed for Saturday the 18th, at one o'clock. At an earlier hour a privileged few assembled in the map-room of the Geographical Society, where memorials of Livingstone—his bust, his marvellously careful maps, his sextant, chronometer, and thermometer—were seen around, and his mortal frame in the flower-strewn coffin occupied the centre. At a small table at its head sat the Rev. Mr. Hamilton, a Scotch Episcopal clergyman, who, coming from Livingstone's family home, had been specially requested to conduct the service. The distinguished men already named stood around; Dr. Moffat, patriarchal in years, appearance, and worth; travellers and mighty hunters, like Mr. Webb and Colonel Grant; relatives, like the two sons of Livingstone; men of note, like

the Duke of Sutherland, Lord Houghton, Sir Bartle Frere, and Sir Henry Rawlinson; personal friends, like General Rigby and Dr. Kirk; eminent representatives of Scotland, as the Lord Provosts of Glasgow and Edinburgh, &c.; and, in the background, timidly surveying the gathering worshippers, stood the young negro Kalulu, whose master, Mr. Stanley, occupied a position near the clergyman.

There was no portion of the day's proceedings more touching than when the members of this small congregation bowed their heads in reverence to listen to Mr. Hamilton's words. A few selected verses from the Old and New Testaments were followed by an extempore prayer of singular beauty. In the name of the mourning nation, he praised the Almighty for what Livingstone was and what he did—for what he achieved for his country, and for the far distant land to which he devoted his life—that he was the means of bringing freedom to the enslaved, and light to the people sitting in the darkness of heathendom. "Thou hast seen fit," he continued, "to take him away ere his work here seemed to us completed; but we rejoice to know and believe that Thou hast taken him to be with Thyself, and that now, all his journeys on earth being ended, he has entered into the rest that remaineth. May we be faithful and true, following the example of Thy servant, in so far as he walked in his Master's footsteps; and may we use faithfully and truly for Thee

the gifts, talents, and opportunities given us. Solemnize our minds as we go to the place appointed for the dead; and as the remains of our brother are laid to dust, may each of us, remembering that here we are but strangers and pilgrims, hear the voice, 'I am the Resurrection and the Life.'"

The procession left Saville Row about half-past twelve, watched by a large concourse of spectators. Universal respect was everywhere displayed in the partially closed shops, suspended traffic, and removal of hats. In addition to the twelve mourning coaches were several private carriages, headed by those of the Queen and the Prince of Wales.

Westminster Abbey has not been so crowded for many years as it was on this day. Admission was by ticket; and the applications far outnumbered the seats. Every one was in black. A great public funeral is not always distinguished for patience and silence, but on Saturday an unwonted aspect of reverence was maintained in every portion of the Minster. Occasionally the entrance of a celebrated man would be noted by a faint murmur of recognition, but it would instantly cease, leaving the congregation to gaze—as who can be tired of doing?—upon the matchless architecture of the Abbey, or to watch the passing lights and shadows, tinting now roof, now pillar, now people.

Just without the sacrarium, two tall trestles, covered with black velvet, were ready for the

coming burden. Close by, in the nearest pew, sat several lady relatives of Dr. Livingstone; and on the desk before them were wreaths of flowers, destined to be their last gift to him whose corpse was approaching.

After half-past twelve, muffled peals stole in from St. Margaret's Church,—the Abbey bell remaining always silent (like that of St. Paul's), save for the knell of some member of the Royal Family. The Dean met the procession at the entrance to the west cloister, the congregation being apprized of its arrival by the distant voices of the choristers, whose progress could be marked by the gradual growth of the sound. Soon the whole congregation were standing as one man. The uncovered foot of the coffin, startlingly yellow in its setting of black pall, appeared at the entrance of the choir. The foremost pall-bearer on the left side was the faithful negro lad Jacob Wainwright, in deep black, with white necktie—imperturbable, and apparently unconscious that thousands of eyes were fixed with interest upon him. At the right-hand corner the pall was held by Mr. Stanley, but for whose energy and perseverance the funeral would never, in all probability, have been an event to be compassed in Westminster Abbey. The other pall-bearers were Sir Thomas Steele, Dr. Kirk, Mr. W. F. Webb, the Rev. Horace Waller, Mr. Oswell, and Mr. G. Young.

The other mourners followed in due order, and

LIVINGSTONE'S FUNERAL, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

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arranged themselves around the coffin until the sacrarium, like all the rest of the Abbey, was crowded. Then might be seen how cosmopolitan, how representative, was the congregation assembled to do honour to the departed missionary and traveller. Lord Lawrence, of Indian fame, was one of the most central figures. The Earl of Shaftesbury, Sir Henry Rawlinson, Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, —the names left untold are almost alarming, lest their number should detract from the attention separately due to each. Of some of them collectively, it might perhaps be said,—

> They were great among the thirty,
> But attained not to the three—(1 CHRON. xi. 25),—

Moffat—Livingstone—Williams, the Martyr of Erromanga.

The grand funeral dirge, the Ninetieth Psalm, was sung to Purcell's music; and Canon Conway read the equally grand exposition of the Resurrection by Paul the Apostle to the Corinthians. While the canon read the epistle, the Abbey was cast into a gloom which seemed to creep down the aisles and shroud the gray walls and columns in a gauze of blue mist. The light on the roof, which till then had been silver-bright, now became a sickly straw colour.

The precentor announced Doddridge's well-known hymn:

> "O God of Bethel! by whose hand
> Thy people still are fed;

Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led."

It cannot be often that such a superb outburst of congregational singing resounds through the hoary archways of Westminster Abbey. There were many in the congregation who were intimately acquainted with it, who now joined in a fine volume of harmony.

Immediately on the conclusion of this hymn, the march to the grave began. Before the coffin with its pile of wreaths and garlands had been lowered into the ancient dust, there was no semblance of a passage in the nave. Of the many funerals that have been celebrated in Westminster Abbey in our time, none could equal this in advantage from the position of the grave. It had been dug in the very centre of the nave; and a gradually ascending platform had been raised to the boundary, bringing the burial within sight of all. A narrow space in the middle of the immense crowd reflected the darkness of the grave. Mr. Webb and Colonel Grant, both friends of Livingstone, and African travellers, towered head and shoulders above their fellows. Sometimes other prominent mourners were seen for a moment. About the time when the bands were removed from the lowered coffin, the sun regained its power, and the nave was flooded with brightness.

Before Croft's and Purcell's music was finished,

the shadows again appeared. Dean Stanley performed his part with impressive fervour. The deep volume of sound which filled the Abbey when the spectators repeated the Lord's Prayer, was almost as remarkable as the singing of the hymn. The concluding music was sung in the midst of another outbreak of sunshine; and this, as a musical performance, was the most exquisite of the whole. It was the anthem, "His Body is Buried in Peace;" and into it the choir put all its sweetness and strength. At times the harmony sank into mournful strains; only, however, to swell into the expression of triumph, even as the clouds that had darkened the building had suddenly given place to April sunshine.

Then, as the friends took their last look into the grave, the movement moderated into a placid flow of song, signifying the resignation which must be preached, but which is so hard to practise. Mr. Turle gave the "Dead March in Saul" while the congregation dispersed.

Considerable numbers lingered in Dean's Yard to see Mr. Stanley, Kalulu, Wainwright, and Dr. Moffat. It took fully two hours to clear the Abbey; and during the whole of that period the public were filing past the grave, looking into it as they passed. Little, however, but flowers could be seen; and scarcely a word of the brass plate, upon which was engraved:—

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

BORN AT BLANTYRE, LANARKSHIRE, SCOTLAND,

19th of March 1813.

DIED AT ILALA, CENTRAL AFRICA,

4th of May 1873.

Perhaps it was under the soul-stirring influence of sacred melody that the following lines occurred to Lord Houghton, who published them in the next number of the *Times* :—

ILALA, MAY 1873.

The swarthy followers stood aloof,
  Unled—unfathered;
He lay beneath that grassy roof,
    Fresh gathered.

He bade them, as they passed the hut,
  To give no warning
Of their still faithful presence but
    "Good-morning."

To him, maybe, through broken sleep
  And pains abated,
These words were into senses deep
    Translated.

Dear dead salutes of wife and child,
  Old kirkyard greetings;
Sunrises over hill-sides wild—
    Heart-beatings.

Welcoming sounds of fresh-blown seas,
  Of homeward travel,
Tangles of thought's last memories
    Unravel.....

'Neath England's fretted roof of fame,
  With flowers adorning
An open grave, comes up the same
    "Good-morning."

Mornings o'er that weird continent
Now slowly breaking;
Europe her sullen self-restraint
Forsaking.

Mornings of sympathy and trust
For such as bore
Their master's spirit's sacred crust
To England's shore.

The black slab that now marks the resting-place of Livingstone bears this inscription:—

BROUGHT BY FAITHFUL HANDS
OVER LAND AND SEA,
HERE RESTS

DAVID LIVINGSTONE,

MISSIONARY, TRAVELLER, PHILANTHROPIST,
Born March 19, 1813,
AT BLANTYRE, LANARKSHIRE.
Died May 4, 1873,*
AT CHITAMBO'S VILLAGE, ILALA.

For thirty years his life was spent in an unwearied effort to evangelize the native races, to explore the undiscovered secrets, and abolish the desolating slave-trade of Central Africa, where, with his last words he wrote:

"All I can say in my solitude is, may Heaven's rich blessing come down on every one—American, English, Turk—who will help to heal this open sore of the world."

Along the right border of the stone are the words:—

TANTUS AMOR VERI, NIHIL EST QUOD NOSCERE MALIM
QUAM FLUVII CAUSAS PER SÆCULA TANTA LATENTES.

And along the left border—

OTHER SHEEP I HAVE WHICH ARE NOT OF THIS FOLD,
THEM ALSO I MUST BRING, AND THEY SHALL HEAR MY VOICE.

* In the "Last Journals" the date is 1st May; on the stone 4th May. The attendants could not quite determine the day.

On the 25th June 1868, not far from the northern border of that Lake Bangweolo on whose southern shore he passed away, Dr. Livingstone came on a grave in a forest. He says of it:—

"It was a little rounded mound, as if the occupant sat in it in the usual native way; it was strewed over with flour, and a number of the large blue beads put on it; a little path showed that it had visitors. This is the sort of grave I should prefer: to be in the still, still forest, and no hand ever disturb my bones. The graves at home always seemed to me to be miserable, especially those in the cold damp clay, and without elbow-room; but I have nothing to do but wait till He who is over all decides where I have to lay me down and die. Poor Mary lies on Shupanga brae, 'and beeks fornent the sun.'"

"He who is over all" decreed that while his heart should lie in the leafy forest, in such a spot as he loved, his bones should repose in a great Christian temple, where many, day by day, as they read his name, would recall his noble Christian life, and feel how like he was to Him of whom it is written: "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings to the meek: he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the

Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn; to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; that they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified."

"Droop half-mast colours, bow, bareheaded crowds,
As this plain coffin o'er the side is slung,
To pass by woods of masts and ratlined shrouds,
As erst by Afric's trunks, liana-hung.

"'Tis the last mile of many thousands trod
With failing strength but never-failing will,
By the worn frame, now at its rest with God,
That never rested from its fight with ill.

"Or if the ache of travel and of toil
Would sometimes wring a short, sharp cry of pain
From agony of fever, blain and boil,
'Twas but to crush it down and on again!

"He knew not that the trumpet he had blown
Out of the darkness of that dismal land,
Had reached and roused an army of its own
To strike the chains from the slave's fettered hand.

"Now, we believe, he knows, sees all is well;
How God had stayed his will and shaped his way,
To bring the light to those that darkling dwell
With gains that life's devotion well repay.

"Open the Abbey doors and bear him in
To sleep with king and statesman, chief and sage,
The missionary come of weaver-kin,
But great by work that brooks no lower wage.

"He needs no epitaph to guard a name
Which men shall prize while worthy work is known;
He lived and died for good—be that his fame:
Let marble crumble: this is Living—stone."—*Punch*.

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